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SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXIX.

EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

VOL. XXIX. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1901.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, June 4, 1901.]

THE NINETY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF PRES. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Celebrated by Various Organizations of Southern Women

AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 3, 1901,

With the Eloquent Oration of Hon. Charles E. Fenner.

The ninety-third anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the great leader of the Confederacy, whose memory is enshrined in thousands of hearts throughout the South, was celebrated in a fitting manner in New Orleans yesterday.

Some weeks ago the loyal daughters of Louisiana undertook to make the day the occasion of a demonstration of love and devotion to the memory of Jefferson Davis, and a beautiful all-day celebration was planned, which for patriotism and loyalty has seldom been equaled in the South.

The sun shone in all its brilliancy yesterday, out in the meadows the flowers were blooming, and over in Metairie cemetery, where for two years the remains of the South's great hero reposed, flowers placed by loving hands marked the spot henceforth sacred to his name alone.

The old veterans assembled at different hours during the day to honor the great chieftain. At 11 o'clock the celebration began by a memorial meeting in the banquet hall of the St. Charles Hotel. It was held under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, of which Mrs. A. W. Roberts is president. At Memorial Hall, at 3 o'clock, the New Orleans Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held their celebration. This was the occasion also of the presentation of a badge of honor to General Joseph Adolph Chalaron, whose gallant services during the war and unswerv-

ing faithfulness to the cause ever since entitled him to this distinction from the chapter.

At both these celebrations the venerable Confederate chaplain, Dr. B. M. Palmer, was present, and delivered the prayer. The presence of this faithful Confederate hero is always the occasion of joy and loyal demonstration from the men who followed him in the dark days of '61 and '65, and whose love has grown stronger as the years have rolled away.

At night the day closed with a magnificent celebration at Memorial Hall. It was fitting, indeed, that the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, the oldest of all the Confederate organizations of women in the South, should close the celebration. The devotion of these women to the cause which, though lost, is not dead, was never more truly exemplified than in the programme they prepared for the birthday of their martyr president. From beginning to end it glowed with the truth and eternal strength of the cause for which their husbands, fathers and relatives fought through fire and blood, and for which thousands of the noblest of the South laid down their lives. The feature of the opening was the grand oration on the "Life of Jefferson Davis," delivered by Judge Charles E. Fenner, the distinguished Southerner and jurist, at whose residence Mr. Davis passed from earth to the eternal camping grounds above. Another interesting feature was the presentation to Memorial Hall of the sword of a private soldier who laid down his life on the field of Shiloh. With this sword the box containing the Confederate relics was opened in the presence of the assembly. In this beautiful ceremony the memory of the private soldier, no less than the memory of the great leader, was beautifully combined, for the one led, the other followed, and no one paid more glorious tribute to the worth of the Confederate private than the immortal Jefferson Davis.

So the day was kept; it was fragrant with love and flowers, and rich in precious memories. But no thought was more beautiful than that which closed the day, and which showed that the loyal daughters of the South, while honoring the memory of their greatest hero, do not forget the men whose deathless deeds crowned even him with glory—the Confederate private.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION HOLDS THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE DAY OF MEMORY.

With loving thought the Jefferson Davis Monument Association

kept the anniversary of Jefferson Davis' birth yesterday. The association is pledged to the erection in this city of a monument to the first and only president of the Confederacy, and was among the first organized for that purpose after the death of Mr. Davis.

The foremost leader is Mrs. A. W. Roberts, a niece of Mr. Davis. She has gathered about her a band of earnest women, and through many months they have labored for the cause so dear to their hearts.

The celebration on the part of the Association took place at 11 A. M. in the banquet hall of the St. Charles Hotel. The hall was beautifully and patriotically decorated. The union flag and the Confederate flag entwined served as a drapery above the picture of Jefferson Davis, around whose memory the entire celebration revolved. A beautiful entourage of palms and ferns completed the tasteful decorations. Beneath the picture was the autograph of Jefferson Davis, taken from the last letter that he wrote to Mrs. Roberts, and above was a card with two Confederate flags entwined—the army and navy, also given to Mrs. Roberts by Mr. Davis.

The hall was well filled with ladies, a delegation from the Soldiers' Home was present, members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, with Mrs. Wm. J. Behan, president, and members of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The programme opened with a beautiful invocation by Dr. Palmer, and all heads were bowed as the venerable divine lifted his voice to the God of Hosts and prayed for the South, for the united country, for the living and the dead.

Mrs. A. W. Roberts presided. As president of the association she read a short sketch of the organization, showing how it was organized on April 18, 1896, by four ladies, Mrs. Jefferson Davis Weir, Mrs. S. J. Fowler, Mrs. M. A. Farwood and herself. The charter was drafted by Colonel L. P. Briant, Mrs. Weir having been appointed a committee of one to attend to that important detail. Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis is an honorary member of the chapter.

The programme was very beautiful. Miss Florence Huberwald sang, as only Miss Huberwald could, that grand old Southern war song, "Maryland, My Maryland." The tears coursed silently down the eyes of many as her beautiful voice rose and fell in exquisite modulation of the patriotic melody.

The feature of the celebration was the eloquent address of Hon. E. Howard McCaleb. Mr. McCaleb said that he would not attempt, on this ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Mr. Davis, to give even a brief outline of a life and character which are so intimately

interwoven with the history of the country, but rather to recall a few personal reminiscences which he cherished of this great and noble leader. Mr. McCaleb said that the first time he saw Mr. Davis was when the speaker was a mere child. Mr. Davis was returning from the sanguinary fields of Mexico crowned with honors. The people of his adopted State had turned out en masse to welcome him. The boys threw up their hats as he passed, riding erect as an arrow, his face wreathed with smiles as he received the plaudits of his fellow-men.

It was at Manassas that Mr. McCaleb next saw the great president. It was the day after the battle of Bull Run. And again he saw him in the last dying hours of the Confederacy, when he learned more and more to esteem, honor and love him. The Confederate government had abandoned Richmond, and was temporarily stationed at Danville, Va., when General Extra Billy Smith brought the sad news of Lee's surrender. All was confusion, and in hot haste. Mr. McCaleb said, we hurried to Charlotte, N. C. "There Mr. Davis sent for me, and told me that the Confederate cabinet was about to begin its journey southward, and in command of a brave band of Mississippians belonging to Harris' and Humphreys' Mississippi brigades. I accompanied him as far south as Washington, Ga. In that distinguished cavalcade was President Davis himself, General John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War; Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Hon. John H. Reagan, Postmaster General, and the President's personal staff: Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, Colonel Thos. L. Lubbock, Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary, and Colonel John Taylor Wood. It was on this journey that Mr. Davis heard of the asssassination of President Lincoln. He denounced the assassination from the start, because he believed that the Confederate government, in the heated state of the Northern mind, would be censured for the assassination and because he believed that in case of defeat the people of the Confederacy could have expected better treatment from Mr. Lincoln, who was personally a kinder and more humane man than his successor, who was both an enemy and a traitor to his country.

Mr. McCaleb indulged in some very interesting personal reminiscences, telling how Jefferson Davis believed that, though the cause was lost, the principles lived, and would reassert themselves at another and more favorable time.

One morning when Mr. McCaleb went to him to express his fears about the condition of the Secretary of State, who was not an expert

horseman, Mr. Davis said: "Captain, do not trouble yourself about the Secretary of State, if one of us escapes it will be he."

He could never forget the night when, with guns cocked, the company which he commanded rode behind the President's ambulance from Abbeville, S. C. to Washington, Ga., where they were expecting a dash of the Confederate Cavalry any moment. They crossed the Savannah river bright and early on the morning of May 6, 1865, and entered Washington, Ga., where they remained two days. Colonel Johnston instructed him to report with his men to the President, who wished to bid him good-by. He stated that he had determined to disband his escort, because a small body of men could more easily elude the vigilance of the enemy than a large one, that a prize of $100,000 in gold had been offered for his capture, and every effort would be made to take him prisoner. "Meet me," he said, "south of the Chattahoochee, avoid all garrison towns, throw out your van guard and rear guard, as General Johnston has surrendered this department without my knowledge and consent. We will go to Mississippi and there rally on Forrest, if he is in a state of organization; if not, we will cross over the Mississippi river, induce all Confederate soldiers who have not surrendered to come to us there, and join Kirby Smith and carry on the war forever."

Mr. McCaleb said he obeyed the President's instructions, and when nearing Meridan he saw then the first published accounts of the capture of Mr. Davis, and that historic thrice told lie, which has so often been refuted, that he was disguised in a woman's dress at the time of his capture. He referred to the incarceration of Mr. Davis in Fortress Monroe, how he was manacled and chained by order of General Miles and that, though he was great in victory, he was still greater in defeat.

Mr. McCaleb afterwards saw Mr. Davis frequently during his residence at "Beauvoir." In one of these visits Mr. Davis had stated that he had never desired to wear the honors or assume the responsibilities of President of the Confederate States, but that his ambition was rather to lead the sons of Mississippi on the battle-field, as he had been trained and educated in military affairs, and desired to give his best services to his country in that capacity.

With what poignant grief all heard of his death in this city. When the remains were being prepared for sepuchre one of the gentlemen present noticed a scar upon his left hand, and his old friend, Mr. J. U. Payne, told of an event in his life which to that time was unknown. He said that while Mr. Davis was living at Briarfield, Miss., on his

plantantion, his attention was called to the fact that his corn field was being frequently robbed. One morning as he entered the field he saw a black object near him in the corn, and, approaching nearer he saw it was a grizzly bear, which sprang upon him and planted his fangs in his left hand. With his right hand he hastily drew his bowie knife from its scabbard and stabbed the bear to death. This shows the presence of mind of the man, and the courage he was accustomed to display on all occasions.

The whole city of New Orleans bowed down in grief at the death of Mr. Davis, and followed his mortal remains to their resting place in Metairie cemetary

Mr. McCaleb concluded by telling how in this city of monuments the good women now propose to erect a monument to Mr. Davis, a suitable shaft which would commemorate the virtues of this illustrious chieftian. He commended the work and said: "Let the monument be erected in the busy haunts of the great metropolis, so that our children as they pass beneath its shadow may be taught to emulate his matchless character. Let the first rays of the morning sunlight and the last gleams of the evening sun play upon his majestic brow, and teach those that come after us that patriotism is the highest virtue of the human race. And when this American Republic, following in the footsteps of all its predecessors, shall have perished from the face of the earth, the monuments of Jeff. Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson will remain near yon mighty Father of Waters, like the pyramids in the valley of the Nile, to tell the tale of an extinct race of martyr patriots who lived and died for the elevation and happiness of the human race."

Mr. McCaleb's beautiful address was applauded to the echo. Miss Maloney played "Dixie," and Mrs. M. A. Farwood delivered an interesting address on the purooses of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. Miss Buckley sang a beautiful solo and Miss Huberwald read a touching and eloquent poem, written by Margaret Hunt Brisbane, entitled "The Confederate Dead." It touched each one present to the innermost heart. Dr. Gordon Bakewell, the beloved Confederate, delivered the benediction, and then "Dixie" was struck up again, the old veterans from the Soldiers' Home gave the rebel yell, and the beautiful ceremony was at an end.

The officers of the Association are: Mrs. A. W. Roberts, Life President; Mrs. M. A. Farwood, First Vice-President; Mrs. S. J. Fowler, Second Vice-President; Mrs. J. T. Spearing, Treasurer;

Mrs. J. D. Weir, Recording Secretary; Miss Cockle, Corresponding Secretary.

Delightful refreshments were served. The committee on arrangements and decorations were: Mrs. E. R. Corkele, Mrs. A. W. Roberts, Miss Edith Palfrey, Mrs. J. F. Spearing, Miss E. P. Thompson, Mrs. J. W. Carnahan.

Entertainment Committee—Mmes. M. A. Farwood, W. J. Morgan, W. H. Williams, W. J. Hammond, Margaret Hunt Brisbane.

Reception Committee—Colonel Louis P. Briant, Colonel J. W. Carnahan, Captain B. T. Walshe, Prof. John Dimitry, J. Zach. Spearing.

THE LADIES' CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION LISTENS TO A MASTERLY ORATION BY JUDGE CHARLES E. FENNER.

The crowning event of this beautiful and memorable day was the celebration held at night at Memorial Hall by that veteran organization, the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association. Within that hall hallowed by so many precious memories, with the sacred battle flags floating all around, with the portraits of the immortal leaders of the Confederacy smiling from the walls, and everywhere the holy trophies and relics of a time that can never fade, the battle-scarred veterans gathered at the call of the noble women of the Memorial Association and just as this old and honored body pinned the colors of the Confederacy on the Louisiana boys who marched forth to death and glory at the first call to arms, just as they watched and waited and wept with them through all the dark days that followed, so now after the lapse of nearly forty years the organization, with its ranks thinned of those early workers, but with their noble daughters taking their places, again stood with the veterans, this time to renew the past, and, above all, the glorious history of the immortal chieftian who stood for all that the Confederacy represented, Jefferson Davis.

The hall was packed to the very doors; from the steps on the platform to the extreme end of the hall standing-room was impossible. It was a magnificient audience, representing the talent, the chivalry, the glory of the South's best heroes, and its most loyal and patriotic women.

The hall was brilliantly illuminated. Upon the platform stood two pictures of Jefferson Davis, the one entwined with the army, the other with the navy colors. Above was suspended a wreath of ivy,

the symbol of undying remembrance. The banner of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and the flags of the United Confederacy hung on either side, and upon the tables glowed the red, white and red—of the Confederacy—culled in flowers from the garden.

Seated upon the platform were: Mrs. Wm. J. Behan, the able and devoted President of the Association, and the following officers of the organization: Mrs. Jos. R. Davis, Mrs. Lewis Graham, Mrs. F. A. Monroe, Miss Delphine Points, Miss Kate Eastman, Mrs. Alden McLellan, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. E. H. Farrar, Mrs. J. R. Davis and the Misses Davis, relatives of the great leader; Judge Charles E. Fenner, orator of the evening; Dr. Brewer, of the Army of Northern Virginia; Commander J. A. Harral, of the Cavalry Camp; E. P. Cottraux, Sumpter Turner, General Adolph Chalaron, General Alden McLellan, W. M. Fayssoux, Colonel John B. Richardson, Judge Frank A. Monroe, Samuel Allston, Rev. Gordon A. Bakewell.

Mrs. Wm. J. Behan graciously presided at the services, and delivered the following beautiful and and appropriate introductory:

"United Confederate Veterans, Heroes of the South's Incomparable Army, Ladies and Gentlemen: You are invited here this evening by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association to do honor to the memory of our beloved chieftian, Jefferson Davis, the executive head of the Southern Confederacy. To-day we celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of this great man, whose trials were greater than man ever before was called on to bear, and who, under these afflictions, displayed a courage and patience that were most heroic and sublime. It is with just and pardonable pride, therefore, that we assemble here this evening, in these sacred precincts, this Confederate Memorial Hall, to honor his memory and hand down to posterity a true history of the life and character of Jefferson Davis, as soldier, statesman, patriot, hero, Christian gentleman and martyr of the Southern cause.

"The celebration will be opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Gordon Bakewell, a Confederate veteran and follower of Jefferson Davis."

Dr. Bakewell then delivered a beautiful and impressive prayer.

St. John's Church choir furnished the music during the evening. With tender feeling the choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee." Then Mrs. Behan announced that the Ladies' Confederate Memorial

Association would open its relic box with the sword of a private soldier, a hero who gave up his life on the battle field of Shiloh.

Mr. Samuel Allston would make the presentation.

Mr. Allston said that a sister, deprived for many years of the companionship of her brother, sought one who had known him well to present to Memorial Hall this sword and picture of her beloved brother. Mr. Allston said that he and Sergeant Sherry had fought side by side in the same company. Scarcely a month was he in the field before he gave up his life in the bloody battle of Shiloh. "We were all young in years then," said Mr. Allston, "and the changes that have come in thirty-seven years have made me reflect much. When that sister asked me for one who had known her brother when he fell—one who still survived—I looked over the commissioned officers of Crescent Company E, from Captain Tarleton down, and they had all passed away. Of the non-commissioned officers, Nelson, now living in Atlanta, and myself remain. We are only two, and among the privates I counted three—one Mauberret, one Lathrop, and one Perkins—and then I stopped. They are all gone, and it made me think that in a few years we will all be gone." Mr. Allston here read a letter from Mrs. Kate Sherry Chase, the devoted sister of Henry Sherry, in which she said that the uncertainty of life prompted her to place in the care of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association the sword and picture of her brother. They were precious treasures to her; her brother had served in Crescent Company E, and left New Orleans at the first call, and command of General Beauregard, and fell on the field of Shiloh. Handing the sword and picture to Mrs. Behan, Mr. Allston said that he did the bidding of this sister, and placed the relics in the hands of the Association, there to remain 'till time shall be no more.

General Chalaron accepted the relics for Memorial Hall. It was a privilege for him to accept this sword, over which a sister had wept and which she had cherished so many years. The cause had been called lost, but it was never lost. On the part of the Association he had urged the ladies of the Memorial Association to open a relic case in the hall, and assist thus in gathering together the great treasures of the Confederacy. He was glad that the collection had been started with a contribution that was a relic of the pride and glory of the Confederate army and private soldier. "It was the private soldier," cried General Chalaron, "who made the glory won by the generals; the private soldier who gave to them their renown, and too many are prone to-day to forget all that they owed to the private

Confederate. All honor, all glory to the private soldier. I am only too glad to place in this hall this, the first relic that has been given in his honor, and I am glad, too, that here, amid the many trophies of generals and chieftians, this sword and picture of a private soldier, bedewed with a sister's tears, will stand forever as a monument of what the world and the Confederacy, above all, owed to the private soldier."

General Chalaron was applauded to the echo.

The choir sang "Rock of Ages," and then Mrs. Behan presented the distinguished jurist, Judge Charles E. Fenner, one whom all knew and honored, a friend of Jefferson Davis and the man at whose home the immortal chieftian breathed his last.

Judge Fenner was greeted with a burst of applause. He delivered a matchless oration, which was not a defense of the Confederacy, but a presentation of the truths of that great and holy cause. When Judge Fenner said that the cause of the Confederacy is still debated to-day, and that the burning question "Does the Constitution follow the flag?" which is agitating the people of this great Commonwealth, was the same question which brought the men of the South to arms in defense of the Constitution in 1861, the applause was deafening. The oration was listened to with deepest interest. Judges of the Supreme Court, distinguished citizens in every path of life, crowded up to the eloquent speaker as he closed and thanked him for his bold and true defense of the immortal principles of the Constitution.

Judge Fenner spoke as follows:

Jefferson Davis was born on the 3rd of June, 1808, in Christian (now Todd) county, Kentucky. He came of revolutionary stock. His father and two of his uncles rendered honorable service as soldiers in the revolutionary army.

During his childhood his father removed first to Louisiana, and then to Wilkinson county, Mississippi. He received his primary education in the local schools, and then became a student at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Ky., where he studied until November, 1823, when, at the age of fifteen years, he was oppointed to West Point, where he was a contemporary, amongst others, of his life-long friends, Albert Sidney Johnston, Bishop Leonidas Polk and Alexander Dallas Bache.

He graduated honorably in 1828; received his brevet as lieutenant of infantry, and was immediately ordered to service on the frontier.

He participated in the Black Hawk war, and when that redoubtable chief surrendered, the duty of escorting him and his braves to Fort Jefferson, near St. Louis, was assigned to Lieutenant Davis.

In recognition of his efficient services he was selected for promotion, and was appointed adjutant of the First Regiment of the United States dragoons at its organization.

He was immediately ordered with his regiment to what was then the extreme frontier, at Fort Gibson, Iowa Territory, and was constantly engaged in reconnoissances and expeditions against the hostile Indians of the wilderness beyond, in which he rendered conspicuous and daring services, characterized always by devotion to duty and by an enterprising eagerness to seek employment on every difficult or dangerous service.

While still in the regiment of infantry, then commanded by Colonel Zachary Taylor, he had met and fallen in love with his colonel's daughter, and had proposed to and been accepted by her.

In 1835 he resigned from the army and married Miss Taylor.

He then determined to devote himself to the occupation of a planter, and, accepting the invitation of his eldest brother, Joseph E. Davis, he, with his bride, removed to his brother's plantation in Warren county, Mississippi, and employed himself in the opening and establishment of the Brierfield plantation, adjoining that of his brother.

Very soon after his arrival both he and his wife were attacked with malarial fever, and within a few months after his marriage his young bride succumbed to it, and he was left to struggle with his own desperate illness. Although his life long trembled in the balance, he recovered, and after recruiting his shattered health by a winter in Havana, followed by a visit to Washington, he returned to his brother's plantation, and applied himself anew to the development and cultivation of Brierfield.

His plantation life during the next seven years was one of the most interesting and fruitful episodes of his career.

His brother, Joseph E. Davis, twenty years his senior, was a very remarkable man. Educated as a lawyer and long engaged in successful practice, he had abandoned his profession, and for many years had lived in seclusion on his plantation. He had accumulated a large and well selected library, and was an omnivorous reader and student. He had an alert and active intellect, greedy of knowledge, acutely observant of current events, deeply interested in all the living questions of the time, with pronounced convictions and a prone-

ness for polemical discussion, in which his keen logic and rare faculty of expression made him a master. I have heard those who knew them both, and were ardent admirers of the younger and more distinguished brother, express doubt as to whether the elder was not even his superior in intellectual powers.

Jefferson Davis was a man of similar tastes and temperament. He had always been a student. Those who knew him during his army life attest that he always evinced a contemptuous aversion to the common dissipations and frivolities of the camp, and that whenever not engaged in active duty he devoted himself to diligent and instructive reading.

These two congenial spirits thus thrown together in their rustic seclusion, employed the large leisure which the planter's life of that day afforded, in eager and systematic intellectual culture and training. They read everything and they discussed everything. Their constant exchange of ideas and impressions on every variety of subjects, enlarged and precised their knowledge, and the frequent clashes of their minds in keen debate fixed the clearness and certainty of their convictions, and developed the power of enforcing them by logical exposition and copious argument and illustration.

From this veritable gymnasium, Jefferson Davis emerged at the end of seven years, a trained intellectual athlete, with all the muscles of his mind perfectly developed and thoroughly fit for any service which might be thrown upon them.

No one who knew Mr. Davis in after years could fail to be impressed with the extraordinary range, accuracy, and variety of his knowledge on all kinds of subjects, or to wonder how, in so active a life, he had found time to gain it.

All equally wondered at the marvelous aptness and power as an orator and debater, displayed from the very opening of his public career by a man whose previous life had been passed in active military service on the frontier, and afterwards in the seclusion of rural life.

These marvels are no doubt accounted for in part by his great natural gifts, but also in large degree by the results of these fruitful years which he passed in study, discussion and debate with his gifted brother.

Amongst the subjects which engaged their special attention were political economy, political history and philosophy, and especially the Constitution of the United States, its history, its construction and the true theory and nature of the government established

thereby. Although not a professional lawyer, I make bold to say that Jefferson Davis became one of the greatest constitutional lawyers that this country has ever produced.

He then became a thorough convert to what was known as the State's rights school of politics, based upon the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States was a purely federal compact, entered into between sovereign and independent States, which did not, by entering into such a compact, forfeit or yield up their sovereignty, but had merely agreed to delegate certain powers to the federal government instituted thereby, as a common agent, without limitation as to time and subject to recall and reassumption by any one of the sovereign principals that conferred them whenever in its judgment they had been abused or perverted to its injury.

Mr. Davis was a constant advocate of this doctrine from the beginning of his public career down to the last moment of his life. He announced it with equal frankness when Massachusetts proclaimed her right to secede from the Union because of the admission of Texas as a State, as when his own State of Mississippi actually seceded.

The doctrine, perhaps, sounds strangely to-day in the ears of a generation which has been reared since the war under a constitution interpreted by the fiery edict of battle to import forever an indissoluble union, and under a defiant national government which brooks no denial of its sovereignty. I am not here to arraign or question the finality of the dread arbitrament of war. I am not here to deny that the right of secession has been practically eviscerated from the constitution by the bloody Caesarian operation of battle. I am not here even to deny that it may be better for us all and better for the world that such a settlement has been made. I yield to none in patriotic devotion to the Union as it stands to-day. I proclaim my readiness to cast in my lot and that of my posterity under the protection of the "Indissoluble union of indestructible States" which has been established by the war, but speaking from the ante-bellum standpoint, viewing it as a purely historical question, in vindication of the cause for which our brothers and our fathers fought, I am bound to declare my unalterable conviction that the theory of the constitution, adopted and advocated by Jefferson Davis, and acted on by the Southern States when they seceded, was the true theory of that instrument as it was designed and came from the hands of its framers, and was the only theory upon which it could have ever secured the consent of the States.

The constitution had its origin in the exercise of the right of secession from the former's federal compact, which existed between the States, although the articles of confederation expressly declared that the union established thereby was to be a "perpetual union." Nobody had the temerity to propose such a provision in the new constitution, nor does it contain a word which hints at the surrender of this then acknowledged and asserted right of secession from the former federal compact. A proposition to invest the federal government with power to coerce a recalcitrant State was made in the convention, but was overwhelmingly defeated, and this denial of power to compel a State to remain in the union was surely, for all practical purposes, an acknowledgment of its right to secede. Moreover, the conventions of several of the States, in their acts of ratification of the constitution, expressly reserved the right of the people of the State to reassume the powers delegated whenever they shall be perverted to their injury or such reassumption "should become necessary to their happiness."

Numerous attempts were made in the convention to impress on the government instituted by the constitution the character of nationality, but everyone was overwhelmingly defeated, and the most solicitous care was taken at every point and in every step to preserve its character as a purely federal compact between sovereign and and independent States which retained their inherent sovereignty, and all the powers pertaining thereto, except the carefully limited functions which were expressly delegated to the federal government as a common agent.

But I must not allow myself to be drawn into further discussion of this great question. Fortunately, Jefferson Davis, aided by the exhaustive researches of Albert Taylor Bledsoe and of our distinguished and venerable fellow-citizen, B. J. Sage, has formulated the whole argument in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." I have recently re-read that matchless argument. It is comprised in the fifteen chapters of part II of that work, and embraces only 112 pages.

Speaking with all due temperance and strictly as a legal critic, I pronounce it one of the most powerful and masterly legal and constitutional arguments of which I have any knowledge in the English language. In logical arrangement, in lucidity of expression, in closeness of reasoning, in the amplitude and precision with which it marshals the facts and evidence, in the candor and force with which it states and refutes the assumptions and arguments of his opponents,

in the admirable sobriety of its temper, it stands as a monument to his genius and as a model of constitutional exposition. It has never been answered, and it is unanswerable. It was intended and it serves as a complete vindication of the right of the Southern States to withdraw from the Federal Union, to terminate the compact which they had made with their sister States and to reassume the powers which had been delegated to the Federal government as a common agent. Buried in the huge tomes of which it forms a part, this grand constitutional argument has not attracted the attention which it deserves. It is complete in itself, and I believe it would be a service to all the people of this country if it were published by itself in a small volume or pamphlet and disseminated throughout the land. It should be read by every patriot, Northern as well as Southern. It deals with what is to-day a purely historical question. As citizens of a re-united country and a restored Union, living under a constitution from which all admit that the right of peaceable secession has been eliminated by the inveterate *res adjudicata* of war, and, therefore, irrevocably bound together for weal or woe, we are all concerned in finding the true basis on which we may forever live together as friends. The safest guarantee of the permanence of the Union and of peace, harmony, happiness and prosperity of our people must be found in the mutual respect and forbearance from insult of all sections of the people towards each other. Nothing can conduce to this so powerfully as a true and correct understanding of the grounds and motives on which the Southern States acted when they seceded from the Union, and on which especially the people of those States, as well those who opposed as those who favored secession, believed it their duty to yield their allegiance to the States of which they were citizens.

But let me pass from this subject and proceed with my sketch.

Such a light as that of Jefferson Davis could not remain hid under a bushel.

In 1844 he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for presidential elector in the canvass between Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk. He canvassed the State, and thus became known to the people of Mississippi. From that time he became their idol.

In 1845 he was married to the noble and gifted woman who clung to him, not only as a faithful wife, but as his "guide, philosopher and friend," through all the vicissitudes of his checkered career—who shared and sympathized in all his ambitions and triumphs—who, in his hour of calamity, such as has rarely fallen to human lot,

when he seemed to be deserted by all the world, stood heroically by him, clamoring for justice and fiercely defying and resisting the torrent of unmerited denunciation and abuse which was poured upon his defenceless head—and who, after death had snatched him from her, true in death as she had been in life, devoted long and laborious years of her desolate widowhood to the writing of that memoir of her husband which stands as an exhaustive and triumphant vindication of his memory, and will survive as one of the most valuable contributions which has yet been made to the history of a momentous era.

Immediately after his marriage Mr. Davis was elected as representative in Congress and took his seat in December, 1845. The burning questions of the hour were the Oregon dispute with Great Britain, the war with Mexico, and those arising out of the annexation of Texas. Mr. Davis leaped at once, full-armed, into the arena of debate, and in several speeches of great power and eloquence, attracted the attention of the house and of the people, and fixed all eyes upon him as one of the coming men of the day.

His career as representative was cut short by the war with Mexico. In June, 1846, he was called to assume the colonelcy of the regiment of volunteers which Mississippi was raising for active service in the field. He immediately accepted, and repairing to Mississippi, completed its organization and promptly joined the army then fighting under Taylor. The record of the brilliant exploits of Jefferson Davis and his Mississippi Rifles forms one of the most conspicuous chapters in the history of that war.

He returned, a wounded hero, amidst the acclamations of all his countrymen.

Within less than two months after his return, he was first appointed, and then received the unprecedented compliment of being unanimously elected to the United States Senate, in which he took his seat in December, 1847.

In 1853 he was called to the cabinet of President Pierce as Secretary of War, in which he served until the expiration of Mr. Pierce's term in 1857. At that time he had already been re-elected to the Senate and passed immediately from the cabinet to the Senate, where he served until the war.

Before adverting to the senatorial career of Mr. Davis, let us make a brief reference to the services of Mr. Davis as a member of the cabinet.

He superintended the extension of the capitol building; he co-operated with Bache in the scientific development of the coast survey; he interested himself in the Smithsonian Institute; he forwarded the scientific study of the problems of the Mississippi river; he directed surveys for a railway to the Pacific; he revised the army regulations; he introduced light infantry or the rifle system of tactics; he inaugurated the manufacture of rifles, pistols and the use of the minie ball; he induced the addition of four regiments to the army, and organized a cavalry service adapted to the wants of the country; he augmented the seacoast and frontier defenses; he had the western part of the continent explored for scientific, geographical and railroad purposes. He was universally recognized as a great secretary of war, and few have filled that high office who left behind him more enduring monuments of wise and efficient administration.

Let us now return to Mr. Davis' career as a senator.

That was the era of senatorial giants. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Seward, Benjamin, Douglas, Toombs, and a host of other men hardly less distinguished adorned its rolls and formed a galaxy of genius such as has rarely been gathered in any deliberative body. It is not too much to say that Jefferson Davis promptly took his place amongst the foremost of them all, and won speedy and universal recognition as inferior to none in power of debate, in forensic eloquence, in indomitable courage and tact, in breadth and depth of knowledge, and in masterly equipment for all the duties of practical and philosophic statesmanship.

The times were stirring; the flames of sectional agitation and conflict which had smoldered since the Missouri compromise had been fanned into new life by the admission of Texas as a State, and were now burning fiercely about the disposition which should be made of the territories of California and New Mexico, recently acquired under the treaty with Mexico, and of the remaining territories of the Louisiana purchase. It was a renewal of that fatal sectional strife between the Northern and Southern States, which continued to rage with growing fury and intensity until it culminated in the secession of the Southern States and the consequent long and bloody war.

It is important to have a just understanding of the true nature and scope of those controversies. An entirely false conception of their true nature and scope has grown up and been assiduously cultivated to the effect that it was a contest between the essential principles of liberty and slavery.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Whatever may have

been the abstract opinions of individuals on either side; whatever may have been the ulterior designs of certain leaders of public opinion in the North; whatever may have been the logical tendency of doctrines of the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery, and of the existence of "a law higher than the constitution," the fact remains that neither party to those controversies openly suggested or proposed the liberation of a solitary slave then held in bondage. All agreed that the status of slavery as it existed in the Southern States was conclusively protected by the constitution, and could not be affected or impaired by any action of the Federal government. Every assurance was offered the Southern States that slavery within their limits should not be interfered with. In the compromise of 1850 the consideration which the Southern States received, freely offered and adopted by Northern votes, was the enactment by Congress of a more stringent law for the return of fugitive slaves. Even after secession and while the war was flagrant, the Federal government emphatically proclaimed that it had no right, no power and no disposition to interfere with slavery in the Southern States. But for secession and the consequent war, and for emancipation avowedly adopted purely and solely as a war measure, there is no reason to doubt that slavery would be existing to-day just as it existed before the war, under the full protection of the constitution and laws of the United States.

The true question involved in these controversies was a question of "balance of power" between the Northern and Southern States. Slavery, as a peculiar institution of the South, created a diversity and conflict of interests between the two sections, and each was eager, in the admission of the new States, to secure allies which might contribute to the advancement and protection of its own interests. Obviously, unless the people of the Southern States could remove to the common Territories of the Union, carrying with them their property, these would inevitably be populated by settlers from the Northern States, and would come into the Union as free States, to swell the power and influence of the opposing section. The principle for which the Southern people contended was simply the doctrine of which we are to-day hearing so much—the principle that "the constitution follows the flag," and that the Territories, being the common property of all the United States, acquired by the common blood and the common treasure, the constitution guaranteed to all the people the equal right of migrating to them, and of carrying

with them their property, of whatever nature, recognized and protected by the constitution.

The Northern people, or at least the dominant majority of them, asserted the power and duty of Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories, and to prevent the citizens of the Southern States from settling in the same, unless they abandoned and left behind them their slaves, which constituted their most valuable property.

Although the present Supreme Court of the United States, by a bare majority of one, has recently asserted the practical omnipotence of Congress over the territories free from constitutional restraints, the Supreme Court at that day took a different view, and in the Dred Scott case gave its emphatic sanction to the contention of the Southern people.

It is needless to follow the history and developments of those memorable controversies. Suffice it to say that events occurred and conflicts arose which rendered impossible the continuance of a voluntary union. The predestined strife was not to be averted. Passion usurped the seat of reason. Dissension swelled into defiance. Chiding grew into fierce recrimination. Constant quarrel ripened into hate. Fourteen Northern States, in their so-termed "personal liberty bills," openly nullified the constitution in that very clause which had been the condition *sine qua non* upon which the Southern States had acceded to the compact. A sectional party was formed upon a basis known and designed to exclude from its ranks the entire people of fifteen States, and that party triumphed by an electoral majority which left no hope that it could ever be overcome.

Surely the Constitution of the United States was not framed to meet or to fit such a condition of affairs. It was a compact entered into between independent states for the declared purpose of promoting the "common defense and general welfare," and of "insuring domestic tranquility." It was a league between friends, not between enemies; and when conditions arose which arrayed the sections in permanent conflict with each other, and changed their relations and feeling towards each other from friendship into enmity, he must have been blind, indeed, who could not see that the continuance of a voluntary union became impossible.

Mr. Davis naturally espoused the cause of his people, and became one of its ablest and most ardent advocates. None saw more clearly or deprecated more deeply the inevitable result of the continuance of such a conflict. He proclaimed on all occasions his love for the Union. He had spent almost his entire life in its service. Although

he was a firm believer in the right of secession, he regarded it as a last resort, only to be exercised in the last extremity, when all other means for securing harmony and a just respect for the rights of all under the constitution had hopelessly failed. With the prescience of a statesman, he saw, more clearly perhaps than any other man of his time, that the inevitable result of the conditions then existing must be the dissolution of the Union, and he strove with all his might to avert it. He exhausted all his powers of luminous exegesis in expounding the true theory of the constitution, and of the relations thereunder of the States to each other and to the federal government. He lifted his voice in eloquent warning as to the sure result of sectional strife, as fatal to the continuance of the Union. He pleaded pathetically for the preservation of the constitutional union. He made impassioned appeals to the patriotism of the northern people to respect the constitutional rights of the States, and to desist from their furious and insulting assaults upon the institutions of the South, for the existence of which the whole people of the United States shared an equal responsibility, and for the protection of which all the people of all the States were solemnly bound by the constitution.

These efforts he continued down to the last moments of his senatorial career. He participated in the efforts of Crittenden and of Douglas and of other conservative men to devise some compromise of the differences between the sections which might avert secession. He served on the committee appointed by the Senate to devise such a basis of amicable settlement. In his last speech in the Senate before his retirement he said:

"What, senators, to-day is the condition of the country? From every corner of it comes the wailing cry of patriotism, pleading for the preservation of the great inheritance we derived from our fathers. Is there a senator who does not daily receive letters appealing to him to use even the small power which one man here possesses to save the rich inheritance our fathers gave us? Tears are trickling down the stern faces of men who have bled for the flag of their country, and who are willing now to die for it; but patriotism stands powerless before the plea that the party about to come into power laid down a platform, and that, come what will, though ruin stare in the face, consistency must be adhered to, even though the government be lost."

Is this the language of a cold-blooded conspirator? Yet it is but

a sample of the ardent and eloquent appeals which Mr. Davis made for the preservation of the constitutional union.

In the actual movements taken by his State towards secession, he was not the leader, but the follower and moderator of his people. He favored caution and delay in order to leave open, as long as possible, every chance for amicable arrangement, and he thereby incurred the criticism of his friends who were bent on immediate action, and who accused him of not being in heart with the movement.

When all attempts at settlement had been met by determined and immovable opposition on the part of the dominant party, and when Mississippi had actually seceded and re-assumed her position as a sovereign State, nothing was left for Mr. Davis but to yield his unqualified allegiance to the State of which he was a citizen, and to which he believed his allegiance was due. His parting words to his fellow senators upon his retirement, indicated in eloquent terms that he parted from them, not in anger, but in deepest sorrow.

Jefferson Davis was not an aspirant for the position of President of the Confederate States. He had signified to his friends his preference for service as a soldier in the field, and supposed that he had guarded against any consideration of his name for the presidency, but when the delegates of the States assembled in convention for the purpose of organizing a provisional government, it proved to be their unanimous sentiment that Jefferson Davis was the man of all others best fitted for the responsible position of President of the Confederate States. When he was informed of this unanimous action he felt compelled to yield his personal preferences and not to shirk the responsibility which was thrust upon him by the representatives of the people.

Of Mr. Davis' career as President of the Confederate States, I shall say but little. The wisdom of his administration of that high office has been subjected to that fierce criticism which always falls upon the heads of the leaders of lost causes. But when we consider the condition and environment of the Southern States when they entered upon this tremendous war—their lack of arms, of ammunition, of workshops, of factories, of trained mechanics, of ships of war and merchant vessels; their inadequate facilities of transportation, their agricultural condition, which had always been engaged in the production of articles for export, and had been dependent upon the Northern States for supplies of food and forage, their want, in fine, of everything which was essential to prepare a people for successful warfare; when we consider that they were specially cut off

by blockade from all communication with foreign countries; when we consider that they were thus thrown upon their own resources to extemporize the means of supplying all these wants; when we consider the enormous odds against which they had to contend, not only in numbers, but in every other conceivable advantage, and when we then reflect upon the magnificent contest which they maintained for four years against overwhelming odds, it is nothing short of childish folly to deny that the leader in such a contest must have been a man of exceptional character and ability. The verdict of history which has already stamped the achievements of the South in that long and bloody war as amongst the most wonderful and heroic that were ever accomplished by any people, cannot fail to accord to Jefferson Davis, as their leader from first to last, his full share of the credit and glory which belonged to them. He may have made mistakes, and doubtless did, but the incomparable morale of the Confederate armies and people was largely inspired by the indomitable courage of Jefferson Davis, and by their confidence that, whatever might befall, he would stand by his guns to the very last, and would never yield to anything less than the absolute destruction of all power of further resistance.

That confidence was fully justified by the event. When ruin and defeat encompassed us on every side; when the army of Lee had been, not defeated, but destroyed; when the Confederate capitol had fallen and the government was compelled to flee for safety, the indomitable southern chieftain was still defiant, and was still busy and intent on schemes to rally the remains of his shattered forces, and to renew and maintain the fight as long as there remained a shot in the locker. Had he escaped, the history of the Confederate war might not have closed without a final chapter, which, owing to his surprise and capture, remained unwritten.

The treatment of which Jefferson Davis was made the victim after his capture is a chapter which all good men would like to see blotted from the history of the Republic. Something is to be forgiven to the intensity of excitement and resentment which prevailed at that time. Let us cast the mantle of charitable silence over the indignities, humiliations and unnecessary cruelties which for many months were visited upon a sick, helpless and defenceless prisoner. The memory of them can serve no purpose, except to illustrate the heroic fortitude and undaunted spirit of their victim.

But there were other injuries far worse than any mere physical tortures, which justice demands should not be left unnoticed.

All the efforts of the powers that were, to "make treason odious," were concentrated upon the defenseless head of Jefferson Davis. The floodgates of slander and obloquy were opened wide upon him. His character was distorted and vilified; he was painted as a monster of cruelty and cowardice, a vile conspirator who plotted the ruin of his country and deluged a continent in blood, with no better motive than to gratify a criminal ambition and to advance his personal interests. He was charged with being the instigator and abettor of the murder of Mr. Lincoln, with all the malignity, but without the courage, of the actual assassin. He was accused of intentional and inhuman cruelties to defenceless prisoners. He was charged with having basely rifled the treasure chests of the Confederacy and appropriating them to his private emolument.

All who knew Mr. Davis, all who will take the slightest pains to study the ample record of his life and character, must view such charges with peculiar horror and indignation.

Jefferson Davis, as a man, undoubtedly had his faults, as who has not; but they were the faults of an open and generous nature. He had strong friendships and violent prejudices for individuals. He was, perhaps, too blind to the shortcomings of his friends, and too intolerant to those of his enemies. But whatever may be said of him, he was, from top to toe, a gentleman, in the highest acceptation of that word. He had a fine and delicate sense of honor, which resented the slightest stain upon it as he would a blow in the face. He had a chivalric courage, written in his martial bearing, and in his aqueline and defiant countenance, which shirked no conflict, but which always fought in the open, and scorned all indirect or underhand advantage. He had, as is common with men of that type, a romantic tenderness for the weak and the dependent -as illustrated by the exquisite and inimitable courtesy and deference of his bearing towards women—by his delight in the society of children, and his charming faculty for attracting their confidence and affection -and by his gentle, just and humane treatment of his numerous slaves, which made them his devoted friends, whose respect and allegiance stood unshaken even after they became free. His whole public life was pitched on the highest plane of devotion to duty and of inflexible adherence to principle. It was, perhaps, his defect as a practical statesman that he scorned too much the politician's arts, and shrunk too sensitively from everything which involved a sacrifice of principle to expediency. In private life he was a man whose word was ever his bond, scrupulously faithful to every engagement, sen-

sitively regardful of his obligations and the rights of others, with a lofty contempt of all sordid considerations—a man as incapable of soiling his conscience or his palm with the touch of filthy lucre not his own as ever "lived in the tides of time."

Such was the man against whom an angry and resentful government fulminated charges of the most despicable and cowardly crimes, and upon whom it set "all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," to worry at his heels, and with the teeth of their envenomed slanders to tear to shreds the fair mantle of his unblemished reputation.

The helpless prisoner, though subjected to the anguish of knowing of these wanton assaults, was kept with closed mouth, forbidden to utter a word in his own defense. He bore them with a lofty contempt, inspired by the *mens conscia recti*, and with a philosophy springing from his serene confidence that soon or late triumphant truth would vindicate his name.

The time came when the sleeping public conscience was aroused to a sense of the rank injustice of holding in imprisonment a man charged with such heinous crimes, not only without a trial, but without even an indictment or arraignment at the bar of public justice.

Such men as Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, John A. Andrews, and others of the men who had been his bitterest political foes took up his case and determined that justice should be done. They investigated the pretended evidence on which it was claimed that he was implicated in the odious crimes with which he had been charged. They convinced themselves, and openly proclaimed to the world their conviction that there was not the slightest ground for such charges. Even Thaddeus Stevens, who would, no doubt, gladly have seen Jefferson Davis hung for high treason, did not hesitate to declare his confidence that he was innocent of all the other charges, saying that he knew Jefferson Davis, and that whatever else might be said of him, he was a gentleman incapable of such crimes. There was not even a pretense or persistence in those charges. They were absolutely abandoned. He was indicted for treason, a purely political crime. He was liberated from imprisonment on a bond signed by Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith and Commodore Vanderbilt. The government never ventured to press the case to trial. At the ensuing term of court a *nolle prosequi* was entered and Jefferson Davis passed a free man into the body of his fellow-citizens.

But, although thus completely vindicated, the filthy streams of slander and abuse, which so long flowed unrestrained over his fair

name and fame, were not turned aside without leaving their foul slime behind them. Jefferson Davis had come to be regarded by the mass of the northern people as what they called the "arch traitor," the "raw head and bloody bones" of wicked rebellion; the man responsible to widows for their slaughtered husbands, to orphans for their lost fathers, to parents for their murdered sons, the very embodiment of hate and evil and bloody crime. Even when the returning tide of reason and justice began to flow, when juster and more rational views of the war and of its participants began to prevail, when the long-silent chords of fraternity between the people of a country, once more common, began to vibrate with the music of renewed love and generosity, swelling into a louder anthem, until it drowned the sensate shrieks of hate and discord, even then Jefferson Davis was still left in solitary seclusion from the abundant bounty of mutual charity and forgiveness. Like a red flag shaken in the face of an angry bull, the mention of his name still remained a note of discord, which aroused anew the almost forgotten frenzy of the past. Even the southern people, with all their courage, almost learned to speak his name with bated breath, and to confine within the private recesses of their own hearts the unbounded sympathy, love and admiration which they felt for their undaunted leader, who had been made the vicarious sufferer for faults, if faults they were, which he only shared in common with each and every one of them, and who bore the whole burden of which they had been relieved, with such eager gladness in their relief, and with such unflinching fortitude.

There was a time when the people of the Southern States had the same feelings towards Abraham Lincoln which the northern people entertained towards Jefferson Davis, and which still linger in the minds of many of them. How completely have those sentiments passed away and been forgotten!

Justice is the most persistent and irrepressible of human voices. It may be smothered for a time by passion and prejudice—it may be temporarily drowned by the uproar of calumny and denunciation—but it still clamors for a hearing, and the time surely comes when it must and will be heard. It took more than a century and a half to bring the people of England to the point of doing justice to Oliver Cromwell. We live faster in these days. More than a generation has passed since the Confederate flag was folded to its eternal rest. Death, the great leveler, which summons each of us in his turn to the bar of judgment, and from whose dread presence malice and all uncharitableness shrink rebuked, has long since laid his icy fingers

on all that was mortal of Jefferson Davis. Has not the time arrived for justice to his memory?

I knew and loved the man. In this brief and imperfect epitome I have sought to strike the true keynote of his life and character, and to lay the foundation for a just and impartial judgment on them both.

With heart overflowing with patriotic devotion to our common country—keenly responsive to the spirit of love and fraternity which has grown up between all sections of our people—devoutly thankful to that divine Providence which has so guided the hearts of men and shaped the current of events, that, out of the wreck and ruin of desperate conflict, we have saved the essential principles of constitutional liberty and of the equal rights of citizenship, and have re-established foundations on which, if faithfully guarded and preserved, the glorious destinies of the American republic may be triumphantly accomplished, I stand here to-day to claim that justice from the whole people of our country, North as well as South—justice, only justice—justice to the memory of a man who illustrated the history of two nations by valor in battle, wisdom in counsel, eloquence in debate, temperance in triumph and inexpugnable fortitude in adversity—justice to the memory of a man who, when the mists of passion and prejudice shall have passed away, history must undoubtedly rank as one of the greatest of Americans.

I cannot close this appeal more appropriately or enforce it more strongly than by quoting the conluding paragraph of his great work on the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," which was his historical and political testament to his people:

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise; I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong, and now that it may not be again attempted, and that the union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the union *Esto Perpetua.*"

The applause was deafening as Judge Fenner concluded. The choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Rev. Gordon Bakewell closed with benediction. Mrs. Behan thanked the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, and Mrs. T. C. Buckley, who led them, for the beautiful music. The choir was composed of Mrs. T. C. Buckley, leader;

Misses E. Doussan, Myrtle Gehl, Anna Gehl, Coralie Pierson, Effie Fournier, sopranos; Misses Althea Willoz, Jeanne Nores, Lala Garvey, Inez Martinez, altos; Mrs. Mary T. McDonald, J. H. Desmares, and L. Monomier, tenor; L. J. Doize and W. J. Zimmerman, bassos. One of the most beautiful selections was "Asleep in Jesus," sung after the sword presentation.

And so closed one of the most memorable evenings in the history of the city. Previous to the reunion a meeting of the association was held, at which Mrs. Hays, daughter of Jefferson Davis; Mrs. S. Allston and Mrs. J. R. Davis were elected honorary members. Mrs. Lewis Graham gave a report of the great reunion of the Confederate Memorial Association in Memphis.

A SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR PRESENTED TO GENERAL J. A. CHALARON BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Daughters of the Confederacy met at Memorial Hall at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and presented Colonel J. A. Chalaron the southern cross of honor which is given by the organization to those veterans who distinguished themselves by services to the Confederacy.

The meeting was opened by Mrs. Alden McLellan, president of the New Orleans chapter, who introduced Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, who offered prayer. Then Mr. W. McL. Fayssoux, commander of the Sons of Veterans, read a poem on the "Death of Jefferson Davis," and Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith read one on the "Southern Cross of Honor." Mrs. McLellan gave an address in presenting the cross, and Colonel Chalaron responded at some length. Dr. Palmer closed the meeting with the benediction.

There was a good attendance of ladies, and a number of veterans were present. On the platform were the following ladies: Mrs. Alden McLellan, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Mrs. Dr. Ferguson, Mrs. General W. J. Behan, Mrs. J. W. Spearing, Mrs. Judge N. C. Blanchard, Miss Sallie Owen, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Mrs. J. R. Dicks, Mrs. J. J. Prowell. Rev. Dr. Palmer and Mr. Fayssoux were also on the platform. There were two large pictures of Jefferson Davis draped on the platform.

Mrs. McLellan, in her opening address, spoke of the appropriateness of the observance of the day by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and introduced Dr. Palmer, who, in his prayer, spoke of the defense of the cause of constitutional right by the Confederates, and

thanked God for all his blessings in the past, asking for their continuance in the future.

Then General Fayssoux, of the Sons of Veterans, read a poem on the "Death of Jefferson Davis."

Mrs. McLellan said that the southern cross of honor was to be presented to Colonel Chalaron and she read the rules and regulations of the organization regarding the presentation.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith then read a poem, entitled "The Confederate Cross of Honor," which was inspired by an incident at the presentation of the first cross in California. The veteran who was to have received the cross died, and it was placed on his breast as he lay on his bier.

Then Mrs. McLellan presented the cross to Colonel Charlaron in the following words:

"*General J. A. Chalaron*,—In pursuance of the request of the members of our association, it becomes my pleasant and honored duty, as president of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to present this Southern cross of honor to you.

"I am proud of the honor, and esteem it a great privilege to be the medium of bestowing upon a heroic soldier this decoration, which is a badge for valorous and honorable service rendered our southland in her hour of great need.

"We ask you to wear this as a reminder of those days when you so faithfully served our land and braved untold dangers and endured privations for that sacred cause so dear to our hearts.

"With this cross goes the kindliest feelings of our chapter that yours may be the privilege of wearing it for many years."

Colonel Chalaron responded as follows:

Madam, the President, and Daughters of the Confederacy,—I sincerely thank you for this testimonial of your high esteem, and of your appreciation of my endeavors to assist your chapter in the successful career that has marked its existence. The very kind terms in which your sentiments have been expressed in the bestowal of this precious cross, will ever remain with me in grateful remembrance.

Many years ago, as the Confederate army, fresh from the bloody field of Shiloh, lay in and around Corinth, hourly expecting another great engagement with the federal masses under General Halleck, an address was issued by our Beauregard announcing that medals of

honor for great distinction won in the coming battle awaited officers and men of his army. Every heart in our ranks was stirred by this announcement, and thousands of the youth and manhood of Louisiana and of her sister States, to whom it applied, vowed to themselves that the decoration should be theirs. Superior authority, however, revoked this noble order, and ever has there lingered in my heart regret that it did not prevail.

The feelings and aspirations of those far-off moments were easily revived with me when the grand organization of Southern women to which you belong made public its intention of conferring on Confederate veterans a decoration commemorative of their services and heroism. The Southern cross of honor, this noble purpose contemplated, then rose before me in all the splendor of a soldier's coveted reward for duty performed through four years of incessant struggle against overwhelming numbers, as a recognition of still more trying duties performed for our beloved southland in the darker days of reconstruction and since, as a shining pledge of the wearer's eternal devotion to the principles we had fought for, to the right we had so magnificently, so gloriously, and so unanimously upheld. And, crowning this cross, appeared to me that halo of beauty, of sentiment, of chivalry, the women of the South so naturally throw around everything touched with their inspiration. I hoped this honorable decoration might somehow come to be pinned over my heart. Little, however, did I then expect to be singled out so early in its distribution, to be selected by the enthusiastic president of the Louisiana Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as the second Confederate to be favored by you, and to stand on your roll of decorated, next to the great divine and grand southern patriarch and patriot, the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer. You have done me more than honor. For this cross comes unsolicited, unexpected, from a source from which, above all others, I would have preferred to receive it—from the Confederate women of my beloved native city. From those women of whom I can never think without proud emotions; whose encouragement and blessings I carried with me to the war; whose fate it was so early to feel the enemy's yoke; whose spirit grew more unyielding in captivity; who, uncowed by force of brutality, in duress won the world's admiration by their unsurpassed devotion to the cause of the South, displaying Spartan virtues that will yet afford a theme to another Pericles, or wake to immortal verse the lyre of some Virgil to come.

Those devoted Confederate women of old New Orleans, some of

whom are still of you, to point your way in emulation, to recount to eager sons and daughters the story of the rule of a Butler and of a Banks; to tell of humiliations, insults and taunts so often inflicted upon them, of sacrifices made, of risks incurred, of methods resorted to to aid and cheer the many Confederate prisoners in our city; to describe the memorable "battle of the handkerchiefs" and other thrilling episodes of the federal occupation. Theirs were years of tears and of prayer, of hope and of gloom, but never of despair. The presence of no beloved Confederate generals and soldiers from the glorious battle-field of Virginia or of Tennessee illumed any hour of their long vigil, but daily was paraded before them the "pomp and circumstance" of a vaunting foe, marshaled in hosts, whose numbers and equipment made their hearts beat sadly, when contrasting them in thought, with that "thin gray line," whose deeds, in the far away southland, as it indomitably faced the foe at every point, were brought to them on the wings of fame. And when all hope was crushed, and returning survivors of the great armies of the Confederacy brought attestation that "all was lost save honor," with what courage those women met the blow, with what love they received the bearers of the sad tidings, with what tenderness they soothed the anguish of their souls, chafing under their utter helplessness in that terrible reality, grappling with the desolation and ruin of home and of State, peering into a future that loomed up black as Erebus and as unreadable as chaos. What lessons of fortitude they taught those dear ones, soldiers no longer, but heroes seeking now the touch of woman's hand and soul, to face together the unknown dangers and trials of that somber future with hearts shaken by a cataclysm of woe, but still undismayed and undaunted. What examples of energy, of thrift, of adaptability to changed circumstances those dear women set to husbands and to children; what resourcefulness, what ingenuity, what enthusiasm they displayed in providing assistance for their own Louisianians, and for the many other Confederates thrown into the city by the disbandment of the Confederacy's armies. Superbly their heroism sustained itself in those days of defeat, of ruin, of uncertainty, of desolation, of upheaval of society, of government of satraps, of official plundering, of reconstruction saturnalia, of pinching poverty, and until the gradual reassertion of the South to which we have arrived.

Such is the heritage handed down to you, Daughters of the Confederacy, by those sublime women—the proudest that one generation can pass over to another! Thus consecrated by your mothers and

your past; thus pledged to a future of devotion to the Confederate cause and its rightfulness. Ladies of the New Orleans Chapter 72, United Daughters of the Confederacy, your decoration becomes an inestimable prize, a badge of knighthood, ennobling the Confederate veteran who receives it. Such will it ever be to me.

And if my heart could be further moved in gratefulness, it would proceed from the appropriateness of the anniversary under celebration and the sacred precints you have chosen to make me presentation of this emblem of martial and patriotic services rendered the Confederacy and the South. You have conferred it on me, as it were, in the view of the whole Confederacy—under the auspices of its president, Jefferson Davis. For the Confederacy is here in this temple of its fame in all the intensity and dramatic action of its short-lived years. From these tattered and bloody flags its heroism speaks forth; from these weapons, these relics, these fragments, these documents, its spirits, its motives, its devotion, its rights are proclaimed; its great leaders, chieftains and immortal soldiers surround you, lending there Confederate days' appearance to these ceremonies; it is recalled in every article you touch or see; it permeates the air, and here to-day it stirs your Southern pulses as of yore. And above all others, one presence prevades this hall, one personality dominates its memories; it is that of the Confederacy's first and only president, Jefferson Davis.

Follow it through, from the cradle in yonder corner, where, in Christian county, of the "dark and bloody ground," his infancy was rocked, 93 years ago, by sturdy southern parents, and then recall the day when, in state, his body lay under this beautiful roof, in the midst of these holy relics, surrounded by grieving hearts of a community he loved so much, and you have spanned his life. But, at every step herein, touching and precious mementos tell its story between, and mark the epochs of his illustrious career. 'Tis in his commission, signed by President Andrew Jackson, as lieutenant in the United States army, for gallantry in the Black Hawk war; 'tis in his watch, worn at the capture of Monterey, when commanding the First Mississippi Rifles: 'tis in the swords presented to him by a foreign minister, whilst Secretary of War of the United States, 'tis in that mass of his official papers, so clear and statesmanly; 'tis in those books of his masterly messages, and other State papers, when President of the Confederate States of America; 'tis in that picture and souvenirs of his white house, at Richmond, where he went, chosen by his people to guide their government through the storm

of war they had dared for principle and for right, where he displayed to the world such high ability and devotion, through four years of the greatest conflict of the ages; from which he departed unblemished, erect, dignified, defiant, when the life of his government was crushed out under the weight of numbers; 'tis in these hundred volumes of records of that gigantic interstate war, given to the world by the foe, where posterity will marvel to find how much he had to contend with in numbers and equipment of the foe, and how much he had to create to make possible the glorious and protracted campaigns of his vastly disproportionate armies; 'tis in that photograph of him, pale, emaciated, yet unbending, as he emerged the martyr of his people and his cause from the dungeon of Fortress Monroe, and the manacles and fetters of a Miles; 'tis in that release, wrung from his foes after ineffectual search in his official and private acts as President of his government, for aught that could be construed into crime against the laws and the constitution under which he had been born, educated, and had served; 'tis here, in his thousand personal articles, effects, manuscripts, papers, pictures, books, letters, cherished family trinkets and mementos, and touching tokens from friends and his people, that lay before you his home life, its affections, its tastes, its purposes, as, from a prison door, in simple grandeur, an uncrowned monarch of southern hearts, he pursued the even tenor of his way, until that fateful day in December, 1889, when, in this city, his dauntless soul took flight, to meet the Great Judge of all rulers and of all men; 'tis in these numerous sets of resolutions of deepest sorrow, from individuals, organizations, communities and States, that crowd these walls, attesting the majestic mourning of the South, when her great leader came to pass away. Not only in all that establishes his greatness as a man, as a statesman, as a leader, as a patriot, is he here present, but he is here in his gentlest, dearest, tenderest memories and affections. These touching mementos of Miss Winnie, these family pictures of Mrs. Hayes, these articles recalling his sons, early lost, all have shreds of his heart still clinging to them; and well we know how much his venerable relict's heart is also in this sanctuary; for has she not written: "But my heart is in the New Orleans Memorial Hall. There, I feel I owe most affectionate gratitude, and to this place I sent my dearest relics."

Search the Southland over, and no spot is hallowed by his spiritual presence so much as this memorial hall; from no spot could rise more gratefully to his great spirit, the spoken incense of his people's love and praise, on days to follow perpetually this inaugral one, an annual

JANE CLAUDIA JOHNSON.

celebration of a birth that gave to the South this giant among its statesmen, its patriots and its leaders, and to the world another name "that was not born to die."

There was great applause at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

Mrs. Smith arose and thanked the Army of Tennessee veterans for a beautiful bouquet which she had received, and Mrs. McLellan recognized the gift of a like compliment from Colonel Chalaron.

Then Dr. Palmer dismissed the gathering with the benediction.

MEMOIR OF JANE CLAUDIA JOHNSON.

Few women had the good fortune in the war between the States to have such opportunities for good as the subject of this memoir, and no one ever improved them as she did.

She was of distinguished ancestry. Her father, Romulus M. Saunders, of North Carolina, was a member of Congress from 1819 to 1844; from 1845–49, Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid, authorized to offer $100,000,000 for the Island of Cuba. He had really nominated James K. Polk for the Presidency by devising and securing the adoption of the two-third rule at the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1844.

A majority of the delegates had come instructed to vote for Van Buren. But, in the meantime, Van Buren had taken position in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and the Southern Van Buren man wanted him defeated, hence the two-third rule, which required two-thirds of all the members to make the nomination.

The mission to Spain, then the most important diplomatic position in the Government, was a recognition of his service to the party, to the cause of Texas, and to the President elect.

The mother of Mrs. Johnson was Anna Hayes Johnson, daughter of the Hon. William Johnson, of South Carolina, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed by Mr. Jefferson in 1804, and who married the brilliant young member of Congress from North Carolina when she was quite a young woman.

She was a splendidly handsome, brilliant, and intellectual woman,

with great artistic talent, and a painter far beyond mediocre amateur ability.

Her grandfather, William Johnson, of Charleston, was a patriot of prominence and force, and was deported by Sir Henry Clinton to St. Augustine with other distinguished patriots of South Carolina.

During the siege of Charleston, his wife, Sarah Johnson, *nee* Nightingale, used to quilt her peticoats with cartridges, which she thus conveyed to her husband in the trenches.

With such traditions, the great-granddaughter of Sarah Nightingale Johnson and William Johnson, soldier and exile, could only be imbued with patriotism, with courage, with sentiment.

She spent the four years of her father's residence in Spain with him and her mother, and entered society there by her presentation at Court. There she became intimate with Eugenie di Montijo, Countess of Teba, who afterwards became Empress of the French. The attachment between the young girls was such that on the marriage of the Countess to the Emperor she sent her portrait to her American friend, which, though only a print, was and is, considered the best likeness of her ever made.

Mrs. Johnson was a success at the Court of Isabella, the Catholic, and of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French in Paris, where she and her sister and mother spent the winter. In December, 1849, General Saunders was recalled and came home.

In 1851, Miss Saunders was married to Bradley T. Johnson, who had just been admitted to the Bar, and to whom she had been engaged for the preceding six years.

She was not 18, he just 21, and they went to live in Frederick, Maryland, where he rapidly acquired a good position at the Bar.

In 1857, in the great struggle to save the State from the Know-Nothing faction, he was placed at the head of the State ticket as the Democratic candidate for Comptroller of the Treasury, but was defeated by the Plug Ugly and Blood Tub Clubs, and fraudulent votes, and stuffed ballot-boxes, of the city of Baltimore.

In 1859, he was made the head of the Democratic organization of the State, as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and was a delegate from the State to the Charleston National Convention of 1860.

There he acted, spoke and voted with the extreme Southern wing of the Democratic party, and when the convention adjourned to Baltimore, joined with a majority of the Maryland Delegation, in

withdrawing from the convention, and uniting with the States Rights members, North and South, in the Democratic National Convention, which nominated Breckinridge and Lane.

The members who remained as the National Democratic Convention nominated Douglas and Johnston. The result is history.

In all this exciting time Mrs Johnson was always with her husband, heart and soul, and sustaining his every act, with soul stirring sympathy and chivalric courage.

When it became clear that the issue of arms was to be made and tried, her husband, with her constant support, enlisted a company of boys at Frederick, which he armed and clothed, very poorly—but the best that could be done—at his own expense, and prepared to lead them to Virginia, she entirely consenting and assisting.

She had a fine house, well furnished, with every comfort and convenience. She left that just as it was, to the care of S. Teakle Willis, John Hanson Thomas, Ross Winans, John C. Brune, and the rest of the Baltimore Delegation in the legislature, which was in Frederick, in session.

On May 7, 1861, she went to Chestnut Hill, Va., the residence of a friend, Mrs. Mason, and the next day her husband followed her with his company—the Frederick Volunteers—to Point of Rocks. There, in a few days, he was joined by a company from Baltimore, Capt. Edelin, and other companies were rapidly collected at Harper's Ferry. They were all mustered into the service of the Confederate States on May 21–22, 1861, the object being to form them as a nucleus for the Maryland Line, which was to be the representative of Maryland in the Southern Confederacy and to win for their State a place in the new government. But a crisis soon confronted the Marylanders. Of the 500 men at the Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry, Company A, from Frederick only were armed, and that only with Hall's Carbines, the original antiquated and useless breech-loader, long since discarded by the army of the United States. The men had nothing, no arms, no clothes, no tents, no camp equipage, axes, hatchets, skillets nor camp kettles.

They could draw rations, but did not know how to cook them, even if they had had the utensils.

Utter and entire disorganization faced them. On every side were cordial invitations to join Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina or Mississippi Companies.

But the men all knew that the disappearance of that battallion from the army would mean the death of Maryland's hopes to join

the Confederacy, as well as their own justification, in taking arms against their native State.

They held and believed that their mother State had been betrayed by treachery, and was then bound and manacled, hand and foot, by the "*Vis Major*" of the United States, and they were performing a pious duty in organizing with arms to redeem her. But they had no arms, nor any one to whom to apply, and they faced the horrors of disintegration and extermination. Hence forward let the Chronicler Scharf tell the story.

In his third volume of the *History of Maryland*, he says:

"In this trying exigency Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson volunteered to go through the country to North Carolina, her native State, and there appeal to her countrymen for assistance.

"She, as the daughter of Hon. R. M. Saunders of that State, formerly minister to Spain, was amply qualified by graces of person and mind and the force of her will, to accomplish an enterprise which required the daring gallantry of a man with the persuasive power and perseverance of a woman.

"Accordingly, on the 24th of May she left the camps of Companies A and B, at the Point of Rocks, escorted by Capt. Wilson C. Nicholas, of Company G, and Lieutenant George M. E. Shearer, of Company A, and tried to get to Richmond by way of Leesburg and Alexandria. Finding the way barred by Federal troops who had occupied Alexandria that very day, she pushed on by way of Harper's Ferry, and reached Raleigh the night of the 27th. The next morning she made her application to Governor Ellis and the Council of State, stating to them the necessitous condition of the Marylanders, who were without arms, clothes, blankets, or the common necessities of life.

"The Governor and Council immediately ordered five hundred Mississippi rifles to be turned over to her with ten thousand cartridges and necessary equipments.

"The Constitutional Convention of North Carolina, being then in session at Raleigh, a public meeting was called at night in the Capitol under the auspices of the Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, President of the Convention, Chief-Justice Thomas Ruffin, her father, Judge Saunders, and other distinguished North Carolinians.

"It was presided over by Ex-Governor David S. Reid, and attended by the members of the Convention.

"Amid great enthusiam the cause of the Marylanders was es-

poused with ardor, the meeting making a liberal contribution in money on the spot."

The Hon. Kenneth Rayner, in addressing the meeting, said :

"If great events produce great men, so in the scene before us we have proof that great events produce great women.

"It was one that partook more of the romance than of the realities of life.

"One of our own daughters, raised in the lap of luxury, blessed with the enjoyment of all the elements of elegance and ease, had quit her peaceful home, followed her husband to the camp, and, leaving him in that camp, has come to the home of her childhood to seek aid for him and his comrades, not because he is her husband, but because he is fighting the battles of his country against tyrants."

He paid a high tribute to the patriotism and love of liberty which characterized the people of Maryland.

"They were fighting our battles," he said, "with halters around their necks."

On the 29th, Mrs. Johnson left Raleigh with her rifles and her escort, and, stopping a day in Richmond, procured from Governor Letcher a supply of blankets and camp equipage, consisting of camp-kettles, hatchets and axes, &c., and ordered forty-one tents to be made at once.

On the 31st May, she left Richmond with her supplies, and on June 3d, 1861, after an absence from camp of ten days, returned and delivered to her husband the results of her entire trip.

The following record has no parallel in the history of war :

Invoice of ordnance and ordnance stores issued to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson by Lieut. Alex. W. Lawrence, Ordnance Department, in obedience to order for supplies :

No.	
500	Rifles (made at Herkimer, N. Y.), *without bayonets.*
500	Wipers.
500	Screw drivers.
500	Spare cones.
50	Spring vices.
50	Ball screws.
50	Moulds.
2000	Percussian caps.

I certify that the above is a correct invoice of ordnance and ordnance stores issued by me this 28th day of May, 1861, to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

ALEX. W. LAWRENCE,
First Lieut. Artillery and Ordnance.

JUNE 1st, 1861.

Conductor of train from Winchester to Harper's Ferry will detain the train one hour or more for arms which are in charge of the bearer, Mr. S. Johnson.

A. R. CHISOLM,
Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Beauregard.

Rec'd Ordnance Dept. Harper's Ferry, Va., June 3rd, 1861, of Mrs. B. T. Johnson, five hundred Miss. rifles, cal. 54, ten thousand cartridges, and forty-five hundred caps.

G. M. COCHRAN, *Master of Ordnance.*

The issue of arms to the Marylanders by a woman was a romantic incident of the day, and Col. Jackson (Stonewall) called on her, and thanked her for her services.

The officers of the battalion held a meeting and passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Maryland Line be tendered to Mrs. Captain B. T. Johnson for her earnest, patriotic and successful efforts in arming and equipping the Maryland Line.

"*Resolved*, That we, the officers, pledge ourselves, and for our men, that the arms she has obtained shall at the close of the war be returned to the State of North Carolina without stain or dishonor.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and presented to Mrs. Johnson.

JAMES R. HERBERT, *President.*
J. C. W. MARRIOTT, *Secretary.*

She forthwith returned to Richmond for clothes and tents, and on June 29 started back with forty-one tents, and enough uniforms and underclothes for 500 men.

Mrs. Johnson remained at Harper's Ferry and accompanied the troops when that place was evacuated June 16, 1861. She stayed in Winchester when Johnston's Army awaited Patterson at that place, and stood on the balcony at the Taylor House, waiving her handkerchief at the regiment as the column marched down the street on July 18, 1861, on its way to Beauregard and First Manassas.

Major Johnson, riding at the left of his regiment, as was his place, slipped off his horse and ran up to the balcony for a good-bye. She had provided a pint bottle of champagne, and together they drank success to the young soldiers first battle.

As soon as the army passed, she, with her little boy, a lad of five years who had come with her from home and who never left her during the ensuing four years, were driven by Mr. Herbert, a Marylander, brother of Capt. Jas. R. Herbert, rapidly down to Strasburgh, where she and her boy took the train and reached Manassas Junction on the afternoon of the 19th July, while the battle of Morton's Ford was raging.

The road was covered with trains bringing troops up to Beauregard, so she was detained all night, sleeping in one of the staff tents of the general commanding, with her boy stretched across the tent door.

The next morning, July 20, she arrived in Richmond. She bore in the bosom of her dress confidential dispatches from General Joseph E. Johnston, which he had committed to her, in person, with strict injunctions to deliver them only to President Davis himself.

This she did, declining the urgent requests of the Secretary of War to give them to him, but she obeyed orders and would give them to no one but Mr. Davis.

During the summer she returned to Fairfax Court House where the army was lying, and took charge of the sick of the regiment, which was suffering from camp sickness, usual to young soldiers. She took possession of a church in the neighborhood, an old wooden structure, and fitted it up as a hospital, where, assisted by Drs. Gaillard and Johnson, the surgeons of the regiment, she tended the sick that whole summer, and without doubt saved some lives.

When Beauregard moved to the Potomac, and occupied the lines of Mason's and Munson's Hills, within sight of the Capitol at Washington, she and her escort, her little boy, were frequent visitors to the picket line, and he attracted the attention and elicited the commendation of the Commanding Generals, Johnston and Beauregard, for the gallant way in which he rode with his father in front of the Yankee picket line.

When the army fell back to Centreville, and then to Manassas Junction, Mrs. Johnson accompanied it, and spent the winter of 1861–62 in cantonments with her husband and the regiment.

She fell back with the army in March, 1862, and when it moved

from Brandy Station, part to the Peninsula, and part to join Jackson in the Valley, she went to her father's house at Raleigh, N. C., so she did not participate in the Valley campaign.

Directly after the seven days' battle she reported for duty and took position at Charlottesville, where the regiment had been ordered by General Jackson to recruit.

The Valley campaign and the seven days' battles had reduced it from 720 to less than 200. In August, 1862, the regiment was mustered out of service, to the great indignation of officers and men. The pretext of the War Department was that it was for the purpose of allowing the Marylanders to reorganize themselves, and thus strengthen the Maryland line. The truth and fact was, that a number of prominent Marylanders had rendezvoused in Richmond, and wanted a new organization and new deal, whereby they might draw the highest prizes—ignoring the services of officers and men who had won distinction on twenty pitched battle fields.

On being mustered out the men by a unanimous vote, amid tears and sobs, presented their little flag to Mrs. Johnson. This Bucktail flag, decorated with a captured Bucktail, and honored by a special order by General Ewell, Commander of Division. "The Bucktail Flag" lay on her bier when she was carried to her grave in Loudoun Park by her old soldiers, and she left it in her will as an heirloom to her son and grandson, and their remotest posterity. This is the corespondence:

To Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson,

Dear Madam,—Upon the occasion of the disbandment of the 1st Md. Reg't on the 17th of Aug., we the undersigned, members of the above named Reg't, do unanimously agree and resolve to present to you, as one true and truly worthy to receive it, Our Flag, which has been gallantly and victoriously borne over many a bloody and hard fought field, and under whose sacred folds Maryland's sons have fought and bled in a holy cause.

Our attachment for our Flag is undying, and now that circumstances have rendered it necessary that our organization should no longer exist, we place in your hands as a testimonial of our regard and esteem, our little Flag, which is dear to us all.

For the Regiment:

Albert Tolson, Serg't Co. C.	F. Farr, Serg't Co. F.
Richard L. Brown, Serg't Co.—	W. J. Wranek, Serg't Co. D.
Geo. Tyler, Serg't Co. A.	Calvin Myers, Serg't Co. E.
Geo. W. Wentworth, Serg. Co. B.	C. N. Ferriot, Serg't Co. G.

Edwin Selvage, Color Bearer.

To Edwin Selvage, Color Bearer, and the 1st Maryland Regiment:

Gentlemen,—This emblem of your courage and State pride, I have received. The trust that you have reposed in me shall be sacredly guarded, and only to the same organization, with officers and men, will I ever yield it.

I take this means of assuring you all that, as I have been with you in the trials you have undergone in the South, so will I ever be, and no member of the First Maryland Regiment will ever want a friend while I live.

Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

When the Maryland Line was assembled at Hanover Junction under command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson spent the winter of 1863–64 with them. She called for volunteers from the command, and with them built a commodious and beautiful church. The roof was of tent flies, and there was a big fireplace at each side, but they had gallery and choir loft, and services every Sunday.

She went to Richmond and procured from Bishop McGill, Roman Catholic Bishop of Virginia, the service of a priest, who regularly celebrated Holy Mass once a month, a large per cent. of the command being Roman Catholics from southern Maryland, and the other Sundays services were held by the chaplain of the Line. One night the Glee Club came over to serenade her. Marylanders are a bright and joyous race and they always had a Glee Club, and she came out among them, and said: "Boys, you are the very men I want. You'd make a first-class choir for my church," and they did, and the choir of the Maryland line had a great reputation all around Hanover, and as far off as Richmond. People from the country and the city would come to see and hear the services in Mrs. Johnson's church.

After the war General and Mrs. Johnson resided in Richmond from 1866 to 1879, where she was active and jealous in charitable work. She was President for years of the Hospital for Women, which accomplished good work among unfortunate women.

In 1879 they returned to Maryland and took up their residence in Baltimore. There she at once took position in works of benevolence and charity. She became President of the Hospital for the Women of Maryland, and was efficient in establishing that institution on a firm and prosperous basis.

In the course of time she became ill, and elected to go to her own hospital for treatment.

While there she was elected an honorary member of the Association of the Maryland Line—a society of which her husband was president.

On March 9, 1894, the governors of the Maryland Line presented her with a Maryland badge and an appropriate letter. The badge is a gold Maryland cross set in pearls and garnets, suspended by a ribbon of orange and black.

The letter is as follows :

"The survivors of the Maryland Line of the Army of Northern Virginia recall with pride and gratitude the loving, devoted and important service performed for them by Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

"In May, 1861, she armed, clothed, uniformed and equipped with tents and camp equipage the First Maryland regiment and during the trying summer of that year nursed and tended with the devotion of a mother and the affection of a sister, our comrades, sick and dying, from typhoid and other diseases of the young soldier.

"In 1863–64, when the Maryland Line was at Hanover Junction, she collected a library of good, instructive books for the use of the command, and encouraged the men to build, under her directions, a chapel, which was used alike by catholic and protestant, without regard to sect.

"Remembering these benign episodes in her, and our lives, our affection for her brightens with advancing years, and now that she is suffering on a bed of sickness, we extend to her our sympathies, we assure her of our love and esteem, and we pray the good God to restore her to us and to her family for many years of youthfulness and honor.

"As a slight evidenee of our esteem and endless gratitude, the Board of Governors have unanimously elected Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson to honorary membership in the Association of the Maryland Line, and desire her acceptance of the accompanying memento of their affection and love.

George W. Booth,	John W. Torsch,
George R. Gaither,	Charles H. Claiborne,
James L. Aubrey,	Mark O. Shriver,
Daniel L. Thomas,	R. James Stinson,
James R. Wheeler,	William T. Thelin,
John F. Hayden,	August Simon,

Board of Governors, Association of the Maryland Line, Baltimore, March 6, 1894."

JANE CLAUDIA,
MARCH 8, 1832. DEC. 31, 1899.
DAUGHTER OF HON. ROMULUS M. AND
ANNA HAYES SAUNDERS, AND
HONORED WIFE OF GEN'L BRADLEY T. JOHNSON
OF MARYLAND.

ERECTED BY
CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN MARYLAND
IN MEMORY OF A NOBLE WOMAN
A. D. 1901.

Before that time, however, the Maryland Legislature had given to the Association of the Maryland Line the old arsenal at Pikesville, in Baltimore county, nine miles from Baltimore, with a liberal annual appropriation. The governors of the association appointed a Board of Lady Visitors, with Mrs. Johnson as president, and she forthwith organized them for their work. She divided them into committees, and assigned one committee for each month in the year, the visiting committee being responsible for the sanitation and food of the inmates.

Under this management and supervision the Soldiers' Home of Maryland has been conducted these twenty odd years, averaging more than 100 old soldiers, who are sheltered in its protecting care, who are fed, lodged, clothed, and cared for as no other old soldiers in this country are, North or South. The Home is Mrs. Johnson's monument.

But she has left a larger, wider, more imperishable monument in the memory of her heroism, of her dauntless courage, of her great heart, cherished all over the States of the Confederacy.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

MONUMENT DEDICATED.

The dedication of the monument to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson was the leading feature of Memorial Day at Baltimore, June 6. The Baltimore *Sun* says of it:

The day was also the anniversary of the battle of Harrisonburg, where soldiers of the Maryland Line distinguished themselves. Mrs. Johnson's grave and the monument which now marks the spot were profusely decorated, red roses predominating. Over two thousand people gathered to assist in the exercises. The members of the Maryland Line, including about eighty veterans from the Soldiers' Home, at Pikesville, formed a line at the main entrance of the cemetery and marched to the lot, headed by the Fifth Regiment Veteran Corps Band, under the leadership of W. H. Pindell. Friends of the dead and members of the Daughters of the Confederacy had previously strewn flowers over all the graves.

Capt. G. W. Booth presided at the exercises, and read this appreciative sketch of Mrs. Johnson's life :

"Again we are assembled in this beautiful city of the dead to testify our respect and veneration for the brave men whose last resting places fair hands have strewn with flowers, while in tearful contemplation we recall their heroic deeds and unflinching devotion to duty and principle.

"Forty years ago our country was torn with the dissensions incident to civil strife, and from the North went forth its hosts to battle for the Union, while the South gave up the very flower of its manhood, who responded to their conception of patriotic defense of home and fireside. This appeal to arms was followed by a conflict which has passed into history as one of the mightiest in deeds and in result ever chronicled. For four years was illustrated, as only American courage and devotion can illustrate, the valor of our people. The end came only when the material resources of the South were exhausted, its defenders reduced by the casualties of a protracted war, its ports in the hands of its antagonists, its fields devastated and unproductive, while the unlimited supplies of the North, with the markets of the world at command, were comparatively unaffected. The story of Appomattox, when the remnant of the once proud army of Northern Virginia yielded its eight thousand muskets to the encircling hosts of its persistent foe, speaks in no equivocal manner of the straits to which the Confederacy had been reduced.

"The starry cross, the banner of Lee and Jackson, of Johnston and Beauregard, of Stuart, Hampton and Forrest, was laid away. Time is the great physician. The passions of the past have been measurably stilled, and out of a great evil and trial we can appropriate and secure lessons of good.

"While the cause of these dear comrades failed in the purpose for which they and we gave our best efforts and prayers, yet the memories of their valiant struggle, the gallantry and undaunted courage with which they asserted their manhood, the fortitude with which they endured privation and suffering, sanctify and illumine a principle which we then believed, and in the light of after years of sad experiences still believe, to have been the noblest to which man could dedicate his effort, and, if need be, surrender his life. From these silent graves comes forth in terms most eloquent the appeal to the young of our country to revere and cherish its fundamental laws, to respect the liberties of the people, and to maintain its institutions as a refuge for the oppressed and its mission as a protector against the oppressor. But these fallen heroes are not alone in their

claim to our affection. The women of the South—whose tender care was lavished upon the sick and wounded; whose Spartan courage bade their sons, husbands, and lovers go forth to battle while they uncomplaining assumed the stern duty of providing for the household; who unflinchingly preserved under all conditions of adversity and trial, and even when their loved ones had fallen, abated not a jot in their steadfastness and loyalty, but whose every word and deed gave emphasis to the sentiment, 'Better an honored grave than a dishonored life'—to these daughters of our fair Southland we yield our grateful homage. To one of these we this day rear in enduring granite a mark of our loving remembrance, and place on record our appreciation of her eminent virtues and inestimable services—Jane Claudia Johnson."

"THE TRIALS AND TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS."

A Paper Read by Charles M. Blackford, of the Lynchburg Bar,

BEFORE THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Virginia State Bar Association, Held at Old Point Comfort, Va., July 17-19, 1900.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Virginia State Bar Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the spring of 1865, the States and armies of the Southern Confederacy yielded to the overwhelming numbers of their adversaries and the failure of their own resources. The result was the surrender of a people whose constancy and whose heroic struggle had won the applause and admiration of the world, and will, in the far future, be the common boast of every American citizen.

Of the States which thus yielded to fate, President Jefferson Davis had been the representative and executive head. When the armies which had maintained his government were successively dissolved he was left defenceless. He was nearly sixty years of age, in feeble

health, and much worn with the mighty cares and anxieties which had rested upon him for four years.

On the 16th of April, 1865, as soon as he found that Johnston must surrender, he started with resolute will from Greensboro', N. C., with his family, staff, and some of his cabinet; his avowed object being to join the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi river.

His party was too large for the success of such an undertaking. He was tracked easily by Federal troopers, who, scattered over the States through which his line of march lay, were on the lookout for him; with what intent may be inferred from an order issued by command of General R. H. G. Minty, by F. W. Scott, Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General. It was dated near Macon, Ga., on the 8th of May, 1865, and was addressed to Lieut.-Colonel H. N. Howland, commanding a brigade. The order says:

"You will have every port and ferry on the Ochmulgee and Altamaha rivers, from Hawkinsville to the Ohoopee river, well guarded, and make every effort to *capture or kill* Jefferson Davis, the rebel ex-President, who is supposed to be endeavoring to cross the Ochmulgee, south of Macon. (104 War of Rebellion, 665.)

On the 8th of May, Brevet Major-General J. H. Wilson wrote General Upton:

"The President of the United States has issued his proclamation announcing that the Bureau of Military Justice has reported, upon indisputable evidence, that Jefferson Davis, Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, George N. Sanders, Beverley Tucker, and W. C. Cleary, incited and concerted the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward. He, therefore, offers for the arrest of Davis, Clay, and Thompson $100,000 each; for Sanders and Tucker, $25,000 each; and for Cleary, $10,000. Publish this in hand-bills, circulate everywhere, and urge the greatest possible activity in the pursuit." (104 War of Rebellion, 665.)

On the next day the same headquarters informs General McCook of these rewards—adding that a reward of $10,000 was also offered for "Extra Billy Smith, Rebel Governor of Virginia." (104 War of the Rebellion, 683.) This reward was subsequently increased to $25,000. A very moderate sum for so gallant a gentleman.

General Wilson also wrote General Steedman:

"Everything is on the lookout for J. D. His cavalry is dissolved, and he is a fugitive, but in what direction is not known." (104 War of the Rebellion, p. 666.)

On the 11th of May, 1865, Lieut.-Colonel B. D. Pritchard, commanding the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, reported that at daylight on the 10th, at Irwinville, Ga., about seventy-five miles from Macon, he had captured Mr. Davis with his family, his wife's sister and brother, Mr. Reagan, his Postmaster-General, Mr. Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary, Colonel William Preston Johnston, and Colonel Lubbock, of his staff, and Lieutenant Hathaway; together with five wagons and three ambulances. Colonel Pritchard merely announced the fact, and though he had a whole day to hear the gossip of the memorable occasion, he made no reference to the false report that Mr. Davis was caught in the endeavor to escape in his wife's clothes.

That story was made up by a newspaper correspondent, but circulation was given to it by Major-General J. H. Wilson, who, in his official report to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, on the 14th of May, makes the statement, saying he derived it from "the captors." Colonel Pritchard, however, makes no such statement in his published official report and correspondence.

Mr James H. Parker, of Elburnville, Pa., who was one of the squad who arrested Mr. Davis, and the first to recognize him, published in the Portland (Maine) *Argus*, while Davis was still in confinement, a full denial of the whole story. He says that some newspaper correspondent fabricated it, and that it was regarded merely as a joke in the command. He writes :

"She (Mrs. Davis) behaved like a lady, and he as a gentleman, though manifestly he was chagrined at being taken into custody. Our soldiers behaved like gentlemen, as they were, and our officers like honorable, brave men, and the foolish stories that went the newspaper rounds were all false. * * * I defy anybody to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture of Jefferson Davis, who will say, upon honor, that he was disguised in woman's clothes, or that his wife acted in any way unladylike and undignified on the occasion."

Mr. T. H. Peabody, a lawyer of St. Louis, and one of the captors, in a speech made before a Grand Army Post, a few days after Mr. Davis' death, also denied the whole story.

The Secretary of War, however, rolled the statement under his

tongue as a sweet morsel, and, on the 14th of May, wrote gleefully to the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, that "Jefferson Davis was caught three days ago in Georgia trying to escape in his wife's clothes." (121 War of Rebellion, p. 555.) On the 23d of May, Mr. C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, ordered General Miles to direct Colonel Pritchard to bring with him "the woman's dress in which Jefferson Davis was captured." (*Id.*, p. 569.)

After his capture, Mr. Davis was sent to Savannah. Thence he was carried to Fortress Monroe in the steamer "Clyde," under a heavy guard, commanded by Colonel Pritchard. The steamer was convoyed by the United States steam sloop of war "Tuscarora."

The Secretary of War, on the 14th, thanked General Wilson for his vigilance in preventing the escape of the prisoner, and also thanked "the gallant officers and men by whom the capture was made." He also asked for their names, in order that they might receive "appropriate medals." These gallant captors consisted of two regiments of picked men, while the party captured was composed of two old and feeble civilians, several unattached officers, two ladies and four children. (104 War of Rebellion, p. 761.) On the 14th of May, the Secretary of War cautioned Colonel Pritchard to be especially cautious to prevent the escape of his prisoner, "and for that purpose he should be treated as any other criminal." (*Id.*, 761.) So far as is known Colonel Pritchard discharged his duty in this respect as a soldier and gentleman, and subjected his unfortunate prisoner to no insult or undue restraint.

While the captured party was being moved northward, the non-combatant officials, Stanton, Dana, Holt, Halleck, President Johnson and others, were much excited and very industrious. Mr. Secretary Stanton ordered the casemates at Fortress Monroe to be prepared under the special direction of Major-General H. W. Halleck, who commanded the department of the James at Richmond. Halleck assumed his duties with some enthusiasm, and at once made several suggestions, which he obviously thought would be taken as marks of his efficiency at Washington. Thus, on the 13th of May, he wrote to the Secretary of War: "If Jefferson Davis was captured in his wife's clothes, I respectfully suggest that he be sent North in the same habiliments" (104 War of Rebellion, p. 741); and on the 15th he wrote that it would be well to send a special commander for Fortress Monroe, adding, "the present one is a faithful officer, but *not sharp enough* to take charge of Jeff. Davis and his crew." (*Id.*, p. 772–73.)

In compliance with this last request Brevet-Major-General Nelson A. Miles was selected as a person "sharp enough" to be Mr. Davis' jailor, and he reported to General Halleck for the purpose. (121 War of Rebellion, p. 560.)

On the 19th of May the steamer "Clyde" reached Fortress Monroe, having aboard Mr. Davis and family, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Reagan, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, Major-General Joseph Wheeler and staff, Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, and Mr. Burton N. Harrison, besides one or two subaltern officers. The safeguards were at once augmented by placing a gunboat on each side of the "Clyde." Stephens and Reagan were sent to Fort Warren; Wheeler and staff, Johnston and Lubbock, to Fort Delaware, and Harrison to Washington, while the women and children were sent back South.

Fearing that Halleck might not be harsh enough or Miles "sharp enough" for the occasion, Mr. Stanton sent the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. C. A. Dana, to the fort to supervise the details of the incarceration of the two prisoners, Davis and Clay. He was present on the 22d of June, when they were removed, and wrote a graphic account of the proceeding, which has been preserved (121 War of Rebellion, p. 563), and as it is both accurate and authentic, it may be instructive to quote a few sentences :

"At precisely 1 o'clock General Miles left with a tug and a guard from the garrison to go for Davis and Clay. At 1:30 the tug left the 'Clyde' for the fort. She landed at the engineer wharf, and the procession, led by the cavalrymen of Colonel Pritchard's command, moved through the water battery on the east front of the fortress and entered by a postern leading from that battery. The cavalrymen were followed by General Miles, *holding Davis by the right arm.* Next came half a dozen soldiers, and then Colonel Pritchard with Clay, and last the guard which Miles took out with him. The arrangements were excellent and successful."

That one may fully appreciate the excellence of the arrangements which secured this success, it must be remembered that there was not an armed Confederate soldier east of the Mississippi; that the two prisoners were old, delicate and worn, and that all around them there was nothing but massive walls, heavy ordnance, and well-armed men-of-war.

Mr. Dana's patriotic soul must have been stirred within him as he saw the procession slowly cover the short space between the beach and the postern gate—the cavalrymen in front—and then Davis with

his attenuated arm in the strong grip of the faultlessly dressed officer who had been selected because "sharp enough" for such a function. It seems strange that Whittier did not perpetuate in song so heroic an exploit, and that no artist has preserved to posterity in enduring bronze the vigorous grasp and fearless step of the young and handsome Major-General in charge.

Mr. Dana further describes Mr. Davis' dress, and depicts his several emotions, as he parted respectively from his wife, his secretary, and his staff. He adds: "He bore himself with a haughty attitude, his face was somewhat flushed, but his features were composed and his step firm."

He closes his account as follows:

"The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate. The window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see his prisoners every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door. A strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moat on the counterscarp opposite the places of confinement.

"The casemates on each side and between those occupied by the prisoners are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms. The furniture of each of the prisoners is a hospital bed, with iron bedstead, a chair, a table, and a movable stool closet. A Bible is allowed to each. *I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it, but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary.* The prisoners are to be supplied with soldiers' rations, cooked by the guard. Their linen will be issued to them in the same way. I shall be back tomorrow morning."

Later, on the same day, while still at the fort, Mr. Dana, alarmed probably by remembering that the strong arm of the young Major-

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General had been removed from Davis' limbs, wrote in the name of the Secretary of War:

"Brevet-Major-General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay *whenever he may deem it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.*" (121 War of Rebellion, p. 565.)

Under this permit General Miles, on the 24th day of May, wrote to Dana: "*Yesterday I directed that irons be put on Davis' ankles, which he violently resisted, but became more quiet afterward.*" (121 War of Rebellion, p. 570–71.)

This was going a little too far even for the official stomach of the non-combatants. The communication was probably intended only for the sympathetic eye of Dana, but the battle-scarred veterans, assigned to this ignoble guard duty became restive, and the fact of the use of irons leaked out, and the newspapers gave it circulation. The people at the North did not receive the information with the enthusiasm which Dana and Miles had expected, for cruelty is not a characteristic of the American. The fact that a State prisoner, who had been the chosen head of an empire, had been put in irons excited sympathy and indignation instead of applause. Hence, on May 28th, Secretary of War Stanton telegraphed Miles from Washington (*Id.*, p. 577):

"*Please report whether irons have or have not been placed on Jefferson Davis. * * If they have been, when was it done, and for what reason, and remove them.*"

To this Miles replied: "I have the honor to state in reply to your dispatch, that when Jefferson Davis was first confined in the casemate the inner doors were light wooden ones without locks. I directed that anklets be put upon his ankles, which would not interfere with his walking, *but would prevent his running, should he endeavor to escape.* In the meantime, I have changed the wooden doors for grated ones with locks, and the anklets have been removed. Every care is taken to avoid any pretense for complaint, as well as to prevent the possibility of his escape." (*Id.*, p. 577.)

General Miles and his apologists have always said, in defence of his mediaeval treatment of his delicate prisoner, that he merely obeyed orders. It is true that Assistant Secretary Dana had "au-

thorized and directed" the fetters, whenever Miles deemed it "advisable in order to render the imprisonment more secure," and hence under his plea that he but obeyed orders, the only question is whether there was any cause which rendered it reasonably necessary for him to apply any such mode of obtaining greater security.

In his letter to Stanton, of the 28th of May, he gives as his excuse, that "the inner doors were light wooden ones without locks," and hence he put anklets on the prisoner's ankles "*which would not interfere with his walking, but would prevent his running, should he endeavor to escape.*" The inquiry naturally arises: Where was he to run? Whither escape?

The wooden doors were those between the two casemated rooms, and, according to Dana, as quoted above, were wooden, it is true, but were "*secured by bars fastened on the outside.*" Davis was confined in the rear room with two sentinels ever present, whose duty it was to stand day and night before the doors connecting the two rooms. The window or port-hole of the rear room was barred with iron grating. Two sentinels and a commissioned officer were in the front room. The front door was to be kept locked, and the officer of the general guard was to keep the key. When the front door was to be opened the officer in the outer room was to be by it and the middle door was to be barred. A light was to be ever burning in the prisoner's room, and the commissioned officer was to look at him every fifteen minutes. These inner doors were in exactly the same condition when the anklets were used as when Dana wrote he had *not* given orders to have him placed in irons because General Halleck seemed opposed.

Nor were these all the guards against Davis' "running." Sentinels were stationed at the front doors, and others on top of the casemate and on the counterscarp opposite the prisoner's room, while another line was stationed on the opposite side of the road. Guards were also placed in the vacant casemates on each side of that used as Mr. Davis' prison.

Bearing these precautions in mind, and remembering that they were applied in a great fortress filled with trained soldiers and defiant with shotted guns, can Major-General Miles, the only survivor of the leading actors in that tragedy, hope that the world will believe that anklets were necessary to prevent so old and so feeble a man from "running"?

The animus of those who had the special control of Mr. Davis can be seen and interpreted from several small incidents which it may

be well to rescue from the oblivion they justly deserve. Thus, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, had in his orders to Miles mercifully, and possibly piously, permitted a Bible to be placed in the cells of both Davis and Clay. He was probably not familiar enough with its contents to know that it told of the disloyal effort of Moses to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt, or of David's revolt against the tyranny of Saul, else it would have been prohibited as dangerous literature. Be that as it may, the fact is he did permit a copy of the Bible to be left with each of the prisoners. In a few days they had the temerity to ask that their prayer-book and a little tobacco might be added to their scant comforts. Miles doubtless saw some occult treason in this request. He remembered the significance of "Chops and Tomato Sauce" in the famous case of *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*. The matter was too important for so young a Major-General to decide, and he therefore submitted the request to the arbitrament of the Secretary of War, who, after mature reflection responded (*Id.*, p. 570): "Allow the prisoners prayer-books and tobacco." This was done.

On another occasion, Mr. Davis had in his room a roll of red tape, made up of short pieces knotted together, which he used to keep up the mosquito net over his bed. General Miles, hearing of it, sent Major Muhlenberg to remove it. The Major, on entering the room, informed Mr. Davis of his orders, and asked him if he had any use for the tape. He reports that Mr. Davis replied: "Tell the damned ass that it was used to keep up the mosquito net on my bed." This was at once reported by Miles to the Adjutant-General, to whom also was sent the captured tape, which is still preserved amongst the trophies of the war. In response, General Miles received the thanks of the Secretary of War "for his action in the matter." Whether Mr. Davis used the strong language imputed to him or not, need not be questioned. History furnishes no occasion where an oath was better justified, and those who may be shocked at the strength of the adjective will forgive it, because of the substantive to which it is applied. (*Id.*, p. 841.) The fate of Uncle Toby's oath was surely accorded it.

Mr. Davis, having been safely incarcerated, was allowed to see no one, to write to no one, and to talk to no one. His fare was that which was furnished from the kitchen of the guard, and his linen was dealt out to him by the Major-General commanding, to whom that function had been assigned by General Halleck. (121 War of Rebellion, p. 565.) Books, papers and correspondence were luxuries,

which were deemed inconsistent with public safety and were prohibited. (*Id.*, p. 695.) Late in the summer of 1865 books and newspapers were allowed him.

It would be unjust to his jailors were the statement omitted, that, on the 30th of January, 1866, after the press at the North had commented severely on the treatment of the State prisoners, Davis and Clay, the Secretary of War ordered that $36 per month be paid "for furnishing the prisoners—Davis and Clay—with such food as they require, and for the payment of the laundresses who do their washing." The day after this expansion in diet the daily report shows that Mr. Davis "suffered more than usual from dyspeptic symptoms." (121 War of Rebellion, p. 874-75.)

Amidst the earlier and darker days of his confinement, one ray of light and hope reached the distinguished prisoner—and that, it is pleasant to know, came from the then acknowledged head of our profession in the United States. On the 2d of June, 1865, Mr. Charles O'Conor, of New York, wrote to Mr. Davis as follows:

"Gentlemen who have no personal acquaintance with yourself, and who never had any connection by birth, residence or otherwise with any of the Southern States, have requested me to volunteer as counsel for the defense, in case you should be arraigned upon an indictment which has been announced in the newspapers. No less in conformity with my own sense of propriety than in compliance with their wishes, I beg leave to tender my services accordingly. I will be happy to attend, at any time and place that you may indicate, in order to confer with yourself or others in relation to the defense. The Department of War having given its assent to the transmission of this open letter through the proper military authorities, I infer that if my professional aid be accepted, you will have full permission to confer with me in writing and orally at personal interviews, as you may judge to be necessary or desirable."

This letter was in due course of official meandering delivered to Mr. Davis, whose natural impulse was, of course, at once to answer it. Then arose in General Miles' mind a serious question as to the *quo modo* of the response. Mr. Davis had no paper on which to write, no pen, no ink. The crisis was grave. The government at Washington had permitted a letter from a very distinguished and very loyal lawyer to be delivered to Mr. Davis. Was the inference to be drawn from that fact that the prisoner was to reply? If so, how? The question was too momentous for our Major-General to

decide—the responsibility too great. He asked that light be given him, thus:

"FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 6, 1865.

"GENERAL TOWNSEND:

"*General*,—Shall I furnish Jefferson Davis writing material to answer Mr. O'Conor's letter received this A. M.?

"NELSON A. MILES,
"*Brevet-Major General Volunteers.*"

To this General Townsend replied with cautious liberality:

'BREVET-MAJOR GENERAL N. A. MILES, *United States Volunteers:*

"The Secretary of War says you may furnish writing material to Mr. Davis sufficient for the specific purpose of accepting or declining Mr. O'Conor's offer..

"E. D. TOWNSEND,
"*Assistant Adjutant General.*"

(121 War of Rebellion, p. 642.)

This momentous question settled, and a sheet of paper being furnished Mr. Davis, he wrote to Mr. O'Conor on the 7th of June. In this letter, after accepting Mr. O'Conor's kind offer, he made some reference to those of whom Mr. O'Conor wrote who had taken interest in his case. This was doubtless some natural expression of gratitude. The letter, after being inspected by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, was returned for amendment, being regarded in its then condition as an "improper communication." (*Id.*, pp. 655, 656, 657 and 658.) Mr. Davis then struck out the "improper language," but again it was rejected, and, so far as the records disclose (see letter from the Adjutant-General to Mr. O'Conor, 121 War of Rebellion, p. 657), no reply ever reached Mr. O'Conor, whether because of the inability of Mr. Davis to frame a proper reply, or because another sheet of paper was not supplied, the correspondent does not inform us. Mr. O'Conor nevertheless acted as the leading counsel in the trial.

The hot summer months passed by without material change in Mr. Davis' treatment or condition, and no steps were taken to bring him to that "speedy and public trial by an impartial jury," guaranteed in the constitution.

There is no doubt that, at the time of Mr. Davis' arrest, there was an honest conviction in the minds of the great mass of the Northern

people that Mr. Davis, Mr. Clay and others were implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln, and, in this belief, possibly some of those participating in the harsh treatment of the State prisoners may have shared, and it is fair to admit this is a circumstance in mitigation of their conduct.

While the public mind was in the condition of horror and indignation, which naturally resulted from the great crime of Lincoln's death, even more disastrous to the South than to the North, a swarm of crawling spies and lying informers infested Washington with details and incidents well calculated to inflame public sentiment and to warp the minds even of cool-headed men. Consequently the first intention was to cause Mr. Davis and others to be tried by a military commission upon that charge, but, as more light was obtained, wiser counsels prevailed, and it was determined to indict him for treason, and try him in a civil court.

In this connection, and before proceeding further, let us stop a moment to consider the charge made against Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay of complicity in the crime of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. It may, with proprietry, be said that though the accusation was believed for a while by many people at the North, it made no practical lodgment upon the minds of any of those in authority, except the vindictive Judge-Advocate, General J. Holt, whose taste for blood had been freshly stimulated by that of his victim, Mrs. Suratt. Perceiving how gladly he welcomed and eagerly he swallowed anything which might bring fresh victims under his jurisdiction, he was easily made the dupe of a set of sharks, all under assumed names, led by a man calling himself Sanford Conover, but whose true name was Dunham. Holt conducted a long correspondence with Conover, in which his correspondent proved himself a very "shrewd, bad and dangerous man," to use the language of Colonel L. C. Turner, who subsequently discovered his deceptions. The result of this intercourse, which was not confined to letters, was that Conover (the Titus Oates of the epoch), was paid handsome sums for himself and his witnesses. Every now and then Conover would turn up with a new witness, who would attend at the Judge Advocate General's office and give an *ex parte* deposition.

These depositions detailed conversations with and acts of Davis and Clay, Thompson and others, which were so absolutely improbable that a child, who would faithfully believe the dreams of Alice in Wonderland, would reject them as false.

Holt, however, swallowed them all with gaping gullibility, and

based upon them reports to the President and the War Department full of the most vindictive adjectives.

Basing the opinion on the evidence of these witnesses alone, the Judge-Advocate General wrote to the Secretary of War, giving the result of his examination but withholding the names of his witnesses. (*Id.*, 856.) The depositions on which Holt founded his charges against Clay and Davis are all set out in full in the 121st volume of that invaluable memorial published by the Government, known as the "War of the Rebellion—Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies," the value of which in vindicating the truth of history cannot be overestimated.

Holt's theories and charges, however, based as they were upon fraud, had to fall. Honest men of brains, who read his ravings and the wild romances contained in the depositions on which founded, were not satisfied, and finally Congress took up the matter and investigations were ordered. The Judiciary Committee of the lower house was directed to examine into the charges as to the complicity of Davis and others in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, and, fortunately for the cause of truth, Colonel L. C. Turner, of the Bureau of Military Justice, was detailed to aid them.

The witnesses to be examined were the same whose depositions Holt had secured—Sanford Conover, John H. Patten, Joseph Snevel, Farnum B. Wright, John M. Gill, Miss Mary Knapp, Mrs. Sarah Douglass, and William Campbell. Turner, with great industry and skill, first went to work to search into the character of those upon whom he was to rely to establish so heinous a crime. His report of his work is very interesting. (*Id.*, 921.) He finally proved, and many of the so-called witnesses confessed, the whole matter to be a conspiracy for the purpose of deceiving General Holt and obtaining money from the government. The investigation proved, and the report states, that—

"Sanford Conover—his true name is Dunham; lawyer by profession, formerly lived at Croton, then in New York and Brooklyn; a very shrewd, bad, and dangerous man. William Campbell—his true name is Joseph A. Hoare, a gas-fixer by trade; born in the State of New York, and never south of Washington. Joseph Snevel—his true name is William H. Roberts, formerly ticket agent on Harlem railroad; then kept tavern at Yonkers, &c.; was never South. Farnum B. Wright—true name, John Waters; is lame in the knee; works in a brick-yard near Cold Spring, on Long Island,

&c. John H. Patten—true name, Peter Stevens; lives at Nyack, near Piermont, on the North river; is now a justice of the peace there. Sarah Douglass and Miss Knapp—the true name of one is Dunham, who is the wife of Conover, the name of the other is Mrs. Charles Smythe; she is the sister or sister-in-law of Conover, and lives at Cold Spring, Long Island; her husband is a clerk on Blackwell's Island. McGill—his name is Neally; he is a licensed pedler in New York, and sometimes drives a one-horse cart."

After so ably completing his work, Colonel Turner closes his report with:

"My investigation and the disclosures made prove (undoubtingly to my mind) that the depositions made by Campbell, Snevel, Wright, Patten, Mrs. Douglass, and others, are false; that they are cunningly devised, diabolical fabrications of Conover, verified by his suborned and perjured accomplices."

This practically ended the whole fiasco, but it left poor old Holt and his vindictive credulity in an awkward position. As no one would help him out of it—for there was little sympathy shown him. He undertook the task himself, and on July 3d, 1866, wrote eleven closely printed pages of what may be called an apology for his belief (191 War of Rebellion, 931). In this he set out all his correspondence and interviews with Conover and the other conspirators, and, after withdrawing the depositions, endeavored to demonstrate that he was not to blame for believing them. He is probably the only person who ever read his communication, the letters and the depositions, who reached that opinion. His report is of little value as an historical document, but as a sample of the ease with which the wish becomes the father to the thought, it is noteworthy.

This man Conover, after he was arrested, stated to Colonel Turner that his motive for his conduct in suborning this testimony was to punish Mr. Davis for having confined him in "Castle Thunder."

With the motives of such a creature the world has little interest, but any one who will study the whole record will be satisfied that if money had not been furnished Conover he and his pals would never have testified, however deep his vengeful feeling.

As has been said, the idea of bringing Mr. Davis to trial before a military commission was early abandoned by every one but the credulous Judge-Advocate General. Soon after the prisoner was lodged in his casemate, President Johnson sent the Hon. Preston King, of New York, to see Judge Underwood, of the United States District

Court for the District of Virginia, and to ask an interview in regard to the trial of Mr. Davis for treason. It was arranged that he should be indicted at the May term (1865) of the United States Court at Norfolk, over which Underwood was to preside. This was to be done, despite the fact that the judge had previously been of the opinion that the "rebellion" had become a civil war of proportions too great to make it proper or expedient to indict its leaders for treason. He was indicted, and the District Attorney at once moved for a bench warrant, which Underwood refused. This indictment was lost during the summer and never again came to light.

An indictment against Mr. Davis was also found in the District of Columbia, but no process was ever served under it. The matter thus remained in abeyance until the 10th of August, 1865, when the President wrote to Chief-Justice Chase asking for a conference "in reference to the time, place, and manner of trial of Jefferson Davis." To this Judge Chase responded that he would come to Washington on the next Thursday. What took place at this conference is not known. (*Id.*, 715–6.)

On the 21st of September, 1865, the Senate called upon the President for information on the subject of the trial, but no response was made until January 7th, when reports on the subject from the Attorney General, Mr. James Speed, and the Secretary of War, Mr. E. M. Stanton, were filed. From these reports it seems that it was deemed proper that he should be tried for treason in the State of Virginia, where the Chief Justice was to preside, but that for reasons the Chief Justice would not hold the court.

On the 16th of January, 1866, the Senate, becoming impatient under the outcry against the unconstitutional delay, called on the President for the correspondence between himself and the Chief Justice. From it we gather that the President asked the Chief Justice when he could hold the court, and was informed in reply that he was not willing to do so until martial law no longer prevailed in Virginia. During these delays many efforts were made by prominent men of all parties and sections to secure the discharge of Mr. Davis from custody either on bail or parole, but without success.

The admirable report of the trial of Mr. Davis by General Bradley T. Johnson is the very best record of a celebrated cause which has been given to history. (See Chase's Circuit Court Reports.) It sets out in detail the facts collated above as to the slow process of obtaining a trial, and also gives a summary of the reasons why there should have been no trial for treason, prepared by Mr. Charles

O'Conor, which is well worthy the perusal of every lawyer. It may be stated, on the authority of General Johnson, that the report of everything which was said or done by every actor in the transaction was submitted to the person who said or did it before published, and it was not published until approved and corrected by him. This makes the report doubly valuable.

In addition to the free use here made of General Johnson's report of the trial, he has furnished the writer with other incidents connected therewith, which add to the interest of the occasion. A short quotation from Mr. O'Conor will be instructive :

"When rebels and traitors oppose their government by open violence, and are summarily put down, those not slain in the combat may fairly be tried for treason in the civil courts and be dealt with as ordinary criminals. The transaction constitutes only a species of riot. But far different results ensue when rebellion maintains itself so long and so effectively as to compel between itself, its people, and its territory, on the one hand, and the lawful government on the other, the institution and acceptance of the rules and usages wnich obtain in regular wars between independent nations. Amongst men claiming to have attained a high civilization war is recognized as a state or condition governed by law. In its conduct or at its close sight is not lost of morality and justice. If successful, the rebels acquire the power of establiahing an independent state, which all men regard as not only legitimate, but honorable in its origin; if they fail, the victor may be as indulgent as he will, or, as far as he dare, may consecrate to his revenge the field of his ruin. Whatever severity can be justified at the bar of public opinion may be practiced; and certainly no more should be exercised. To the latter proposition every magnanimous spirit will assent. Washington might have failed; Kosciusko did fail."

* * * * * * * * *

"After an open territorial war of this kind had existed for four years, it might be thought by some that the rebels were still simply criminal violators of the municipal law, and that they ought to be dealt with as such. By way of reasoning, it might be urged that the extent of their operations merely intensified their guilt, and should not in any way affect the question. But this reasoning, if such it may be called, proves too much. On the fall of the rebellious state, after sustaining a belligerent attitude for one hundred years, its chiefs and leaders might with equal propriety be brought to trial as trai-

tors in civil courts although they and their ancestors had for several generations been uniformly regarded and treated as public enemies carrying on war against the ultimate victor a regular national war. This cannot be admitted. The law of nature forbids it; and there are broad and comprehensive doctrines deducible from the universal practice of nations which forbid it. And these doctrines are founded in necessity as well as in reason and justice."

* * * * * * * * *

"These views induced a belief that Jefferson Davis could not be lawfully convicted of treason, and that to compass his death by means of a civil trial, judgment, and execution would be disgraceful to those who administered the goverment and discreditable to our people. Therefore gentlemen at the North entertaining strong opinions against the right and the act of secession united in requesting counsel to interpose a defence should anything of the kind be attempted." (See *Chase's Reports*, pages 12, 14, 17.)

It must not be forgotten that before Mr. Davis was brought to trial Messrs. Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Gerrit Smith offered themselves as bondsmen on any bail bond which might be required of him, and were among the obligors when it was finally taken, nearly two years after the tender was made.

An indictment against Davis was found in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, on the 8th of May, 1866. It presented—

"Jefferson Davis, late of the city of Richmond, in the county of Henrico, in the district of Virginia, aforesaid, *yeoman*, being an inhabitant of and residing within the United States of America, not having the fear of God before his eyes nor weighing the duty of his said allegiance, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, and wickedly devising, intending the peace and tranquility of the said United States of America to disturb, and the Government of the said United States of America to subvert, and to stir, move, and incite insurrection, rebellion, and war against the United States of America, on the 15th day of June, 1864, in the city of Richmond, &c., &c.,"

with the usual adjectives and strong language of such literature.

On the 5th of June, 1866, Messrs. James T. Brady, of New York; William B. Reed, of Philadelphia; James Lyons and Robert Ould, of Richmond, appeared in the Circuit Court for the city of Richmond as counsel for Mr. Davis, and through Mr. Reed, in very terse

and clear language, asked the court what was to be done with the indictment and whether it was to be tried. This last question he said he probably had no right to ask, but he claimed the right to that speedy and public trial guaranteed by the Constitution, and wanted to know when and where that trial was to be had.

Major J. S. Hennessey, Assistant United States District Attorney, said Mr. Chandler, the District Attorney, was absent, and that he was unprepared to answer, and the matter was laid over until the next morning. The next day Mr. Chandler was still absent, and Mr. Hennessey read a paper, in which he set forth that Mr. Davis was not in the custody of the court and was beyond its control; that the District Attorney was so much engaged with official duties he could not attend; and, thirdly, that Mr. Davis was too unwell to stand a long trial at that season of the year. For these reasons he moved the court to lay the matter over until the first Monday in the next October.

Mr. James T. Brady, of New York, replied that it was true that, in a technical sense, Mr. Davis was not in the custody of the court, but that was a plea for Mr. Davis to make if he wanted delay. On the contrary, he waived any such plea and demanded a speedy trial; and that as to the heat of the weather, Mr. Davis could stand it in Richmond as well as at Fortress Monroe, and his counsel would all willingly serve him under any circumstances.

Judge Underwood stated that the Chief-Justice was to preside at the trial and that he could not be present until the first Tuesday in October, to which day the cause was adjourned.

On the 7th of June, 1866, Messrs. Charles O'Conor, of New York; Mr. Thomas G. Pratt, ex-Governor of Maryland, representing Mr. Davis; and Mr. Speed, the Attorney-General, representing the Government, waited on Chief-Justice Chase at his residence to ascertain whether he would entertain a motion to release Mr. Davis on bail. The Chief-Justice, without any formal application for bail, announced that he considered it improper for him to act in this matter so long as the State of Virginia was under military rule, and that he would not act until the writ of *habeas corpus* was fully restored and martial law abrogated. His opinion on this subject, prepared by himself, is set out in full in General Johnson's report.

Mr. O'Conor and Mr. Shea, of New York, as counsel for Mr. Davis, also made an application subsequently to Judge Underwood in the Attorney-General's office in Washington. He also declined on somewhat the same grounds as those given by Judge Chase.

The President, the Chief-Justice, the Attorney-General, and Judge Underwood all admitted their desire to grant the release, but each found some refined constitutional objection to gratifying these wishes, and the result of their self-denial was that Mr. Davis remained in custody.

There is good authority for saying that while the efforts to secure the release of Mr. Davis on bail, or otherwise, were being made by Mr. O'Conor and others, there was behind the scenes some adverse influence which was too powerful to be overcome, which Mr. O'Conor believed emanated from the Secretary of State, W. H. Seward. When Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the senator from Maryland, applied to Seward to help him in the effort to secure bail, Seward pointed to the scar on his neck, made by the knife of the assassin, and said: "You can hardly expect *me* to aid you."

On the 10th of May, 1866, the House of Representatives adopted a resolution introduced by Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether there was probable cause for believing in the criminality alleged against Davis and others, and whether any legislation was necessary to bring them to a speedy and impartial trial. To this committee it was that Colonel Turner was assigned as Judge Advocate, and it was due to his intelligent and indefatigable efforts that the frauds which had been practiced upon the Judge Advocate-General in the matter of depositions were discovered.

The committee finally made its report, admitting the falsity of the testimony, about which Holt had been so persistent, and practically clearing Mr. Davis from the charge of complicity in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, but at the same time whitewashing Holt, who had been bitterly attacked by the northern as well as the southern press. It further expressed the opinion that there was no legislation necessary to aid the courts in bringing Davis to trial, and that it was the duty of the Executive Department of the Government to do so.

In consequence of this resolution the President expressed to the Attorney-General (then Mr. Henry Stanbery) the opinion that there was no good reason why the trial should not proceed, and asked what remained for the Executive to do that such result might be reached. To this letter the Attorney-General replied on the 12th of October. In this reply he gave the status of the prisoner, with reference to much promised and oft boasted speedy and impartial trial. He advised the President that it was only necessary for him to order

the keeper of the Fort Monroe jail to deliver Mr. Davis up to the marshal of the District of Virginia on proper application.

While the Attorney-General saw no reasons why Mr. Davis should not be tried, he set forth many reasons why the court which was to try him could not sit, and why the court had not convened on the 6th of October, the day to which it adjourned and to which Mr. Davis' trial was postponed. Congress, he said, had, on the 22nd day of May, 1866, passed an act providing that the Circuit Court of the United States should be held at Richmond on the first Monday in May and the fourth Monday in November in each year. This, the Attorney-General held, abrogated the special term fixed for October. But on the 23d of July Congress passed an act to fix the number of judges of the Supreme Court and to change certain judicial circuits. Among those changed was that assigned to the Chief Justice, when Delaware was taken out and South Carolina substituted. This change, it was thought, would make a new allotment necessary, and as this could only be made by the Supreme Court, and not by it until it met, it was probable that the court in Richmond could not convene even in November; during all of which time and through all these contingencies Mr. Davis was to remain in a military jail.

Thus it appears that, despite the expressions of a desire to see justice done the prisoner, made by the only men who had the power to do justice, something always arose to prevent their carrying out their philanthrophic wishes. The historian of the future, with all the light which will then illumine his research, will tear away the flimsy veil and show that Mr. Davis was so long kept in confinement to gratify the personal bitterness of men who had once been his associaties, and well knew the dignity and purity of his character.

In investigating this whole subject it has been necessary to read many pages of the correspondence between the commanding officers of the Federal armies and the civil deparments, and especially between them and Judge Advocate-General Holt, and it gives pleasure and speaks well for human nature to note that whenever a gallant Union soldier had to deal with the matter of the treatment of a Confederate soldier or citizen, his tone was one of mercy, of justice, and of respect, without insult or harsh expressions, and with the utmost consideration for the defenceless, the weak, and the unfortunate. Every one knows this was characteristic of Grant, but the same may be well said of Sheridan, of Sherman, of Thomas, and of many others. The young Major-General who acted as jailor at Fortress

Monroe is pehaps the most notable of the exceptions which prove this rule. Even in the case of General Miles it is fair to say his conduct resulted more perhaps from an intense desire to win the applause of his superiors—President Johnson, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Dana, and General Holt—than from the cruel nature which one might infer from his acts and correspondence.

Many schemes of relief for Mr. Davis were devised and many suggestions of bail, but the judiciary was so squeamish and so jealous of its authority that, although courts were held in November, 1866, it was not until May, 1867, two years after Mr. Davis was imprisoned, that either judge of that circuit could be persuaded even to hear his plea within a jurisdiction "where," to use their language, "a soldier was the ultimate arbiter and a bayonet the sole symbol of the law," albeit it was to relieve a citizen suffering under the tyranny of such an anomalous condition. The judges drew fine distinctions between the civil and military law, the Attorney-General gave learned opinions, and Mr. Davis pined all the while in the prison where he was placed and retained without the due process of any law.

It is pleasant to know that the treatment accorded the State prisoner was slowly ameliorated; hence, as a similar favor was granted Mr. Clay, it may be presumed that Mr. Davis also was permitted to use a *wooden knife* with which to manipulate his rude diet.

When, on the 13th of September, 1865, Mrs. Davis asked General Miles by telegraph what was the condition of her husband, who had been very sick, the telegram was submitted to the War Department for action; that department replied, instructing the Major-General to send the following telegram, which it was thought, after a few days' consideration, might be sent without detriment to the public welfare:

FORT MONROE, Sept. 14, 1865.

Mrs. VARINA DAVIS, *Augusta, Ga.:*

Mr. Davis suffered temporarily from a carbuncle on the leg and from erysipelas in the face; that is now over, and he is as well as usual.

N. A. MILES,
Major-General Commanding.

On reading this reply, framed in and transmitted from Washington, one is at a loss to understand the functions of a Major-General

commanding, if discretion was not given him to inform an anxious wife five hundred miles away of the condition of her husband's health. (See War of the Rebellion, 747.)

About this time Mr. Davis wrote a letter to his wife, which the Major-General commanding transmitted to the War Department for its inspection before it was forwarded, at the same time calling the attention of the department to some reference to his insomnia since his confinement. As to this General Miles wrote:

"This is false in every particular, as I know he rested and slept more than he says. His usual answer, on being asked how he slept, was invariably 'very well.'" (121 War of the Rebellion, 769.)

The letter was, therefore, returned for correction.

There seemed to be something near akin to malignity in the official intercourse with and about Mrs. Davis, who, with womanly and wifely instinct, was nervously anxious to be informed of her imprisoned husband's health and condition. The most touching appeals to the President remained unanswered and every enquiry made to official sources was neglected. In June, 1865, remembering the kindly social relations which had once existed between General M. C. Meigs and her husband, she appealed to him to use his influence to have permission granted to her to go North to a more moderate climate where the health of her children would be better, and that she might correspond with her husband. She also begged him to inform her what was the condition of his health. (121 War of Rebellion, 666.)

To this General Meigs made no reply, but wrote to the Commanding General at Savannah a letter, which he sent through the Secretary of War, in which he said:

"I was under obligations to Mr. and also Mrs. Davis for kindness and courtesy received before they inaugurated rebellion and civil war.

"The effect of that war, *my personal loss* in the death of my eldest son, murdered by one of Mr. Davis' assassins, called guerillas, *my position as an officer of the government*, make it altogether improper for me to enter into any correspondence with Mrs. Davis or to attempt to interfere in the course of justice."

He had the grace, however, to ask the officer to let Mrs. Davis know that her husband was better. Because his gallant son had

been killed in defence of what he regarded as right, his compassion for a suffering woman, who had once been his friend, and to whom he admitted an obligation for former kindness, had lost its heart-beat. (121 War of the Rebellion, 683.)

On the 28th of November the Rev. Charles Minnigerode asked permission to see Mr. Davis as his spiritual adviser, which request, after being pondered by the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, and the Adjutant-General, was granted, and an order to that effect was sent to the reverend gentleman, who, on the 9th of December, 1865, presented the same to General Miles, who, fearing some deadly plot, wired the Adjutant-General to know if the order was genuine and whether the old doctor should be admitted. On the 10th his fears were put to rest and the order was verified. (121 War of the Rebellion, 818, 834.) Dr. Minnigerode, however, had to give a species of ecclesiastical parole, confining his conversation strictly to ghostly topics. (*Id.*, 874.)

On the 2d of October, 1865, because of the representation of the medical officer attending Mr. Davis, he was removed to a very much better room in "Carroll Hall" in the fortress, and was in every respect very much more comfortable.

On the 25th of April, 1866, Mrs. Davis, whose letters had remained unanswered, hearing her husband was failing rapidly, telegraphed the President for permission to visit him. The President referred it to the Secretary of War, and he ordered General Miles to permit Mrs. Davis to visit her husband, under such restrictions as might be consistent with the safety of the prisoner, upon her giving a satisfactory parole. (*Id.*, 900–1.)

During this long period the Major-General commanding had almost daily reported the physical and mental condition of his prisoner, often accompanying his report with that of the medical officer in charge.

On the 25th of April, 1866, Dr. George F. Cooper, the surgeon, reported to General Miles as follows:

"I would respectfully report that the general health of State prisoner Jefferson Davis is not as good as at my last report. His appetite is failing and his muscular strength is diminishing. He shows an incipient tottering in his gait," etc.

The Major-General commanding transmitted this report, *but over-*

ruled the medical expert, saying: "In seeing him every day I have been unable to discover the change."

After this Mr. Davis was permitted to have an interview with his counsel and was allowed some of the comforts given prisoners of a high rank, principal among which was the privilege of the grounds in the day time. General Miles, in his daily reports, ceased to call him "Jeff Davis," as had been his wont, and in all official communications spoke of him as "State prisoner Jefferson Davis."

It is a matter of some interest to know what brought about these changes for the better. Any one noting the records will soon ascertain the cause. Great care was taken and the most rigid rules prescribed to prevent the outside world, and especially the representatives of the press, in any way learning anything about the "secrets of the prison house," and for a long time the efforts were successful. But the hardy veterans of the fort felt indignant that they should be constantly ordered to perform the duties of bailiffs in guarding a sick and feeble old man whom a youth of fifteen could have overmastered. Their manly natures were shocked at what they saw, and no discipline could keep their tongues quiet; hence, gradually the public press, both North and South, commenced to make most significant inquiries, and then to charge wrong, injustice and wanton cruelty.

About the 20th of May, 1866, one of Surgeon Cooper's reports as to Mr. Davis' health and the causes of its depression became public and created an outburst of indignation which found voice in the newspapers of both parties and all sections. From a long article in the New York *World* some extracts are worthy of note. The editor says, after referring to the surgeon's report:

"It cannot be read by any honorable and right-minded American, no matter what his sectional feelings or his political opinions may be, without a sickening sensation of shame for his country and a burning flush of indignation against the persons who have prostituted their official position to inflict upon the American name an ineffaceable brand of disgrace by the wanton and wicked torture of an invalid, lying a helpless prisoner in the strongest fortress of the Union. The report of Post-Surgeon Cooper is all the more damning that it is perfectly calm and formal in tone, and that it deals only with the strictly medical aspect of the investigation which its author was

ordered to make. We hear nothing, for example, from Surgeon Cooper of the stories which have been repeated over and over again, in all varieties of tone, but with a singular consistency in the main details, by correspondence of all shades of opinion in regard to the petty insults heaped upon Jefferson Davis in the routine of his daily life. The refusal, by express military orders, of the common courtesies and simplest decencies of life to a man who for four years wielded the resources of eleven belligerant States against the whole power of the Union. * * * The American people, should these stories prove to be true, will have a serious account to settle with the functionaries who could thus misrepresent and belittle them in the eyes of Christendom and of history."

Similar articles appeared in other papers, both North and South. These articles were keenly felt by General Miles, and on the 26th of May, 1866, he wrote to Adjutant-General Townsend, enclosing him a number of extracts from the papers, of which he complained very bitterly. He averred he had done nothing *but obey orders*, and that the press was doing him great injustice. (*Id.*, 914.) The newspaper extracts are all published in the official correspondence along with General Miles' letter.

One who will read the correspondence published in the one hundred and twenty-first volume of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion by the government can judge of this, as well as General Miles.

Having written his complaint of and protest against the press, General Miles turned his attention to his subordinate, Surgeon Cooper, whose report had come to the public eye. He wrote (221 War of the Rebellion, 919):

"(*Confidential.*)

"FORT MONROE, VA., May 28, 1866.

"General E. D. TOWNSEND, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

"GENERAL,—I regret to say that I think Surgeon Cooper is entirely under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the former of whom has the happy faculty that a strong mind has over a weaker to mould it to agree with its views and opinions. Surgeon Cooper's wife is a secessionist and one of the F. F. V.'s of this State. He is exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Davis, escorting her to Norfolk and back, and yesterday he had a private interview with Davis and Messrs. O'Conor and Shea. To-day the four were together at the Doctor's

house. I believe more might have been said in this report. In my opinion there are other reason than the 'waves of sound' to make Mr. Davis nervous and excitable; for instance, his age and the diseases to which he has been subject in previous years. The disappointment of his hopes and ambitions must necessarily affect the nervous system of a man of his pride while a prisoner. Since Mrs. Davis' appearance at this place there has been a determined effort made that as he could not be a hero to make a martyr of him.

"NELSON A. MILES,
"*Major-General U. S. Volunteers.*"

Because Cooper could not close his eyes to human suffering and keep his mouth shut in the presence of wrong and cruelty, he is attacked in this "*confidential*" communication. The outcry of a brave and good man is attributed to the malign influence of his wife, who, it is charged, was a "secessionist and one of the F. F. V.'s."

After the public became aware of what was going on in the prison house and the fearless press commenced to inquire as to who was responsible, a very different treatment was accorded Mr. Davis, and he was allowed the privileges of a State prisoner. He had the freedom of the fort on parole, his wife and family were with him, and his counsel were permitted to see him.

In August, 1866, the President ordered that General Miles be mustered out of the volunteer service. No reason is given in the published records for this, but may possibly be inferred from General Miles' protest written on the 24th day of August. (121 War of the bellion, 955), in which he says :

"As I have no other appointment, I fear the President is dissatisfied with my course here, or perhaps credits some of the base slanders and foulest accusations which the disloyal press have heaped upon me. * * * As I have been here fifteen months since his (Davis') first imprisonment, I would have preferred to have remained one month longer until he was removed from this place, at which time I intended to tender my resignation. I would now ask this slight consideration in justice to my own reputation, which has cost many sacrifices and as highly prized as life."

Thus it appears that instead of a longing to be relieved of the unpleasant duties of a bailiff, the General *begged to be continued in office*

so long as Davis was to be a prisoner. The government did not gratify him. He was relieved from duty on the first of September, as ordered, mustered out of the volunteer service, and relegated to the regular army with the rank of colonel. This paper, therefore, need notice his career no further.

Mr. Davis was not relieved from captivity on the first day of October, as General Miles anticipated. He remained in imprisonment until his term had extended its slow length through two whole years, but during the second year he was treated as a State prisoner, and except that his trial was so long delayed, there was no just ground for complaint.

This practically closes so much of this paper as refers to the *trials* of Mr. Davis. *It will be noted that nothing has been quoted from the writings either of Mr. or Mrs. Davis, nor from any Confederate source, not even from Dr. Craven or other Federal sources charged with the crime of sympathy;* sympathy for the suffering of an old and feeble gentleman, who, though he had once held a sceptre, was treated as a common felon. References have been made only to *official documents*, published as such by the United States Government. No deduction has been drawn which they do not justify. If the conclusions are unpleasant, and yet are justified by the official evidence, those who suffer in public estimation from the bare recital of their acts, have none to blame but themselves.

On the first day of the May term, 1867, Judge Underwood opened the Circuit Court of the United States at Richmond, when Mr. George Shea, of New York, as counsel for Mr. Davis, filed a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*. It was granted, and on the 10th was served on Brigadier-General Henry S. Burton, successor of General Miles as commandant at Fort Monroe, who, *after obtaining the permission of the President*, brought Mr. Davis to Richmond.

Deep anxiety was felt about the trial, which, it was believed, would begin on Monday, the 13th day of May. On that day the streets were filled with nervous people, and great crowds surrounded and packed the stairway and passages of the Custom House, where the court room is situated. Mr. Davis, his counsel, and General Burton and his staff were at the Spotswood Hotel. The court was to sit at 11 o'clock, but long before that time many persons had secured positions in the court-room by permits issued by the marshal. In this way seats were secured for a few ladies, the reporters, and a number of distinguished visitors.

A few minutes before eleven the counsel for the defense entered the court-room. They were a very distinguished group—Mr. Charles O'Conor, the leader of the bar in the United States; William B. Reed, of Philadelphia; George Shea, of New York; both high in the rank of their profession; John Randolph Tucker, already distinguished as a constitutional lawyer and late the Attorney-General of Virginia; Robert Ould, the most skillful debater and logical speaker of his day, and Mr. James Lyons, who had long been prominent in the courts of this State.

It is seldom that any case has brought together a more distintinguished array. The government was represented by Mr. Evarts, the Attorney-General of the United States, also a leader of the bar of New York, and a man of learning, high culture and refinement; Mr. Chandler, a northern resident of Virginia, who could take the iron-clad oath, was District Attorney. Besides the counsel engaged in the case there were a number of other men of mark, both civil and military; among them may be mentioned Judge J. A. Meredith, Rev. Dr. Minnigerode, James Neeson, John Mitchell, the Irish patriot; Gustavus A. Myers, and Generals Schofield, Granger, Brown, Imboden, and Mr. John Minor Botts. A few moments before the clock struck eleven the large doors were thrown open and the crowd rushed in and filled every spot outside the bar. At eleven Horace Greeley entered the room and there was a buzz of interest. The object of his visit was known and excited much good feeling toward him, which was exhibited by kindly comment from the crowd and many cordial shakes of the hand by men inside the bar.

When Judge Underwood came in the proclamation was made. After the proclamation there was a hush of expectation, and all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the distinguished prisoner. As said before, he was at the Spotswood Hotel, in front of which a vast crowd was gathered to see him come out. Carriages were arranged in front of the hotel as if to take him and his party, but to avoid the crowd the proprietor had caused a coach to be brought into the court-yard in the rear, and while the crowd were standing expectant in front, Mr. Davis, General Burton, Dr. Cooper, of the United States army, and Mr. Burton Harrison got into the carriage and were driven rapidly by a circuitous route to the Custom House. The crowd did not discover that they had been outwitted until he had reached his destination.

On the arrival of the party at the Custom House they were taken

to the conference-room by a private way and thence at once entered the court-room, where he was escorted by General Burton to a comfortable chair with more of the manner of a sympathizing friend than that of his keeper. Mr. Davis was much worn, and showed the marks of extreme feebleness, but he looked cheerful and bright and bowed to his many friends and shook hands with a few who were nearest.

As soon as he had taken his seat Judge Underwood, who was incapable of appreciating the dignity of his official position, said, turning to the United States army officers who were present: "The court is honored on this occasion by the presence of so many of the nation's noblest and bravest defenders that the usual morning routine will be omitted." The sentiment, so far as it refers to the military spectators, is unobjectionable, but its utterance on such an occasion has no parallel in judicial conduct since Jeffries held his court at Taunton.

General Burton then presented Mr. Davis to the court in obedience to the writ of *habeas corpus*. In reply, the judge tendered him the thanks of the court "for his prompt and graceful obedience to its writ. He has thus added another to the many laurels he has gained upon the battle-fields of the country." Imagine Chief-Justice Marshall, who once presided in the same court in a great trial for treason, effusively tendering his thanks to anyone who obeyed the mandate of his writ. *Inter arma silent leges* had so long been the prevailing condition in the land that this debasement of the ermine attracted no attention.

After this display of gratitude, the judge declared that the prisoner had now "passed under the protection of *American Republican law*," and was in the custody of the marshal.

What species of law that was it is hard to explain, and when it is remembered that, though ever clamoring for his constitutional right to a speedy trial, it was over three years before it was awarded him, the difficulty in understanding the expression is increased.

The prisoner having thus passed from the control of martial law into that of this "Republican law," Mr. O'Conor announced that the defense was ready and desired a trial. To this Mr. Evarts replied that the case could not be heard at that term; to which, of course, the judge assented. Motion for bail was then made, and by the practical consent of the prosecution it was granted, and the penalty was fixed at $100,000, but this was not effected until Judge

Underwood had interpolated a stump speech, lauding the government of the United States and the beneficence of its administration.

The bail bond, in the usual form of such bonds, was then given, Mr. Greeley signing first. The sureties were Horace Greeley, Augustus Schell, Horace F. Clark, Gerrit Smith, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York; Aristides Welsh and David K. Jackman, of Philadelphia; R. Barton Haxall, Isaac Davenport, Abraham Warwick, Gustavus A. Myers, W. W. Crump, James Lyons, John A. Meredith, W. H. Lyons, John Minor Botts, Thomas W. Doswell, James Thomas, Jr., and Thomas R. Price, of Virginia.

When the bond was duly executed the marshal was directed to discharge the prisoner, which was done amid deafening applause.

The streets around the Custom House were crowded with people awaiting the result. As soon as the decision was announced some one ran to the Main-street window of the Custom House and shouted: "The President is bailed!" A mighty roar of applause went up from the people below, which was taken up and echoed and re-echoed from street to street and house to house, though, strange to say, a considerable period of time elapsed before the crowd on Bank street were informed of the result; then they joined most heartily in the shouts. A company of United States infantry had been brought up to the door of the Custom House when Mr. Davis was carried in by General Burton. No one has ever yet known what became of them. They vanished in the uproar, doubtless rejoicing that they were relieved of the ignoble functions which had been assigned them as jailors.

Some time elapsed before the bond was signed and the order of release was entered. Then Mr. Davis left the room, and with Mr. O'Conor on one side and Mr. Ould on the other, came out of the Custom House door on Bank square. They were greeted with a sound which was not a cheer or a hurrah, but that fierce yell which was first heard at Manassas, and had been the note of victors at Cold Harbor, at Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and wherever battle was fiercest. The trio got into an open carriage and drove to the Spotswood Hotel, at the corner of Main and Eighth streets. As they moved amidst the rejoicing crowd, the rebel yell was their only applause, their happiest greeting. It was the outburst from brave men who could thus best give expression to their indignation for what was past and their joy for the present.

As the carriage approached the hotel all sounds ceased, and a deep

and solemn silence fell upon the vast crowd, less demonstrative than the yell, but more tender in its sympathy. As Mr. Davis stood up in the carriage, preparatory to alighting, a stentorian voice shouted: "Hats off, Virginians," and five thousand bare-headed men did homage to him who had suffered for them, and with moistened eye and bated breath stood silent and still until their representative entered the hotel.

The treatment which the Federal government had imposed upon Mr. Davis had made him a martyr; the applause was an attestation of that fact. Around the court-room were thousands of men who had met danger and suffered loss. Each man felt that Davis had suffered vicariously for him. If Davis was a traitor, so was he. If Davis should suffer the penalties of the law, so should he. This it was which made the feeling so intense.

The Southern people had profound respect for Mr. Davis personally, because of his pure character and intellectual abilities, but for him there was no such deep and abiding devotion as for Lee and many other of the military chieftains. Mr. Davis impersonated their failure; the generals their brilliant success as long as success was possible. When the victors charged him falsely with crimes abhorrent to his nature, put him under ward and manacled him as a felon, and then indicted him as a traitor, he became their martyred hero, and history will so record him.

At the November term, 1867, Mr. Evarts, the Attorney-General, was present, representing the prosecution before Judge Underwood. Mr. Davis, through his counsel, was ready, earnestly demanding a trial. The government asked that the trial be put off until the succeeding March to suit the convenience of the Chief-Justice. The defense was anxious for Judge Chase to preside, so it consented to the delay.

On the 26th of March, 1868, a new indictment was found against the prisoner, charging him in many counts with many acts of treason, conspicuous amongst which was "conspiring with Robert E. Lee, J. P. Benjamin, John C. Breckinridge, William Mahone, H. A. Wise, John Letcher, William Smith, Jubal A. Early, James Longstreet, William H. Payne, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, G. T. Beauregard, W. H. C. Whiting, Ed. Sparrow, Samuel Cooper, Joseph E. Johnston, J. B. Gordon, C. F. Jackson, F. O. Moore, and with other persons whose names are to the grand jury unknown," to make war against the United States; fighting the battle of Manassas,

appointing one Girardi, then acting as captain, to command a brigade, and one Mahone to be a major-general; fighting a battle near Petersburg in company with R. E. Lee and others, and another at Five Forks, all of which things were done traitorously, unlawfully, maliciously and wickedly.

The various historic acts styled crimes, in this lengthy document, were proved before the grand jury by the following witnesses summoned for the purpose: R. E. Lee, James A. Seddon, C. B. Duffield, John Letcher, G. Wythe Munford, John B. Baldwin, Charles E. Wortham, and Thomas S. Hayward.

On the finding of this indictment the trial was continued until the 2d day of May, 1868, then to the 3d day of June, and then again until the fourth Monday in November, when it was arranged that the Chief-Justice should be present. This date was again changed to the 3d of December in the same year.

During this delay the fourteenth amendment to the constitution was adopted and became a part of the organic law of the land. The third section of that article reads as follows :

"No person shall be senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability."

As soon as the amendment was adopted the counsel for Mr. Davis determined to move to quash the indictment against him upon the ground that, as he had in the year 1845 taken the oath to support the Constitution of the United States as a member of Congress and had afterwards engaged in insurrection and rebellion, as charged in the indictment, such crime, if crime it was, had been already punished by the penalties and disabilities denounced against and inflicted upon him thereafter by the third section of the fourteenth amendment of the constitution. General Bradley T. Johnson has written that he had it from Messrs. O'Conor and Ould that this point was suggested by the Chief-Justice.

Preparatory to the motion to quash, on the ground set forth above, Mr. Ould filed in open court his own affidavit that on the 8th day of December, 1845, Mr. Davis, on taking his seat in the House of Representatives as a member from Mississippi, had taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. He then moved for a rule on the Attorney of the United States to show cause why the indictment should not be quashed.

On Thursday, the 3d day of December, 1868, the question arising under the rule were taken up in the Circuit Court of the United States, sitting at Richmond, with Judges Chase and Underwood on the bench, and the real and final trial of Mr. Davis began.

There was not as much pomp and ceremony, nor as much dramatic effect as at the trial of Warren Hastings, nor has any such master of the art of word-painting as Macaulay ever described it. In some respects, however, the scenes were alike, despite the differences in the character of the prisoners and in the style of the crimes with which charged. In each case the prisoner at the bar was a man of high intelligence and strong will. Each had ruled an empire. Hastings had governed a vast territory with many millions of population, and had added a continent to the crown of England. Davis had been the chosen leader of eleven commonwealths, combined under him into a constitutional government, which had set great armies and great captains in the field, and for four years, against desperate odds, and dependent solely on its own resources, had accomplished mighty deeds, won brilliant victories, and challenged the admiration of the civilized world by its sturdy fortitude and by the heroic defense of what it regarded right.

The very indictment against Jefferson Davis was the catalogue of the great acts of a sovereign—a sovereign who conspired with Lee, and Jackson, and with the Johnstons, with Stuart and Forrest and Kirby Smith, and Taylor and many another, to fight such battles as the two at Manassas, the seven at Richmond, the two at Fredericksburg, and the bloody fields of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania.

Great publicists like Chase and O'Conor and Evarts knew that the law and the custom of nations did not look upon such deeds as those of a traitor, and that the world stood agast at the effort to thus debase the principles of international justice; but President Johnson and Judge Underwood, at a safe distance, would have read

the riot act to the rebel army, and then held forfeited to the gallows the life of every gallant man who did not at once lay down his arms.

Mr. Davis sat behind his counsel on the day of his final trial, much improved since his last appearance in the same room. He was not an unworthy hero for such a scene. His eye flashed with intellectual fire, his nervous energy was still alert, though his physical strength was much wasted. As he sat in the midst of the distinguished group he was easily *primus inter pares*. His calm dignity and his dauntless courage inspired the zeal of his defenders and won the respect of those whose official duty it was to prosecute. He sat at that bar arraigned for the crimes of a great people, a sovereign called upon to answer for the misdemeanors of an empire. His mien and bearing proved him worthy the dignity of the position.

The Chief-Justice of the United States presided, and it is with pleasure that it can be recorded that he well maintained the functions of his high office. He occupied the same position which was held by Chief-Justice Marshall in that other great trial, when Aaron Burr stood indicted for treason at the same bar, and to his credit, be it said, he was equally just and impartial.

The somewhat notorious Underwood sat by his side, but the arguments of counsel were, it is said by eye-witnesses, addressed only to the Chief-Justice. Mr. O'Conor, especially, ignored his very existence, and the Chief-Justice seemed to forget he was beside him on the bench, except when, with the effrontery of ignorance, he exercised his right to dissent. The late Robert Whitehead, of Nelson, who was present, wrote that sometime during the session of the court something was said about the difficulty of securing an impartial jury in Richmond. Judge Underwood, with a wave of his hand towards the gallery packed with negroes, said he could easily secure a jury; but the suggestion was treated by Chief-Justice Chase with the contempt it deserved.

Of the many counsel for Mr. Davis only four were selected to appear for him on that day—Messrs. Charles O'Conor, Robert Ould, William B. Reed and James Lyons, and of these Messrs. O'Conor and Ould were especially designated to make the argument on the motion to quash.

For the government there appeared the newly appointed District Attorney, S. Ferguson Beach, Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, and H. H. Wells, who had been the military appointee as Governor

of Virginia. The Attorney-General, Mr. Evarts, was not present, it being stated that "official duties rendered it impossible for him to be present."

A demand was made for a written specification of the point upon which the motion to quash was made. This was soon written out by Mr. O'Conor, and the argument was opened by Mr. Ould in a speech of great clearness and logic.

At the close of Mr. Ould's speech, the Chief Justice said that he was not surprised, as intimated by Mr. Dana, at the ground taken by the defendant. The course of the argument, he said, was anticipated, as the point urged was the common principle of constructive repeal.

Mr. Beach then opened for the government, and Mr. Wells and Mr. Dana followed on the same side. Mr. O'Conor closed for the defense.

On the close of Mr. Wells' speech, the court adjourned until the next day, which was occupied by Mr. Dana and Mr. O'Conor.

The arguments are set out very fully and carefully in General Johnson's report of the case, and were each revised by the speaker. The report was not published until eight years after the trial, but infinite pains were taken to secure absolute accuracy. Each gentleman, both of bench and bar, had the opportunity to revise what was reported as being said by him. Mr. O'Conor took especial pains with the report of his speech, and regarded it one of the foundation stones upon which his fame as a lawyer would rest. So anxious was he that it should present his views accurately, that he wrote to General Johnson, when he sent the revised report back to him, begging that if the report had gone to press, it should be destroyed and reprinted and re-stereotyped with his revision, and at his cost.

It would be an agreeable task to analyze these arguments, but this paper is already too long. Interesting and instructive as they are, we must forego the pleasure. The close of the trial was neither as dramatic nor as exciting as the episode at the time bail was allowed and Mr. Davis released from the grasp of the military. There had come over the public mind of both sections a belief that Mr. Davis would never be convicted, indeed, would never be tried, and hence there was none of that intense strain which had theretofore been felt.

The argument having closed on the 4th of December, the court adjourned until next day, when it announced what was well under-

stood at the outset would be the case—that the court could not agree. Although not stated in the order, it is known that the Chief Justice held the point taken by the defense to be good, and that the indictment should be quashed, while Underwood would have overruled the motion, and proceed to trial. The difference was that existing between a learned and upright lawyer, who could rise above political prejudice in the assertion of a great principle, and an ignorant partisan who permitted his personal bitterness to guide his judicial finding.

The result of this disagreement of the judges was that the motion to quash failed, and thereupon the case was continued until the May term, 1869. The fact of the disagreement was certified to the Supreme Court, that it might be there decided.

This was the end of this celebrated cause. Later in December, 1868, President Johnson published his general amnesty proclamation, which by common consent was held to cover Mr. Davis' case, and upon the 15th of February, 1869, the following order was entered in the Circuit Court of Richmond:

MONDAY, February 15, 1869.

United States

vs. *Upon Indictment for Treason.*

Thomas P. Turner, William Smith, Wade Hampton, Benjamin Huger, Henry A. Wise, Samuel Cooper, G. W. C. Lee, W. H. F. Lee, Charles Mallory, William Mahone, O. F. Baxter, Robert E. Lee, James Longstreet, William E. Taylor, Fitzhugh Lee, George W. Alexander, Robert H. Booker, John DeBree, M. D. Corse, Eppa Hunton, Roger A. Pryor, D. B. Bridgeford, Jubal A. Early, R. S. Ewell, William S. Winder, George Booker, Cornelius Boyle, William H. Payne, R. S. Andrews, C. J. Faulkner, and R. H. Dulaney, W. N. McVeigh, H. B. Taylor, James A. Seddon, W. B. Richards, Jr., J. C. Breckinridge, and *Jefferson Davis.*

(Two cases.)

The District Attorney, by leave of the court, saith that he will not prosecute further on behalf of the United States, against the above-named parties upon separate indictments for treason. It is, therefore, ordered by the court that the prosecutions aforesaid *be dismissed.*

Strange to say, an order was entered upon the 1st of February, reciting that inasmuch as the indictments had been dismissed, he and his bondsmen were forever released.

The motion, on appeal in the Supreme Court, of course, was never called, and is now filed amongst its archives.

This recitation of the "Trials and Trial of Jefferson Davis" has not been prepared with the purpose of stirring up sectional animosities or reviving the bitterness of the past. Its aim has been solely to vindicate the truth of history, that its teachings may be taken to heart. Between those who fought, bitterness vanished almost with the smoke of the hostile guns. The lapse of years has made us one people again, and it is not patriotic or wise to do anything which may mar the harmony time has wrought. If the reputation of individuals shall suffer by turning a searchlight upon the official acts of their past, it is their misfortune, not the fault of the historian who handles the reflector.

The historians on either side of our Civil War are naturally warped in their judgment, and even after so many years cannot take an unprejudiced view of the same facts, however undisputed. The history of that epoch in our national life must be written on the other side of the Atlantic, but though that is the case, we are not relieved of the obligation to seek for the truth and to preserve our researches for the use of those writers whose environments will enable them to be impartial. To that end this paper has been written.

The other side in our contest was never just in their judgment of Mr. Davis, nor has it given him due credit for either his intellectual or his moral strength, his courage, his devotion to what he regarded right, or his faithfulness in the discharge of duty. This prejudice, inflamed by the natural grief and indignation aroused by the murder of President Lincoln, made the treatment of Mr. Davis as a prisoner more rigorous than it would have been otherwise, but it cannot justify or excuse the insults and inhumanities to which he was subjected by those to whose custody he was committed as a prisoner of State, or the cruelty of those who so long denied the constitutional right of a speedy and impartial trial. *These wrongs it is our duty to forgive, but it is also our duty not to forget.*

CHARLES M. BLACKFORD.

Lynchburg, Va., July 18, 1900.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

An Address Delivered Before A. P. Hill Camp Confederate Veterans,
BY
Ex-GOVERNOR WILLIAM EVELYN CAMERON,

At Petersburg, Va., January 19th, 1901.

"Such men have lived to teach this truth—
And it is truth, I know—
That other men may reach those heights
Whereon all virtues grow."

COMRADES:

Not unmindful of the magnitude of the task your partial judgment has assigned to me—diffident of my power to clothe your love and reverence for Robert Lee in adequate phrase—I have yet accepted your invitation as a command, to which neither inclination nor duty could remain irresponsive; and I throw myself upon your generous indulgence as in sober speech I try to portray to you "The man he was who held a nation's heart in thrall."

Robert E. Lee was born in the purple of an illustrious lineage, at a time when the recent death of the Cincinnatus of the West had flooded the name of Washington with a sunset's glory. He was reared upon the soil and among the traditions which had nurtured the Father of our Country. The wooded aisles of Mount Vernon were the frequent scenes of his boyhood's rambles; that Mecca of liberty, with its sacred associations and eloquent lessons, was the goal of his youthful pilgrimages; his earliest prayers were lisped within the grey walls of the old church in Alexandria, in which the conqueror of a king was wont each Sunday to bow before the Monarch of heaven and of earth; and I love to think that from an early period of life this Robert, "who was always good, and thoughtful beyond his years," sought his model in that great Virginian patriot, soldier, wise statesman and Christian gentleman, to whom the most

gifted Englishmen of that age supplied unstinted praise as "greatest, wisest, best," and above whose bier, amid the tearful approbation of a mourning country, the young Lee's father, the "Light Horse Harry" of the brave days of old, had pronounced that eulogium, as immortal as the character which it epitomized: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Separated from that father at a tender age, nourished when yet at his mother's knee by those beautiful and pathetic letters in which the death-stricken parent solaced the years of pain and exile by pouring out his loving admonitions to the children he was never more to see on earth, the susceptible heart of the boy imbibed for his absent sire a devotion which grew with his growth and which contributed in large degree to shape his own career in life. Later the lonely grave in Georgia appealed to his imagination, and the influence of its silent occupant was more potent than that of most living parents upon their sons. The faded letters from the Indies became sacred precepts to the lad. They are still a cherished heir-loom with the Lees, and none could ask a more precious legacy for budding minds than those yellow sheets contain—serious in meaning, tenderly playful in tone, couched in language as purely classic and simply lucid as though ladled from the well of English undefiled.

Then, too, the daily pabulum of this thoughtful boy was found in the record of his father's distinguished career as a soldier of the revolution, the honorable mention in orders from the commanding general, the flattering resolutions of Congress applauding his gallantry and skill in arms, the correspondence of Washington and Greene conveying their confidence and gratitude for brilliant services, and the speeches of Light Horse Harry himself in the State Legislature, in Congress and in the Convention which adopted the Federal Constitution—that superb but well-balanced oratory which satisfied the reason while taking captive the imagination, in which loftiness of thought and beauty of expression were as well attuned as sun and beam; and in which there breathed a love of country and a desire for union which was not held in those days to be inconsistent with a passionate jealousy for the rights of the States. And while studying thus the thoughts and deeds of the dead father, never known in life, the youth absorbed the reverent affection which permeated every word and act of that father towards Washington.

It is not too much to assume that the idolized leader of the sire became thus the ideal hero of the scion; and that the son of that

orator, who embalmed the virtues of Washington in words as deathless, was led by paternal influences—none the less strong because speaking from the grave—to consciously mould himself upon the almost faultless pattern so faultlessly portrayed.

At all events, there were striking points of resemblance, not alone in character and endowments, but also in temperament between Lee and that predecessor who is only rival in the hearts of this people. Nor up to a certain point were the currents of their lives divergent.

Both were left fatherless while of plastic minds, and both were trained to scarcely realize that partial orphanage by mothers to whom widowhood was but a trusteeship of love and care for the offspring of a departed consort.

Of Anne Carter, the mother of Robert Lee, no less than of Mary, the mother of Washington, it may be said that from her prayers and precepts came that white flower of a blameless life which sweetened our day and generation with its fair example. 'Twas she who guided the young Aeneas to filial piety, and taught him veneration of all that was best and noblest in the father's creed. 'Twas she that developed natural excellences of disposition and worthiness of aspiration into the fixedness of habit and the substance of resolve. 'Twas she who trained the sprouting tendrils to twine around the sturdy oaks of honor and of truth. Aye, but for these pious Virginia women, consecrated to widowhood and maternal duty, it may well be doubted whether even the nobility of nature which came from God, would have ever grown into that roundest symmetry of mind and soul which stamped their sons as kings among men.

By both of these Virginia boys there was the same earnest use of the seed-time in preparation for the harvest season; they both evinced on the threshold of life a calm superiority to those frivolities which distract the mind and sap the energies. The same gracious gravity of demeanor and dignity of deportment gave early presage in both of powers beyond the common heritage and of destinies beyond the common lot. Each entered young upon stern and exigent responsibilities, and both were thus unwittingly equipped to lead embattled hosts against the government to which their first allegiance had been given. Both debated long and earnestly with conscience before arriving at a decision which changed the whole current of their lives. Both were entrusted with the highest command without having sought or desired it; both entered upon exalted duties with the fullest sense of the dangers and uncertainties involved;

and both cast behind them the most dazzling prospects of power and preferment to accept a leadership which brought with it no material or resources commensurate with the strength against which they were arrayed. In the midst of difficulties for which there was no human remedy both displayed a patient fortitude almost superhuman. Both were of constant minds, of patient courage; neither elated by success nor depressed by failure.

The parallel might be continued almost indefinitely. Indeed, one who saw Robert Lee in the ripe maturity of his powers, under circumstances strongly if superficially suggestive of the earlier days of the American revolution, might not unnaturally have said: The mantle of Elijah hath fallen upon Elisha.

Reproduced as exactly as though recreated, were the poise and balance of moral and mental elements—the same harmonious completeness of practical talents—the same predominant traits of temperament under the same stern control—the same hand of steel under the glove of velvet—the same patient devotion to duty for its own high sake—the same fine sense of honor—the same inflexible love of truth—the same dignity of bearing, purity of conduct, loftiness of purpose and superiority to the cares of mere ambition.

Seldom has it been given to a State to give birth to two sons with such claims to immortality! And that their gifts of genius and graces of character displayed so much of the kinship of resemblance, is but another illustration of the fact that true greatness has but one sure foundation and bears but one core in every age. It may wear a different form, but beneath the fashion of the day are the identical elements. The differences are apparent; the similarities are real. Methods of expression change; principles and rules of conduct are immutable. The Cid may never come again, nor Douglas, "in the same likeness that he wore"; but honor, patriotism, valor, never die—or but to speedy resurrection.

* * * * * * * * *

When the thoughtful boy in the widow's home at Alexandria came to that age when the fledgling longs to try his wings, his choice of a profession had perhaps been formed already by a process of which even he was unconscious. The diet upon which his mind was fed at a period when impressions are most easily made, was largely of a sort to turn his ardent heart towards a soldier's life. By this time we may be sure that he knew line upon line the story of those battles in which the power of Britain had been broken and the free-

dom of his country gained. And did not the proud mother give into his careful hands ere this, those "Memoirs of the War of Seventy-Six," written by his father, telling in graphic style of the campaigns in the South, of Greene, of Marion, Sumter, and in too modest brevity of the chances of service which came to and were improved by one nearer and dearer. More potent still to fix his path was the silent appeal of a sword which hung above the lofty mantel—the sword which Light Horse Harry had flashed so often in the headlong charge—the sword presented to him by Congress for "Warlike skill and prowess." Can you not see before you now the mother "tearful yet rejoicing" in her recollections, while the son, with pious touch, draws forth the stainless blade and answers to her questioning face:

"My father's sword—and mine!"

And so he started forth upon that course which brought him to the call of Virginia in 1861, a veteran already in war, master of its theories, ripe in its practice, in the flush of health in mind and body. He was the centre of expectancy and of confidence. In the old army he had won a reputation second to none. Scott, his old commander, had declared of him, in his stilted but sincere way, that he was the "the greatest military genius in America, the best soldier I ever saw in the field; and if opportunity should offer he will show himself the foremost captain of his time." It was through the influence of this Virginian, then at the head of the United States army, that President Lincoln was induced to offer that high command to Colonel Lee. This tender so calculated to gratify an ordinary pride, and great enough to satisfy any ambition, came to a man who was controlled in every act of his existence by his desire to do the right. In all that memorable career there is not an act nor utterance which suggests a motive less noble than a sense of duty. From the day when Magruder describes him immured in the study of plans and maps in the halls of Montezuma, aloof from the gaities of a splendid capital, to that on which he answered *adsum* to the summons of the Great Captain of us all, the rigid rule by which his existence was ordered, never varied. His answer to the overture was a courteous negative, and forthwith he saw that the time had come to leave the service of the Union.

That his resignation from the United States army was a step taken in sorrow and after severe conflict of mind is not to be doubted by

any who read the calm yet mournful letters in which at this juncture he announced his decision to his sister. He severed the ties and relinquished the aspirations of a lifetime to enter upon a contest which promised nothing but loss and danger to him and his. He relinquished high opportunity to embark fame and fortune upon a more than doubtful struggle. That his reluctance and regret were sincere none who knew the stern integrity of the man can doubt. He says that his heart bled within him at the prospect, and this is the deliberate statement of one to whom falsehood was impossible. Of this General Grant bears emphatic witness in his dictated memoirs, where, discussing the reasons which impelled him to a certain course of military action, he declares: "For I knew that nothing could induce General Lee to deviate from the truth."

Entering the service of Virginia as Commander-in-Chief of her forces, for nearly a year he held no important command in the field, and this is another illustration of the entire freedom of the man from self-seeking. He was content to be of use; and while engaged in the essential work of organizing the troops as they arrived from the South, with headquarters at Richmond, he saw without regret and with no effort to assert his claim, the conduct of operations in the field entrusted to others.

It was not until the spring of 1862 that General Johnson, having been wounded at Seven Pines, the opportunity was born which gave to Lee an adequate field for the exercise of his abilities. Thenceforward until the closing scene at Appomattox he was never absent from that army with whose achievements his name is inseparably linked.

His face and figure were soon familiar to every man in the command. He was constantly on the lines, rarely attended by any escort save a single staff-officer. An active and perfect horseman, of distinguished and handsome countenance, he looked every inch the gallant soldier and gentleman he was.

> His was all the Norman's polish
> And sobriety of grace;
> All the Goth's majestic figure;
> All the Roman's noble face;
> And he stood the tall examplar
> Of a grand historic race.

From the very first he inspired officers and men with a trusting

affection which later grew into worship. He had none of the arts by which lovers of popularity seek to ingratiate themselves with their subordinates. In his intercourse with soldiers of whatever rank, so far as my knowledge goes, General Lee never unbent from the somewhat formal courtesy habitual to him. The magnetism was there though, if not perceptible, and it wrought devotion and implicit confidence in the hearts of the coldest.

Even before we met the enemy under the direction of that steady eye, he was all in all to us. After the first trial, when McClellan had been driven to the plains of Berkeley, the army of Virginia pinned its faith to him with a tenacity which no subsequent disaster was able to shake. And that mere corporal's guard of us who still survive, our ranks growing thinner hour by hour, despite the fact that the mechanic grasp of fate denied the victor's laurel to that brow, we who gloried the more in his initial triumphs because they were his, who felt the sting of final disaster more keenly because it pierced so cruelly that great heart, we believe in him still.

Purest, truest, greatest, there was none like him, none! "Whatever record leaps to light, his never shall be shamed!

> Truth walked beside him always,
> From his childhood's early years,
> Honor followed as his shadow,
> Valor lightened all his cares;
> And he rode—that grand Virginian—
> Last of all the Cavaliers!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To resume for a moment the parallel previously drawn, I think that in the qualities of their military genius, Washington and Lee —I name them in the order of time—had many points in common. Fabius was not more adroit in defense than either, nor more dexterous in the husbanding of a small force against preponderent numbers. But the characteristic of both was pugnacity, and the campaigns of Lee in Virginia, as those of Washington in the Jerseys, were superb examples of what is technically known as the offensive-defensive. The vigilance of both was sleepless; both were acute in penetrating the designs and anticipating the movements of the enemy; neither ever willingly neglected an opportunity to take the initiative.

From the swoop upon McClellan's right, through the campaigns against Pope, in the battles of 1863, in his manner of meeting Grant's

advance through the Wilderness, and even after lines of circumvallation were drawn at Petersburg, General Lee was constantly and consistently aggressive. No finer example of this trait is known to military history than that given at Chancellorsville, where, with the swiftness of a practiced fencer, General Lee passed from the attitude of the assailed to that of the assailant, ere his antagonist had time to realize the changed conditions. To find Lee in line of battle parallel to his lines of communication was the first surprise which disconcerted the Federal commander; but even then he never dreamed of the prescient boldness that was to amuse Sedgwick with Early's handful, hold his own front against Hooker's main force, with barely eleven thousand men, while Jackson, with two-thirds of the Confederate troops, was sent across the front and well to the right and rear of an army of ninety-two thousand muskets. "Bold to rashness," says an eminent British critic, "but redeemed from rashness by the knowledge of his adversary's infirmities of temperament, on which it was largely founded, and by the celerity and skill with which it was executed."

The easy confidence with which Lee responded to a movement upon his flank of an overwhelming enemy, while at the same time another force nearly equal to his total strength was thundering in his rear, proved that from the very first he felt himself, despite the disparity in numbers, to be master of the situation. The only doubt he seems to have entertained after the first intelligence of Hooker's presence on the south side of the Rappahannock, was whether first to push Jackson against Sedgwick on the plains where Burnside met his crushing defeat. But his consideration of this plan was brief, though Jackson favored it, and instead he seized his right wing, as Swinton says, "In the grasp of a Titan," and hurled it in reverse, as an athlete might have slung a stone, over field and forest, upon the one vulnerable spot in the strong formation of his foe.

Wary he was, but not "cautious," as General Doubleday says, nor "shrinking from collision in the open field," as Humphreys intimates. I am inclined to think he was more combative by nature, as well as calculation, than any of the Union commanders with whom he measured swords, Grant being a possible exception. To the uninitiated his penetration of Pope's rear by Jackson's single corps, would appear to have verged upon perilous enterprise, but here again he knew the moral forces at work in his favor and made accurate estimate of the length of arm of the man he had to deal with.

His genius and his inclination were pugnacious. He had it in his blood from that Launcelot who rode by Norman William's side at Hastings, and from the Lionel Lee who smote the infidel in Holy Land, stirrup to stirrup with Richard of the Lion Heart. He had it from that stout dragoon, the dashing Rupert of the Continental army, of whom one of his generals said, "give me one dozen such men and no British soldier will ever have another night of unbroken sleep in America." Yes, he came of fighting stock, and oftimes was tempted to indulge the humor when the well-balanced brain said "nay."

Who that saw Lee at the Wilderness but recognized with a burning thrill in his own veins how hardly the reason of the commander restrained the cavalier's impulse to lead the gallant Texans to the thickest of the fray?

But uniformly his tactics and his "noble ire of battle" were alike the servants of that cool, clear judgment which seldom erred. Self-discipline with him had been brought to a science.

I have used the term "combative by calculation," meaning by that the conviction of General Lee that the Confederate armies could not afford to conduct a purely defensive warfare—if in strategy, not in tactics. His greatest successes were won by aggressive operations. So McClellan's grand army was pushed back upon its gunboats, the siege of Richmond raised, and an hundred thousand of the best troops of the Union paralyzed and neutralized, while the army of Northern Virginia first staggered Banks at Cedar Mountain and then drove Pope's legions in pell mell disorder back into the entrenchments around Washington. 'Twas so, as has been said, that he compassed that victory at Chancellorsville, which is still the study and wonder of the military schools of the world. 'Twas so that he freed the Valley of Virginia from invasion, sent Hooker back into Pennsylvania to defend his own; and 'twas so that the ark of Southern independence might have floated on the high tide of Gettysburg, but for contingencies, which as they are the subject of controversy, I shall not bring into formal discussion here.

If he erred in aggression there, the error was born of a noble confidence in that magnificent army which had so often under his leadership accomplished the improbable, that he had come to deem its valor invincible. Success held in its beckoning arms such glorious fruit for the cause he represented, that, in the light of all that failure cost us, I still hold from a soldier's point of view that the

effort was justified by the prospect. Our commander had reason to believe, which afterwards turned out to be true, that he had outmanœuvered Meade, and that his full concentration was confronted by only a portion of the latter's army. This was a situation which offensive operations alone could utilize. Whether the subsequent engagement was fought as he designed, it is a question which I believe will be answered by history in an emphatic negative. At least, the assaults in detail by fragments of corps, when whole divisions lay idle in our lines, bore no resemblance to any other attack delivered by Lee before or afterwards—for Malvern Hill, where Jackson was misled by his guides, and where D. H. Hill precipitated the action by misinterpretation of a signal, does not offer a proper basis of comparison. Generally the instinct of an army may be trusted to adjudge responsibility for its reverses, after the event. In the case in hand there was no diminution in the affection or confidence of the army of Northern Virginia in its commander. Even the remnants of the brave divisions which gained the heights in vain, found voice when reeling back in bloody disarray, to give him greeting, and though he then and there avowed the blame with generous disregard of self, 'twas only as if he had said, "YOU were not at' fault, you that came back from the heroic effort, or those whose bodies dot that deadly slope; you did all that human bravery could do." The army took his grave, kind words as meaning that –no more nor less; nor do I think at this late day the survivors will accept a version that would stamp their beloved leader as self-convicted of the blunders, or worse, of that ill-starred 3d of July.

Illustrating Lee's offensive strategy is the movement by which, in the autumn of 1863, he flanked Meade out of his position at Culpeper, and forced him back into the lines at Centreville, and this, too, though his army had been depleted one-third by the dispatch of Longstreet to the west. And when in December Meade crossed the Rapidan and established himself across the roads leading from Orrange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, not a step in retrograde did the Southern General take. He accepted the challenge from a superior force, marched promptly out with the corps of Ewell and Hill, planted himself on the ridges over Mine Run, and offered battle for two whole days. On the night of the third he massed two divisions on his right to assault the left flank of the enemy, but in the morning an advance in the gray light found only empty trenches.

The same movement essentially was repeated in the following

spring when Grant came southward of the river. Here again, instead of retiring behind the North Anna as his antagonist presumed, Lee barred the path of invasion in the old battlefields of the Wilderness, and on the 6th of May became the assailant after a vigorous fashion. Thereafter our commander proved the subordination of his temperament to his judgment by compelling battle from time to time on his own ground, giving his troops the advantage also of entrenchments. From time to time, 'tis true, he would thrust a sudden wedge of fire or steel into some interval in the opposing lines, or fall upon some isolated force with the hammer of a Vulcan. But his policy now was to delay the advance of the invading army and to make it pay a price in blood for every step of progress made.

If his military reputation should rest on this campaign alone, from the initial gun at the Wilderness to the passage of Grant's army to the south side of the James, Lee would deserve to rank among the few past-masters in the art of war. From day to day he pre-divined the movements of the enemy with an accuracy which was never at fault. At every successive point—Spotsylvania, Hanover Courthouse, Cold Harbor—Grant found his pathway barred by the grim veterans in gray. Time and time again, exasperated by the consummate skill with which prompt check was given to his every maneuver, the Federal commander threw his bare-breasted divisions against the works of Lee. As often the brave fellows recoiled with torn ranks from the desperate work, until at last, after the bloodiest of all bloody days, that at Cold Harbor, the bugles sounded the advance, the officers bared their swords and pointed the way, but the men with one accord stood motionless in their ranks—a silent, but effective protest against a further application of the "policy of attrition."

On the 14th of June the advance corps of the Army of the Potomac reached the pontoon bridge which was to bear them to the new scene of action at Petersburg. Since the 5th of May their losses in killed, wounded and missing, according to the official returns of the Federal Surgeon-General, had been 67,000—or 3,000 more than the number of men with which Lee had entered upon the campaign. Up to this time, including Smith's corps, Grant had received in reinforcements 51,000 muskets, Lee 14,000. These statistics are pregnant with testimony as to the skill of our commander and the efficient valor of his troops.

But the end was not yet. Once in front of the historic town on

the Appomattox—where for the first and only time in the game of strategy, the Federal general fairly stole a march upon his opponent—but where Beauregard with a brilliant audacity, not yet sufficiently recognized, defended the position against great odds until the lost time was repaired -the situation seemed to Grant or Meade to justify a renewal of those clashes of solid lines upon well-manned earthworks to which the Federal army had already sacrificed so many lives and so much morale. The result was disastrious as usual, and again the army and Northern public murmured at what they deemed a reckless expenditure of blood. And then the taciturn and persistent Union commander announced in general orders that no more assaults upon intrenched lines would be made. The engineers were brought up, the great guns were sent for, and the siege of Petersburg was set on foot.

The operations progressed with varying fortunes through the months of summer and autumn. Gradually the clasp of the besiegers grew closer and closer around the beleaguered army. There were some days of great glory for the Confederates. Longstreet held the north shore and the approaches to Richmond with a grip not to be shaken. Mahone and his division won fame in no scant measure at the Crater and on the Weldon road. Heth and Hampton broke through Hancock's ranks at Reams' Station and captured many prisoners, colors and guns. The cavalry wrought wonders on the flanks. But further and further westward crept that fateful left flank of the Federal army. It was badly punished in each extension, but every inch of ground that Warren gained he held.

Dark days were upon us. The shadow of the inevitable was beginning to obscure the bow of hope. 'Twas as the winter fell that I first observed the deepened lines of care that not all the serenity of a soul at peace with God and itself could smooth from the countenance of General Lee. The raven hair of four years before was already bleached into silver, and though too thorough a gentleman to betray abstraction, his speech, except on business, was rare. In fact, at this period the perils and privations of the troops were never absent from his thought. So patient of privation himself, he was indignant at what he believed to be the neglect of the supply department in furnishing clothing and provisions to the men. The Secretary of War made petulant inquiry of the General as to the cause of such frequent desertions from the ranks. His curt endorsement, amply justified by the facts, evinced his grave displeasure. "I sup-

pose the causes to be the lack of food, fuel and clothing, and constant duty in the trenches."

As the winter waned his perplexities were redoubled. True, the wonderful resources of his genius, the magnetic influence which tied men to him as with links of steel—the influence of his goodness as well as his greatness—and the elastic vitality of his army, "Instinct to the last," says Swinton, "with life and courage in every part"—had sufficed so far to hold intact the works around Petersburg and Richmond, and to preserve insecure communication between these positions and their nearer bases of supplies; but in other sections of the country reverse after reverse had overtaken the Southern arms.

The diversion of the Army of the West from Georgia to Tennessee had removed the last effective obstacle to Sherman's northern march, and that officer, with a column still formidable, was now moving with the inevitability of fate upon the rear of the last military reality of the Confederacy—the intrenched camp in Virginia, from which neither strategy nor assault, mining nor flanking, nor the policy of attrition, had served to drive the wasted legions of our great commander.

Sherman's pathway, little impeded by the perfection of skill with which Johnson handled the skeleton force at his disposal, lay across the pleasant fields where dwelt the wives and children of those who, exposed to the severity of winter and destitute of food, still held with grim determination the last ditch of a doomed cause. The terrible exposure, the constant loss of rest, the incessant peal of musketry and roar of cannon, the lack of bread, the ravages of disease, had hitherto shaken not the constancy nor damped the courage of that peerless garrison. Each hour the whistle of the locomotive told of new levies thronging to swell the already overwhelming numbers of Grant's array. Each frozen morn told to the anxious eyes how sadly slender grew the chain of guards that held the trenches. Still, no fibre of their iron will relaxed; no nerve of their brave purpose lost rigidity.

Still manfully they held their posts, watchful and resolute, bound to their cheerless duty by some strength beyond the ken of mortal man. And if at last the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune found one unguarded spot in the well-joined armor of their souls, oh, who shall call the spirit weak that bore so much before it fell!

For now the tale of ravaged lands, and the wails of suffering wife and children—for Sherman's triumphal progress left desolation in

its wake—come on the southern breeze to men whose cup of ills had already overflowed. There is—must be—some boundary to endurance, on touching which the staunchest heart must sue for truce. Small wonder, then, that some of those who for long years had striven in stranger land for bare idea and abstract principle, should here at last acknowledge weakness, and leave the pilgrimage eye yet all thorns had pierced their way-worn feet. God pity them!

For so it was. Night by night brought darkness, and each recurring morning showed the vacant places of some who dreamed of ruined homes and unprotected dear ones, and waked to yield to an unconquerable yearning to fly to their relief. And thus one enemy, so long repelled with scorn, had gained a foothold in our camp at last.

* * * * * * * * *

It has been said that Washington and Lee had kinship of most of the sublimest qualities of manhood, but differed in fortune. I can picture to myself how the former bore himself during the trials of Valley Forge, by recalling the demeanor of Lee during that last terrible winter at Petersburg. Almost without hope; hampered by conditions over which he had no control; over-wrought with duties not attaching to his position; denied by the narrow blindness of the government the only avenue of escape which remained to him; his heart bleeding for the sufferings of his faithful followers, and yearning more in sorrow than anger for those who found not the strength to endure to the end—yet was he patient, always striving, inventing *that* make-shift, urging *this* experiment, encouraging the officers, knocking constantly at the door of the government to better the condition of the men, stifling his own forebodings, careless of his own discomforts—the heart, the brain, the eyes of that brave, beset and beleaguered body of starving men.

He had a burden to bear which his great prototype was never called on to endure. Already he had reported to the War Department that except on certain conditions (which the Commissary-General had declared to be impossible of fulfilment), he could neither hold his lines nor remove the army in safety from them. There remained for him the most exacting ordeal that can confront the commander of any army—to determine without reference to his feelings where the point of military honor ceases and where the duty to humanity begins—what protraction of a hopeless condition is justifiable. He must fight until the verdict of fate was plainly beyond

his power to affect it. He must not anticipate that juncture, nor must he protract the struggle one hour beyond it.

When the time arrived for the rendering of that decision, General Lee was equal to it. Through no fault of his the retreat, begun, as he knew, too late, was interrupted by the fatal miscarriage of provisions ordered to meet the army en route. The delay so caused brought Meade upon his rear, and enabled Sheridan's hard riders to reach his flank. The disaster at Sailor's Creek, conclusive in its dimensions, brought the army, two days later, face to face with annihilation or surrender. That to decree the latter was the acceptance of a bitterness worse than death to the brave spirit upon whom the responsibility rested, is only to say that he was a soldier and a Lee. But he met the crisis as he met all other demands upon his conscience —simply, promptly, and with a mien as calm as his soul was lofty. That he would have worn the crown of success without elation is as certain as that he rose superior to defeat. He never knew ambition in its vulgar sense.

That wizard of speech, the late Georgia Senator Hill, in his grand memorial address on the life and character of Lee, spoke of him as "Washington without his reward." It was not his, 'tis true, to hear his countrymen with glad acclaim hail him as a conquering chieftain and the saviour of their cause. He came not back, when his stainless sword was sheathed, to triumphal processions, civic honors, and ceremonial pomp. But the tears of the rugged soldiers who gathered around his horse at Appomattox and invoked the blessings of heaven on his honored head, was a tribute as precious as was ever offered at the shrine of human greatness.

His memory is embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people and will live wherever genius is honored and virtue revered, while the mountains stand and the rivers flow. The time has long since passed when Virginia alone, or even the South, could claim a monopoly of love and veneration for one who living in a day of giants, yet towered among his fellows as Saul among his brethren "a head and shoulders above them all." No mists of political passion can long blind the vision of any class of the American people to that nobility of soul and blamelessness of life, which even more than the soldierly ability he possessed in so large a measure, gave Robert Lee pre-eminence among men who in any other companionship would have been themselves the focus of admiration.

* * * * * * * * *

Whether posterity will assign to General Lee the rank as a commander which the South claims for him, is a question which need not be discussed here. The judgment of foreign critics of this generation places him high in the list of the born "leaders of men." That he accomplished much with limited resources, that he elicited the best skill and valor of the Union by his persistent defense of Virginia, that he overmatched many generals and decimated several armies ere his own succumbed, and that he finally gave to the victor a costly triumph, are facts not to be gainsaid. In after years it will belong to all America to claim his fame as a common heritage—as the England of to-day finds glory alike in the motherhood of Cromwell, of Rupert, of Fairfax, and of Sidney. Of Lee's place among the prodigies of war there may be question. Of his title to honor for all the noble attributes of manhood there can be none. He fought for the cause of his conscience until further contest would have been a useless and criminal sacrifice of life. He surrendered in good faith to a generous foe, and thereafter gave his example to the building up of substantial peace and a real Union. He laid aside his stainless sword as bravely as he had drawn it, and without repining for the past he turned to the duties of the present. Patiently instilling the lessons of virtue into the minds of the Southern youth, presiding at the vestry meetings of his church, foremost in unheralded charities, so passed the few years that remained on earth to Robert Lee.

He lived amongst us, to all appearances, absorbed and contented in the routine of educational work. If he repined under failure, he gave no sign; if he found the utter revolution in his life irksome to the spirit once "wrapped in high emprise," he uttered no complaint; if he felt anxiety as to the judgment of posterity upon his military career, he made no effort to place the records in evidence. In the controversial disputes among others of our military chieftains, which sprung up from the ashes of defeat as weeds from the wreck of some proud edifice, he took no part. He seemed to be content to leave his character and services in the keeping of his countrymen without a word of his own to prejudice their judgment.

It should also be recorded that he never spoke nor wrote a word which would prolong the bitterness of our ended strife, or re-awaken sectional animosity. He seemed to have put the past behind him. It was only at the last when his mind wandered that the stirring memories of the old days triumphed over that strong will and as-

serted a momentary sway. The warrior in him awoke for one brief instant ere the light of eternal peace cast all earth into shadow.

"Bring up the troops," he said, "Let A. P. Hill prepare for action."

And so he passed away! And all the world were poorer for his death; but all mankind were richer by the legacy of a blameless life and a deathless example.

And blessed among nations that State to whom not once but twice such noble models have been given.

"Virginia's History is a sea
Locked in by lofty land!
Great Pillars, as of Hercules,
Above the shining sand—
I here behold in majesty
Uprise on either hand:

These Pillars of our History,
In fame forever young,
Are seen afar from every clime,
And known in every tongue;
And down through all the ages
Their story shall be sung.

The Father of his Country,
Towers above the land-locked sea,
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him
With the stately form of Lee.

And here to-day, my countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great 'rebel' down the years—
Twin 'rebels' side by side!
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

Those two shall ride immortal,
And shall ride abreast of Time;
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme—
Both patriots, both Virginians, true;
Both 'rebels'; both sublime!"

And should our children, and our children's children, apply to

their own conduct, as men and as citizens, that supremest lesson which those models teach: That above the glamour of glory and the spell of genius—

"The greatest greatness goodness is."

Then shall the future witness in this Old Dominion a moral, social and political structure of such perfect grandeur as eye hath not seen nor the mind of man conceived.

REPORT OF THE HISTORY COMMITTEE

Of the Grand Camp C. V., Department of Virginia, at Petersburg, Va., October 25, 1901.

By Hon. GEO. L. CHRISTIAN, Chairman.

A Contrast Between the Way the War was Conducted by the Federals and the Way it was Conducted by the Confederates, Drawn Almost Entirely from Federal Sources.

To the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia:

Before entering upon the discussion of the subject selected for consideration in this report, your committee begs leave to tender its thanks to the camp, and to the public, for the many expressions it has received of their appreciation of its last two reports. These expressions have come from every section of the country, and they are not only most gratifying, showing, as they do, the importance of the work of this camp in establishing the justice of the Confederate cause, but that this work is also causing the truth concerning that cause to be taught to our children, which was not the case until these Confederate camps effected that great result. Our report of 1899, prepared by your late distinguished and lamented chairman, Dr. Hunter McGuire, was directed mainly to a criticism of certain histories then used in our schools, and to demonstrate the fact that the South did not go to war either to maintain or to perpetuate the institution o

slavery, as our enemies have tried so hard to make the world believe was the case. That of 1900 was directed—

(1) To establish the right of secession (the real question at issue in the war) *by Northern testimony alone*, and

(2) To establish the fact *that the North was the aggressor in bringing on the war, and by the same kind of testimony.*

These two reports have been published, the first for two years, and the second for one year, and as far as we know, no fact contended for in either has been attempted to be controverted. We feel justified, therefore, in claiming that these facts *have been established.*

HOW THE WAR WAS CONDUCTED.

Having then, we think, *established* the justice of the Confederate cause, and that the Northern people were responsible for, and the aggressors in bringing on the war, and both of these facts by testimony drawn almost exclusively from Northern sources, it is only left for us to consider how the war, thus forced upon the South by the North, was *conducted* by the respective combatants through their representatives, both in the cabinet and in the field? We fully recognize that within the limits of this report it is impossible to do more than to "touch the fringe," as it were, of this important inquiry. The details of the horrors of the four years of that war would fill many, many volumes, and it is not our purpose or desire to go fully into any such sad and harrowing recital. We propose, therefore, only to give the principles of civilized warfare as adopted by the Federal authorities for the government of their armies in the field during the war, and then cite some of the most flagrant violations of those principles by some of the most distinguished representatives of that government in the war waged by it against the South. Of course, in doing this we shall have to refer to some things very familiar to all of us; but the repetition of them in this report would nevertheless seem necessary and proper to its completeness.

In performing this distasteful task we wish, in the beginning, to disclaim any and all purpose or wish on our part to reopen the wounds or to rekindle the feelings of bitterness engendered by that unholy and unhappy strife. As we said in our last report, we recognize that this whole country is one country and our country, and we of

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the South are as true to it, and will do as much to uphold its honor and defend its rights, as those of any other section. But we are also true to a sacred past, a past which had principles for which thousands of our comrades suffered and died, and which are living principles to-day—principles which we fought to maintain, and for which our whole people, almost without exception, willingly and heroically offered their lives, their blood and their fortunes; and whilst we do not propose to live in that past, we do propose that the principles of that past shall live in us, and that we will transmit these principles to our children and their descendants to the latest generations yet unborn. We believe that only by doing this can we and they make good citizens of the republic, as founded by our fathers, *and that not to do this would be false to the memory of our dead and to ourselves.*

Then let us enquire, first: What were the rules adopted by the Federals for the government of their armies in war? The most important of these are as follows:

(1) "Private property, unless forfeited by crimes, or by offences of the owner against the safety of the army, or the dignity of the United States, and after conviction of the owner by court-martial, can be seized only by way of military necessity for the support or other benefit of the army of the United States.

(2) "All wanton violence committed against persons in the invaded country; all destruction of property not commanded by the authorized officer; all robbery; all pillage or sacking, even after taking place by main force; all rape, wounding, maiming, or killing of such inhabitants, are prohibited under penalty of death, or such other severe punishment as may seem adequate for the gravity of the offence.

(3) "Crimes punishable by all penal codes, such as arson, murder, maiming, assaults, highway robbery, theft, burglary, fraud, forgery and rape, if committed by an American soldier in a hostile country against its inhabitants, are not only punishable, as at home, but in all cases in which death is not inflicted, the severer punishment shall be preferred, because the criminal has, as far as in him lay, prostituted the power conferred on a man of arms, and prostituted the dignity of the United States."

Now, as we have said, these were the important provisions adopted by the Federals for the government of their armies in war.

General McClellan, a gentleman, a trained and educated soldier, recognized these principles from the beginning, and acted on them. On July 7, 1862, he wrote to Mr. Lincoln from Harrison's Landing, saying, among other things:

"This rebellion has assumed the character of a war; as such it should be conducted upon the highest principles of Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon populations, but against armed forces and political organizations. Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organization of States, nor forcible abolition of slavery, should be contemplated for a moment.

"In prosecuting the war, all private property and unarmed persons, should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations. All property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military towards citizens promptly rebuked."

See 2 Am. Conflict (Greely), p. 248.

The writer's home was visited by the Army of the Potomac, both under McClellan and under Grant. At the time McClellan was in command guards were stationed to protect the premises, with orders to shoot any soldier caught depredating, and but little damage was actually done; none with the consent or connivance of the commanding general. But, when the same army came, commanded by Grant, every house on the place, except one negro cabin, was burned to the ground; all stock and everything else of any value was carried off. The occupants were only women, children and servants; nearly all the servants were carried off; one of the ladies was so shocked at the outrages committed as to cause her death, and the other, and the children were turned out of doors without shelter or food, and with only the clothing they had on. So, the writer has had a real experience of the difference between *civilized* and *barbarous* warfare. To show how little the advice of McClellan, as to the principles on which the war should be conducted, was heeded at Washington, and as it would seem, stimulated in an opposite course by his suggestions, we find that in two weeks from the date of his letter to Mr. Lincoln, just quoted—viz: on July 20, 1862—that General John Pope, commanding the "Army of Virginia," issued the following order:

GENERAL POPE'S ORDERS.

(1) "The people of the Valley of the Shenandoah and throughout the region of the operations of this army, living along the lines of railroad and telegraph and along the routes of travel in rear of the United States forces, are notified that they will be held responsible for any injury done to the track, line or road, or for any attack upon trains or straggling soldiers by bands of guerrillas in their neighborhood. * * * * Safety of life and property of all persons living in the rear of our advancing armies depends upon the maintenance of peace and quiet among themselves, and of the unmolested movement through their midst of all pertaining to the military service. They are to understand distinctly that this security of travel is their only warrant of safety. It is therefore ordered, that whenever a railroad, wagon road, or telegraph is injured by parties of guerrillas, the citizens living within five miles of the spot shall be turned out in mass to repair the damage, and shall, besides, pay to the United States, in money or in property, to be levied by military force, the full amount of the pay and subsistence of the whole force necessary to coerce the performance of the work during the time occupied in completing it. If a soldier or legitimate follower of the army, be fired upon from any house, the house shall be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants sent prisoners to the headquarters of the army. If an outrage occurs at any place distant from settlements, the people within five miles around shall be held accountable, and made to pay an indemnity sufficient for the case."

We defy investigation in the history of modern warfare to find anything emanating from a general commanding an army as cowardly and as cruel as this order. Just think of it: The women, children and non-combatants, living within five miles of the rear of an invading army, ordered to protect it from the incursions of the opposing army, or upon failure to do this, whether from inability or any other cause, to forfeit their lives or their property.

Again, this same commander, on July 23, 1862, issued the following order:

"Commanders of army corps, divisions, brigades and detached commands, will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines, or within their reach, in rear of their respective stations. Such as *are willing to take the oath of allegiance to*

the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue, in good faith, their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted South, beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that if found anywhere within our lines, or at any point within our rear, they will be *considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law*" (*i. e.*, death by hanging).

(See "The Army under Pope," by Ropes, pp. 175–6–7.

This last order Mr. John C. Ropes, of Boston, a distinguished Northern writer, one generally fairer to the South than others who have written from that locality, criticises most harshly, and he does this, too, although he is about the only apologist, as far as we have seen, of this bombastic and incompetent officer.

General Steinwehr, one of Pope's brigadiers, seized innocent and peaceful inhabitants and held them as hostages to the end that they should be murdered in cold blood should any of his soldiers be killed by unknown persons, whom he designated as "bushwackers."

On the very day of the signing of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners between the Federal and Confederate authorities (July 22, 1862), the Federal Secretary of War, by order of Mr. Lincoln, issued an order to the military commanders in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, directing them to seize and use any property belonging to the inhabitants of the Confederacy, which might be "necessary or convenient for their several commands," and no provision was made for any compensation to the owners of private property thus seized and appropriated.

This order was such a flagrant violation of the rules of civilized warfare—those adopted by the Federal government itself, as hereinbefore quoted—that the Confederate government sought to prevent it being carried into execution by issuing a general order, dated August 1, 1862, denouncing this order of the Federal Secretary, and and those of Pope and Steinwehr, as "acts of savage cruelty," violative "of all rules and usages of war," and as converting the "hostilities hitherto waged against armed forces into a campaign of robbery and murder against unarmed citizens and peaceful tillers of the soil." And by way of retaliation, declared that Pope and his *commissioned* officers were not to be considered as soldiers, and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the cartel for the parole of

future prisoners of war, and ordered that if Pope, Steinwehr, or any of their commissioned officers, were captured, they should be kept in close confinement as long as the foregoing orders remained in force.

(See 1 South. His. Society Papers, 302–3.)

General Robert E. Lee, on receiving this order from the Confederate authorities, at once sent a communication to "The General Commanding the United States Army at Washington," in which, referring to these orders of Pope and the Federal War Department, he said:

"Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war, in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex will be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies by steady progress towards a practice which we abhor, and which we are vainly struggling to avoid."

He then says:

"Under these circumstances, this government has issued the accompanying general order (that of August 1, 1862), which I am directed by the President to transmit to you, recognizing Major-General Pope and his commissioned officers to be in a position which they have chosen for themselves—that of *robbers and murderers*—and not that of public enemies, entitled, if captured, to be treated as prisoners of war."

At this day, it may be safely said, that there are few, if any, either at the North or in the South, who will question either that General Lee knew the rules of civilized warfare, or that he would have denounced those who were guilty of violating these rules as "robbers and murderers," had they not been justly entitled to this distinction. And let it be distinctly borne in mind, that the order of the Federal Secretary of War was issued *by order of the President, Mr. Lincoln*, and if he ever rebuked Pope or Steinwehr, or any of the others, to whom we shall hereafter refer, for their outrages and cruelties to the Southern people, the record, as far as we can find it, is silent on that subject.

GENERAL MILROY'S ORDER.

On the 28th of November, 1862, General R. H. Milroy had an

order sent to Mr. Adam Harper, a man 82 years old, and a cripple, one who had served as a soldier in the war of 1812, and who was a son of a revolutionary soldier, who had served throughout that war, which was as follows:

"Mr. Adam Harper:

"Sir,—In consequence of certain robberies which have been committed on Union citizens of this county, by bands of guerrillas, you are hereby assessed to the amount of ($285.00) two hundred and eighty-five dollars, to make good their losses, and upon your failure to comply with the above assessment by the 8th day of December, the following order has been issued to me by General R. H. Milroy:

"*You are to burn their houses, seize all their cattle and shoot them.* You will be sure that you strictly carry out this order. You will inform the inhabitants for ten or fifteen miles around your camp, on all the roads approaching the town upon which the enemy may approach, that they must dash in and give you notice, *and upon any one failing to do so, you will burn their houses and shoot the men.*

"By order of Brigadier-General R. H. Milroy.

"H. Kellog, *Captain Commanding Post.*"

Could the most brutal savagery of any age exceed the unreasoning cruelty of this order.

(See 1 So. His. Society Papers, p. 231.)

General Sherman's Conduct.

But we must go on. In the earlier part of the war, General William T. Sherman knew and recognized the rules adopted by his government for the conduct of its armies in the field; and so, on September 29, 1861, he wrote to General Robert Anderson, at Louisville, Ky., saying, among other things:

"I am sorry to report, that in spite of my orders and entreaties, our troops are committing depredations that will ruin our cause. Horses and wagons have been seized, cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens taken by our men, some of whom wander for miles around. I am doing, and have done, all in my power to stop this, but the men are badly disciplined and give little heed to my orders or those of their own regimental officers."

(See Sherman's Raid, by Boynton, page 23.)

Later on, General Sherman said: "War is hell." If we could record here all the testimony in our possession, from the people of Georgia and South Carolina, who had the misfortune to live along the line of his famous "march to the sea," during nearly the whole length of which he was waring against, and depredating on, women, children, servants, old men, and other non-combatants (as to which he wrote in his telegram to Grant, "I can make this march and make Georgia howl," Boynton, page 129), it would show that he had certainly contributed all in his power to make war "*Hell*," as he termed it; and has justly earned the distinction of being called the ruling genius of this creation.

We will first let General Sherman himself tell what was done by him and his men on this famous, or rather *infamous*, march. He says of it in his official report:

"We consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah; also the sweet potatoes, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and carried off more than ten thousand horses and mules. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at one hundred million dollars, at least twenty million of which enured to our benefit, *and the remainder was simply waste and destruction.*"

But we will introduce other witnesses, and these some of his own soldiers, who accompanied him on his march: Captain Daniel Oakley, of the Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in Battles and Leaders, says this:

"It was sad to see the wanton destruction of property, which was the work of 'bummers,' who were marauding through the country, committing every sort of outrage. There was no restraint, except with the column of the regular foraging parties. * * The country was necessarily left to take care of itself and became a howling waste. The 'Coffee Coolers' of the Army of the Potomac were archangels compared to our 'bummers,' who often fell to the tender mercies of Wheeler's cavalry, and were never heard of again, meeting a fate richly deserved."

Another Northern soldier writing for the *Detroit Free Press*, gives the following graphic account: After describing the burning of Marietta, in which the writer says, among other things, "soldiers rode from house to house, entered without ceremony, and kindled

fires in garrets and closets and stood by to see that they were not extinguished." He then further says:

"Had one been able to climb to such a height at Atlanta as to enable him to see for forty miles around, the day Sherman marched out, he would have been appalled at the destruction. Hundreds of houses had been burned, every rod of fence destroyed, nearly every fruit tree cut down, and the face of the country so changed that one born in that section could scarcely recognize it. The vindictiveness of war would have trampled the very earth out of sight had such a thing been possible."

Again he says:

"At the very beginning of the campaign at Dalton, the Federal soldiery *had received encouragement to become vandals.* * * * * When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta *everybody* had license to throw off restraint and make Georgia 'drain the bitter cup.' The Federal who wants to learn what it was to license an army to become vandals should mount a horse at Atlanta and follow Sherman's route for fifty miles. He can hear stories from the lips of women that would make him ashamed of the flag that waved over him as he went into battle. When the army had passed nothing was left but a trail of desolation and despair. No houses escaped robbery, no woman escaped insult, no building escaped the firebrand, except by some strange interposition. War may license an army to subsist on the enemy, but civilized warfare stops at live stock, forage and provisions. It does not enter the houses of the sick and helpless and rob women of their finger rings and carry off their clothing."

He then tells of the "deliberate burning of Atlanta," by Sherman's order, of the driving out from the city of its whole population of all ages, sexes and conditions in the fields of a desolated country to starve and die, as far as he knew or cared. You have only to read these recitals and you have the picture which Sherman made and which he truly denominated "*Hell.*"

The correspondence between Mayor Calhoun and two councilmen of Atlanta, representing to General Sherman the frightful suffering that would be visited on the people of that city by the execution of his inhuman order, and General Sherman's reply, can be found in the second volume of Sherman's Memoirs, at pages 124–5; we can only extract one or two paragraphs from each. The letter of the former says, among other things:

"Many poor women are in advanced state of pregnancy, others now having young children, and whose husbands, for the greater part, are either in the army, prisoners, or dead. Some say, I have such a sick one at my house, who will wait on them when I am gone? Others say, what are we do? We have no house to go to, and no means to buy, build or rent any; no parents, relatives or friends to go to."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"This being so (they say) how is it possible for the people still here (mostly women and children) to find any shelter? And how can they live through the winter in the woods—no shelter or subsistence, in the midst of strangers who know them not, and without the power to assist them much if they were willing to do so.

"This (they say) is but a feeble picture of the consequences of this measure. You know the woe, the horrors and the suffering cannot be described by words; imagination can only conceive it, and we ask you to take these things into consideration." * *

To this pathetic appeal, Sherman coolly replied on the next day, his letter commencing as follows:

"I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned, and yet I shall not revoke my orders, because they were not designated to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles in which millions of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest," &c. * *

After he had started on his "march to the sea," he gives an account of how the foraging details were made and carried out each day, and concludes by saying:

"Although this foraging was attended with great danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and it was a privilege to be detailed on such a party.

"Lastly, they returned mounted on all sorts of beasts, which were at once taken from them and appropriated to the general use, but the next day they would start out again on foot, only to repeat the experience of the day before. *No doubt* (he says) *many acts of pillage, robbery and violence were committed by these parties of foragers, usually called 'bummers,' for I have since heard of jewelry taken*

from women and the plunder of articles that never reached the commissary," *&c.* * * *

(See 2 Mem., p. 182.)

He not only does not say that he tried to prevent his army from committing these outrages, but says, on page 255, in referring to his march through South Carolina:

"I would not restrain the army, lest its vigor and energy should be impaired."

He tells on page 185 how, when he reached General Howell Cobb's plantation, he "sent word back to General Davis to explain whose plantation it was, and instructed *him to spare nothing.*"

To show what a heartless wretch he was, he tells, on page 194, about one of his officers having been wounded by the explosion of a torpedo that had been hidden in the line of march, and on which this officer had stepped. He says:

"*I immediately ordered a lot of rebel prisoners to be brought from the provost guard, armed with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, so as to explode their own torpedoes,* or to discover and dig them up. They begged hard, but I reiterated the order, *and could hardly help laughing at their stepping so gingerly along the road, where it was supposed sunken torpedoes might explode at each step.*"

It may be fairly inferred from General Sherman's middle name (Tecumseh), that some of his ancestors were Indians. But whether this be true or not, no one can read this statement of his without being convinced *that he was a savage.* But he was not only a confessed savage, as we have seen, but a confessed *vandal* as well. He says, on page 256, in telling of a night he spent in one of the splendid old houses of South Carolina, where, he says, "the proprietors formerly had dispensed a hospitality that distinguished the old *regime* of that proud State. I slept (he says) on the floor of the house, but the night was so bitter cold, that I got up by the fire several times, *and when it burned low I rekindled it with an old mantel clock and the wreck of a bedstead which stood in the corner of the room—the only act of vandalism that I recall done by myself personally during the war.*" Since the admissions of a criminal are always taken as conclusive proof of his crime, we now *know* from his own lips that General Sherman was a *vandal.*

But we also find, on page 287, that he *confessed* having told a falsehood about General Hampton, so that we cannot credit his statement that the foregoing was his *only act of vandalism.* Indeed, we think we have most satisfactory evidence to the contrary. (It will be noted, however, that Sherman makes a distinction between his *personal* acts of vandalism and those he committed through others.) A part of this evidence is to be found in the following letter from a lieutenant, Thomas J. Myers, published in Vol. 12, Southern Historical Society Papers, page 113, with the following head note:

"The following letter was found in the streets of Columbia after the Army of General Sherman had left. The original is still preserved, and can be shown and substantiated, if anybody desires. We are indebted to a distinguished lady of this city for a copy, sent with a request for publication. We can add nothing in the way of comment on such a document. It speaks for itself."

The letter, which is a republication from the Alderson, West Virginia, *Statesman*, of October 29, 1883, is as follows:

"Camp Near Camden, S. C., February 26, 1865.

"My Dear Wife:

"I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. *Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day.* The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, &c., &c., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the result of its operations at any given place. *One-fifth and first choice falls to the commander-in-chief and staff, one-fifth to corps commander and staff, one-fifth to field officers, two-fifths to the company.* Officers are not allowed to join in these expeditions, unless disguised as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a rough suit of clothes from one of my men, and was successful in his place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old milk pitcher), and a very fine gold watch from a Mr. DeSaussure, of this place (Columbia). DeSaussure is one of the F. F. V.'s of South Carolina, and was made to fork out liberally. Officers over the rank of captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, the sub-

ordinate officers and privates keep everything back that they can carry about their persons, such as rings, earrings, breastpins, &c., &c., of which, if I live to get home, I have a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls, and some No. 1 diamond pins and rings among them. *General Sherman has gold and silver enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches and chains alone at Columbia was two hundred and seventy-five.*

"But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers, and many besides, have valuables of every description, down to ladies' pocket handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too.

"We took gold and silver enough from the d—d rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. * * * I wish all the jewely this army has could be carried to the Old Bay State. It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States.

"The damned niggers, as a general thing, preferred to stay at home, particularly after they found out that we wanted only the able-bodied men, and, to tell the truth, the youngest and best-looking women. Sometimes we took them off by way of repaying influential secessionists. But a part of these we soon managed to lose, sometimes in crossing rivers, sometimes in other ways. I shall write you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly.

"Love to grandmother and Aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter out of the family.

"Your affectionate husband,

"THOMAS J. MYERS,

"*Lieutenant, &c.*

"P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce, to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Lottie I am saving a pearl bracelet and earrings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and breastpin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia.

"T. J. M."

"This letter is addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers, Boston, Mass."

This letter was published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, in March, 1884. About a year thereafter, one Colonel Henry Stone, styling himself "Late Brevet-Colonel U. S. Volunteers, A. A. G. Army of the Cumberland," realizing the gravity of the statements contained in this letter, and the disgrace these, if uncontradicted, would bring on General Sherman and his army, and especially on the staff, of which he (Colonel Stone) was a member, wrote a letter to the Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., the then editor of the *Historical Society Papers*, in which he undertook to show that the Myers letter was not written by any officer in General Sherman's army. (This letter can be found in Vol. 13, S. H. S. Papers, page 439.) The reasons assigned by Colonel Stone were plausibly set forth, and Dr. Jones, in his anxiety to do justice even to Sherman's "bummers," after publishing Colonel Stone's letter, said editorially, he was "frank to admit that Colonel Stone seems to have made out his case against the authenticity of this letter." If the matter had rested here, we would not have thought of using this letter in our report, notwithstanding the fact (1) that we think the letter bears the impress of genuineness on its face; (2) it is vouched for by what Dr. Jones termed a "responsible source," and what the first paper publishing it cited as a "distinguished lady," who, it also stated, said that the original was "still preserved and could be shown and substantiated;" (3) the statements contained in Colonel Stone's letter are *only his statements, uncorroborated and not vouched for by any one, or by any documentary evidence of any kind*, and being those of an alleged accomplice, are not entitled to any weight in a court of justice; (4) we think the reasons assigned by Colonel Stone for the non-genuineness of this letter are for the most part not inconsistent with its genuineness; and (5) some of his statements are, apparently, inconsistent with some of the facts as they appear in the records we have examined, *e. g.*, He says "that of the ninety regiments of Sherman's army, which might have passed on the march near Camden, S. C., but a single one—a New Jersey regiment—was from the Middle States. All the rest were from the West. A letter (he says) from the only Thomas J. Myers ever in the army would never contain such a phrase," referring to the fact that Myers had said this stolen jewelry, &c., would be scattered "all over the North and Middle States." Sherman's statement of the organization of his army on this march shows there were several regiments in it from New York and Pennsylvania, besides one from Maryland and

one from New Jersey (all four Middle States). But we think this, like other reasons assigned by Colonel Stone, are without merit.

But, as we have said, notwithstanding all these things which seemingly discredit the reasons assigned by Colonel Stone for the non-genuineness of this letter, we should not have used the letter in this report, had not the substantial statements in it been confirmed, as we shall now see. The Myers' letter was first published on October 29, 1883. On the 31st of July, 1865, Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., of Fayetteville, N. C., who had been on General James H. Lane's staff, and who is vouched for by General Lane as "an elegant educated gentleman," wrote to General Lane, telling him of the destruction and devastation at his home, and in that letter he makes this statement:

"You have doubtless heard of Sherman's 'bummers.' The Yankees would have you believe that they were only the straggling pillagers usually found in all armies. *Several letters written by officers of Sherman's army, intercepted near this town, give this the lie.*

"In some of these letters were descriptions of the whole bumming process, and from them it appears that it was a regularly organized system, under the authority of General Sherman himself; *that one-fifth of the proceeds fell to General Sherman, another fifth to the other general officers, another fifth to the line officers, and the remaining two-fifths to the enlisted men.*"

Now, compare this division of the spoils with that set forth in the Myers' letter, published, as we have said, eighteen years later, and it will be seen that they are almost identical, and this statement was taken, as Captain Hale states, from "several letters written by officers of Sherman's army," intercepted near Fayetteville, N. C., and as we have said, they confirm the statements of the Myers' letter, and its consequent genuineness, to a remarkable degree. It is proper, also, to state, that we have recently received a letter from Dr. Jones, in which he states that after carefully considering this whole matter again, he is now satisfied that he was mistaken in his editorial comments on Colonel Stone's letter, that he is now satisfied of the genuineness of the Myers' letter, and that in his opinion we could use it in this report "with perfect propriety and safety."*

*Since this report was submitted, we have received a letter from the husband of the lady who had the original of this Myers' letter, setting forth the time, place and all the circumstances under which it was found the day after

We have discussed this letter thus fully because we feel satisfied that the annals of warfare disclose nothing so venal and depraved. Imagine, if it is possible to do so, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson commanding an army licensed by them to plunder the defenceless, and then sharing in the fruits of this plundering !

We can barely allude to Sherman's burning of Columbia, the proof of which is too conclusive to admit of controversy. On the 18th December, 1864, General H. W. Halleck, major-general and chief-of-staff of the armies of the United States, wrote Sherman as follows: * * * *

"Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some accident* the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be thrown upon its site, it may prevent the future growth of nullification and secession."

To this suggestion from this high (?) source to commit murder, arson and robbery, and *pretend it was by accident*, Sherman replied on December 24, 1664, as follows:

"I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think that 'salt' will be necessary. When I move the Fifteenth corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first, and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that *they* generally do their work pretty well; the truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate, *but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there, as we did at Milledgeville.*"

(See 2 Sherman's Memoirs, pages 223, 227–8.)

We say proof of his ordering (or permitting, which is just as bad) the destruction of Columbia is overwhelming. (See report of Chancellor Carroll, chairman of a committee appointed to investigate the facts about this in General Bradley T. Johnson's Life of Johnson, from which several of these extracts are taken.) Our people owe General Johnson a debt of gratitude for this and his other contribu-

Sherman's army left Camden. (It was found near Camden, and not on the streets of Columbia.) And these statements, together with others contained in this letter and in the Myers' letter, too, establish the genuineness of the Myers' letter, in our opinion, beyond any and all reasonable doubt.

tions to Confederate history. And Sherman had the effrontery to write in his Memoirs that in his official report of this conflagration, he "distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton, *and* (says) *confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him.*"

(2 Sherman's Memoirs, page 287.)

The man who confessed to the world that he made this false charge with such a motive needs no characterization at the hands of this committee.

General Sherman set out to "make Georgia howl," and preferred, as he said, to "march through that State smashing things to the sea." He wrote to Grant after his march through South Carolina, saying:

"The people of South Carolina, instead of feeding Lee's army, will now call on Lee to feed them."

(2 Memoirs, page 298.)

So complete had been his destruction in that State. He also says:

"Having utterly ruined Columbia, the right wing began its march northward, &c.

(2 Memoirs, page 288.)

On the 21st of February, 1865, only a few days after the burning of Columbia, General Hampton wrote to General Sherman, charging him with being responsible for its destruction, and other outrages, in which he said, among other things:

"You permitted, if you have not ordered, the commission of these offences against humanity and the rules of war. You fired into the city of Columbia without a word of warning. After its surrender by the mayor, who demanded protection to private property, you laid the whole city in ashes, leaving amid its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure. Your line of march can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses, and in more than one household there is an agony far more bitter than death.

"The Indian scalped his victim, regardless of age or sex, but with all his barbarity, he always respected the person of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult those whose natural protectors are absent."

(3 Great Civil War, 601.)

SHERIDAN'S ORDERS AND CONDUCT.

But whilst no one will dispute the fact that Sherman has a clear title to the distinction we have accorded him in this report, yet, unfortunately for the people of the South, he has other willing and efficient aids in his work of devastation, destruction and vandalism; and we must now take up, for a time, the work of his "close second," General Philip H. Sheridan. This officer is reputed to have said that the true principles for conducting war are—

"First. Deal as hard blows to the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of the country that they will long for peace and press their government to make it." "*Nothing*" (he says) "*should be left to the people but eyes to lament the war.*"

He certainly acted on the last of these principles in his dealings with the people of the beautiful Valley of Virginia, which, by his vandalism, was converted from one of the most fertile and beautiful portions of our land into a veritable "valley of the shadow of death." He actually boasted that he had so desolated it, that "a crow flying over would have to carry his own rations."

In Sheridan's letter to Grant, dated Woodstock, October 7, 1864, he says of his work:

"In moving back to this point the whole country, from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain, has been made untenable for the rebel army.

"I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main valley.

"A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I cannot now make.

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act *all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.*"

It is not generally known, we believe, that this policy of devastation on the part of Sheridan was directly inspired and ordered by General Grant, who, in his Memoirs, writes with great satisfaction

and levity of the outrages committed by Sherman, before referred to, and which he, of course, understood would be committed, from the terms of Sherman's telegram to him, and which he, at the least, acquiesced in.

On the 5th of August, 1864, he (Grant) wrote to General David Hunter, who preceded Sheridan in command of the Valley, as follows, viz:

"In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, where it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that *nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage and stock wanted for the use of your command; such as cannot be consumed destroy.*" * * *

And, says Mr. Horace Greeley:

"This order Sheridan, in returning down the Valley, *executed to the letter.* Whatever of grain and forage had escaped appropriation by one or another of the armies which had so frequently chased each other up and down this narrow but fertile and productive vale, *was now given to the torch.*"

(2 Am. Conflict, 610–11. 2 Grant's Memoirs, 581, 364–5.)

The facts about the alleged murder of Lieutenant Meigs, for which Sheridan says he burned all the houses in an area of five miles, are these: Three of our cavalry scouts, in uniform, and with their arms, got within Sheridan's lines, and encountered Lieutenant Meigs, with two Federal soldiers. These parties came on each other suddenly. Meigs was ordered to surrender by one of our men, and he replied by shooting and wounding this man, who, in turn, fired and killed Meigs. One of the men with Meigs was captured and the other escaped. It it was for this perfectly justifiable conduct in war that Sheridan says he ordered all the houses of private citizens within an area of five miles to be burned.

(See proof of facts of this occurrence, to the satisfaction of Lieutenant Meigs' father, 9th South. His. Society Papers, page 77.)

BUTLER'S ORDER.

Butler's infamous order, No. 28, directing that any lady of New Orleans who should "by word, gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and treated as a woman of the town, plying her avocation," not only infuriated the people of the South and caused the author

to be "outlawed" by our government and denominated the "beast," but Lord Palmerston, in the British House of Commons, "took occasion to be astonished to blush and to proclaim his deepest indignation at the tenor of that order." (2 Greeley, p. 100.)

But we are sick of these recitals, and must conclude our report, already longer than we intended it should be. We, therefore, only allude to the orders found on the person of Dahlgren, to burn, sack and destroy the city of Richmond, to "kill Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet on the spot," &c.

The infamous deeds of General Edward A. Wild, both in Virginia and Georgia, and that of Colonel John McNeil in Missouri, some of which can be found set forth in the first volume of the Southern Historical Papers, at pages 226 and 232, are shocking and disgraceful beyond description.

Now, contrast with all these orders and all this conduct on the part of the Federal officers and soldiers, the address of General Early to the people of York, Pa., when our army invaded that State in the Gettysburg campaign; or, better still, the order of General Robert E. Lee to his army on that march. We will let that order speak for itself. Here it is:

"HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.,
"CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 73.

"The commanding general has marked with satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the first ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it to our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with

them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

"R. E. Lee, *General.*"

The *London Times* commented most favorably on this order, and its American correspondent said of it and of the conduct of our troops:

"The greatest surprise has been expressed to me by officers from the Austrian, Prussian and English armies, each of which have representatives here, that volunteer troops, provoked by nearly twenty-seven months of unparalleled ruthlessness and wantonness, of which their country has been the scene, should be under such control, and should be *willing to act in harmony with the long suffering and forbearance of President Davis and General Lee.*"

To show how faithfully that order was carried out, the same writer tells how he saw, with his own eyes, General Lee and a surgeon of his command repairing a farmer's fence that had been damaged by the army. Indeed we might rest our whole case on the impartial judgment of a distinguished foreigner, who, writing in 1864, drew this vivid picture and striking contrast between the way the war was conducted on our part and on that of the Federals. He says:

"This contest has been signalized by the exhibition of some of the best and some of the worst qualities that war has ever brought out. It has produced a recklessness of human life, a contempt of principles, a disregard of engagements, * * the headlong adoption of the most lawless measures, the public faith scandalously violated, both towards friends and enemies; the liberty of the citizen at the hands of arbitrary power; the liberty of the press abolished; the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; illegal imprisonments; midnight arrests; punishments inflicted without trial; the courts of law

controlled by satelites of government; elections carried on under military supervision; a ruffianism, both of word and action, eating deep into the country * *; the most brutal humanity in the conduct of the war itself; outrages upon the defenceless, upon women, children and prisoners; plunder, rapine, devastation, murder—all the old horrors of barbarous warfare which Europe is beginning to be ashamed of, and new refinements of cruelty thereto added, by way of illustrating the advance of knowledge."

He further says:

"It has also produced qualities and phenomena the opposite of these. Ardor and devotedness of patriotism, which might alone make us proud of the century to which we belong; a unanimity such as was probably never witnessed before; a wisdom in legislation, a stainless good faith under extremely difficult circumstances, a clear apprehension of danger, coupled with a determination to face it to the uttermost; a resolute abnegation of power in favor of leaders in whom those who selected them could trust; with an equally resolute determination to reserve the liberty of criticism, and not to allow those trusted leaders to go one inch beyond their legal powers; a heroism in the field and behind the defences of besieged cities, which can match anything that history has to show; a wonderful helpfulness in supplying needs and creating fresh resources; a chivalrous and romantic daring, which recalls the middle ages; a most scrupulous regard for the rights of hostile property; a tender consideration for the vanquished and the weak. * * * And the remarkable circumstance is, that all the good qualties have been on the one side and all the bad ones on the other."

In other words, he says that all the good qualities have been on the side of the South, and all the bad ones on the side of the North. (See Confederate Secession, by the Marquis of Lothian, p. 183.)

And all this was written prior to the conduct of the armies under Sherman and Sheridan, some of which we have herein set forth. How could the learned Marquis find words to portray those things?

We could cite other authorities to substantially the same effect; but surely this arraignment from this high source ought to be sufficient. If anyone thinks this distinguished writer has overdrawn the picture, especially in regard to illegal arrests and imprisonments and brutal conduct towards women and children, and the defenceless generally, let them read a little book entitled "*The Old Capital and Its Inmates*," whlch has inscribed on its cover what Mr. Seward boast-

ingly said to Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, on September 14, 1861, viz:

"My Lord" (he says), "I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio. I can touch a bell again and order the arrest of a citizen of New York. Can the Queen of England in her dominions do as much?"

The late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, at one time President of the Supreme Court of that State, and afterwards Attorney-General of the United States under Mr. Buchanan, one of the most distinguished lawyers and writers of his day, thus writes of Mr. Seward and his little bell:

"Now as to the little bell. The same Higher Law which gave the Federal Government power to legislate against the States, in defiance of the Constitution, would logically justify any executive outrage that might be desired for party purposes, on the life, liberty and property of individuals. Such was Mr. Seward's theory, and such was the practice of himself and his subordinates, and some of his colleagues."

He says further to Mr. Charles Francis Adams (to whom he was writing):

"I will not pain you by a recital of the wanton cruelties they inflicted upon unoffending citizens. I have neither space nor skill nor time to paint them. *A life-size picture of them would cover more canvas than there is on the earth.*" * * * "Since the fall of Robespierre" (he says), "nothing has occurred to cast so much disrepute on republican institutions. When Mr. Seward went into the State Department he took a little bell to his office, in place of the statute book, and this piece of sounding brass came to be a symbol of the Higher Law. When he desired to kidnap a free citizen, to banish him, to despoil him of his property, or to kill him after the mockery of a military trial, he rang his little bell, and the deed was done."

(See Black's Essays, page 153.)

In speaking of the murder of Mrs. Surratt, he says:

"In 1865, months after the peace, at the political capitol of the nation, in full sight of the Executive mansion, the Capitol and the City Hall, where the courts were in session, a perfectly innocent and most respectable woman was lawlessly dragged from her family

and brutally put to death, without judge or jury, upon the mere order of certain military officers convoked for that purpose. It was, take it all in all, as foul a murder as ever blackened the face of God's sky. But it was done in strict accordance with Higher Law, and the Law Department of the United States approved it."

Now this is what a *Northern man*, living in Washington at the time, a profound lawyer and statesman, has to say of these things.

As a matter of course, the North will attempt to reply (about the only reply they can offer with any apparent justification): *Well, they will ask, was not Chambersburg burnt by General Early's order?* Yes, it was; but under circumstances which show that that act was no justification whatever for the outrages we have set forth in this paper, and was only resorted to by General Early by way of retaliation, *and to try if possible, to stop the outrages then being committed.* It was only resorted to, too, after full warning and an offer to the municipal authorities of Chambersburg to prevent the conflagration by paying for certain private property just previously destroyed by General Hunter. But this offer these authorities refused to accede to, saying "they were not afraid of having their town burned, and that a Federal force was approaching." General Early says in his report:

"I desired to give the people of Chambersburg an opportunity of saving their town by making compensation for part of the injury done, and hoped that the payment of such a sum (one hundred thousand dollars in gold, or five hundred thousand in greenbacks), would have the desired effect, and open the eyes of the people of other towns at the North to the necessity of urging upon their government the adoption of a different policy."

(See Early's Memoirs, where the full report of this occurrence is given.)

Among the private property destroyed by Hunter, for which this sum was demanded by General Early, were the private residences of Andrew Hunter, Esq. (then a member of the Senate of Virginia, who had prosecuted John Brown, as Commonwealth's Attorney of Jefferson county, Va.); of Alexander R. Boteler, Esq. (an ex-member of the Confederate and United States Congresses), and of Edmund J. Lee, Esq. (a relative of General Lee), with their contents, only time enough having been given the ladies to get out of these houses.

General Hunter had also just caused the Virginia Military Insti-

tute, the house of Governor Letcher, and numerous other houses in the Valley, to be burned. Even General Halleck, writing to General Sherman on September 28, 1864, refers thus to this conduct of Hunter. He says:

"I do not approve of General Hunter's course in burning private houses or uselessly destroying private property. *That is barbarous.*" * *

(See 2 Sherman's Mem., page 129.)

No soldier in the Confederate army understood better than General Early the rules of civilized warfare, or was more opposed to vandalism in every form. His conduct at York, Pa., before referred to, and his address to the people of that town, show this in the most satisfactory manner. He says:

"I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car-shops in your town because, after examination, I am satisfied that the safety of the town would be endangered. Acting in the spirit of humanity, which has ever characterized my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent in the same punishment with the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course which would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the unparalleled acts of brutality on our soil. But we do not war upon women and children."

General R. H. Anderson, in his report of the Gettysburg campaign, says:

"The conduct of my troops was in the highest degree praiseworthy. Obedient to the order of the commanding general, they refrained from retaliating upon the enemy for outrages inflicted upon their homes. Peaceable inhabitants suffered no molestation. In a land of plenty, they often suffered hunger and want. One-fourth their number marched ragged and barefooted through towns in which merchants were known to have concealed ample supplies of clothing and shoes."

On the 2nd of July, 1863, when the battle of Gettysburg was being fought, and when President Davis had every reason to believe we would be victorious, he wrote:

"My whole purpose is, in one word, to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and

to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed on it by our enemies, in spite of all our efforts and protests."

(Hoke's Great Invasion, p. 52.)

Of course, we do not pretend to say that there were not individual cases of depredation committed, and even on our own people, by some of our soldiers. Indeed, it was often *necessary* for our army to subsist on the country through which it marched, which was perfectly legitimate. And when we remember the sufferings and privations to which our army had to be subjected by reason of our lack of necessary supplies of almost all kinds, it is amazing that so little "foraging" was done by our men. But what we do contend for and state, without the least fear of contradiction, is that the conflict was conducted throughout on the part of the South—by the government at home and the officers in the field—upon the highest principles of civilized warfare; that if these were ever departed from, it was done without the sanction and against the orders of the Confederate authorities. And that exactly the reverse of this is true as to the Federal authorities, we have established by the most overwhelming mass of testimony, furnished almost entirely from Northern sources.

But we cannot protract this paper; it is already much longer than we intended or desired it should be. We would like to have embraced in it a full discussion of the treatment of prisoners on both sides; but we must leave this, and the treatment of Mr. Davis whilst a prisoner, for some future report. If anyone desires, in advance of that, to see a full discussion of these subjects, we refer, as to the former, to the very able articles by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., in Vol. I., Southern Historical Society Papers, beginning with page 113, and running through several numbers of that volume, in which he adduces a mass of testimony, and completely vindicates the South. He shows—

(1) (As Mr. Davis states it) "From the reports of the United States War Department, that though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons."

(2) That the laws of the Confederate Congress, the regulations of our Surgeon-General, the orders of our generals in the field, and of those who had the immediate charge of prisoners, all provided that they should be kindly treated, supplied with the same rations that

our soldiers had, and cared for when sick in hospitals and placed on precisely the same footing as Confederate soldiers.

(3) If these regulations were violated by subordinates in individual instances, it was done without the knowledge or consent of the Confederate authorities, which promptly rebuked and punished any case reported.

(4) If prisoners failed to get full rations, or had those of inferior quality, the Confederate soldiers suffered the same privations, and these were the necessary consequences of the mode of carrying on the war on the part of the North, which brought desolation and ruin on the South, and these conditions were necessarily reflected on their prisoners in our hands.

(5) That the mortality in Southern prisons resulted from causes beyond our control, but these could have been greatly alleviated had not medicines been declared by the Federal Government as "contraband of war," and had not the Federal authorities refused the offer of our Agent of Exchange, the late Judge Ould, that each government should send its own surgeons and medicines to relieve the sufferings of their respective soldiers in prisons—refused to accept our offer to let them send medicines, &c., to relieve their own prisoners, without any such privilege being accorded by them to us—refused to allow the Confederate Government to buy medicines for gold, tobacco, or cotton, &c., which it offered to pledge its honor should only be used for their prisoners in our hands—refused to exchange sick and wounded, and neglected from August to December, 1864, to accede to our Agent's proposition to send transportation to Savannah and receive *without any equivalent* from ten to fifteen thousand Federal prisoners, although the offer was accompanied with the statement of our Agent of Exchange (Judge Ould), showing the monthly mortality at Andersonville, and that we were utterly unable to care for these prisoners as they should be cared for, and that Judge Ould again and again urged compliance with this humane proposal on our part.

(6) That the sufferings of Confederates in Northern prisons were terrible, almost beyond description; that they were starved in a land of plenty; that they were allowed to freeze where clothing and fuel were plentiful; that they suffered for hospital stores, medicines and proper attention when sick; that they were shot by sentinels, beaten by officers, and subjected to the most cruel punishments upon the

slightest pretexts; that friends at the North were, in many instances, refused the privilege of clothing their nakedness or feeding them when they were starving; and that these outrages were often perpetrated not only with the knowledge, but by the orders of E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War of the United States.

And (7) That the sufferings of prisoners on both sides were caused by the failure to carry out the terms of the Cartel for exchange, and *for this failure the Federal authorities were alone responsible.*

These propositions are stated substantially in the language employed by Dr. Jones, and although twenty-five years have since elapsed, they have never been controverted in any essential particular, as far as we have heard or known. Our people owe Dr. Jones a debt of gratitude for this able and effective vindication of their course in this important matter, which they can never repay.

As to the treatment of Mr. Davis whilst a prisoner:

Captain Charles M. Blackford, of Lynchburg, Va., in an article read before the Virginia Bar Association at its meeting at Old Point, in 1900 (the facts of which article were taken entirely from the official records of the Federal Government), showed in a masterly manner that this treatment was the *refinement of cruelty and cowardice* on the part of the Federal authorities, and such as should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American citizen who was in sympathy with, or a participant in, those acts. Our people owe Captain Blackford a debt of gratitude also for this article. It can be found in the printed reports of the Virginia Bar Association for 1900. Ten thousand copies of it were ordered by the Association to be printed for distribution. (See *ante*, pp. 45–81.)

As we said in our last report, it will doubtless be asked by some, who have no just conception of the motives which actuate us in making these reports, why we gather up and exhibit to the world these records of a bitter strife now ended more than a third of a century? Does it not, they ask, only do harm by keeping alive the smouldering embers of that conflict? We reply to all these enquries, that such is not our intention or desire. But the four years of that war made a history of the people of the North and of the people of the South, much of which has been written only by historians of the North. In this history, *all the blame* concerning the war has been laid on the people of the South, and the attempt made to "consign them to infamy." There were two sides to the issues involved in that war, and the historians of the North, with the superior means at their command,

have used, and are still using, these means to convince the world that they were *right* and that we were *wrong*. They are striving, too, to teach our children that this was the case, and for thirty years their histories were taught in our schools, unchallenged, and in that way the minds of our children were prejudiced and poisoned against the acts and conduct of their parents in regard to that conflict. We therefore feel that we *owe it to ourselves and to the memories of those who suffered and died for the cause we fought so hard to maintain*, to let our children and the world know the *truth* as to the causes of that conflict, and how it was conducted. This Camp has, as we have said, done much in that direction; it can do much more; *and, in our opinion, no higher or more sacred duty could be imposed or undertaken by men.*

There were during the war, and there are now, many brave and true men at the North. There were many such in the Federal armies, and there were many of these who, whilst taking sides with the North on the question of maintaining the Union, were shocked and disgusted at the methods pursued by it to accomplish that result. These have written and spoken about these methods, both of what they thought and of what they knew, and we have only gathered up some of this testimony in support of the justice of our cause, and of the course pursued by us to maintain it. Surely the North cannot complain *if we rest our case upon their testimony.* We have done this almost exclusively, both in this and former reports. The history contained in these reports, then, is not only that *made*, but also that *written by Northern men.*

As we have said, many of these were brave and true men, and one of them wrote that the acts committed by some of their commanders and comrades were enough to make him "ashamed of the flag that waved over him as he went into battle." Is it surprising that such was the case?

It is said that General Hunter had to deprive forty of his commissioned officers of their commands before he could find one to carry into execution his infamous orders.

We have drawn this contrast, then, between the way the war was conducted by the North and the way it was conducted by the South, for many good reasons, but especially to show *that the Confederate soldiers never made war on defenceless women and children, whilst the Federal soldiers did, and that this was done with the sanction of some of their most noted leaders, some of whom, as we have seen, shared in the fruits of the depredations committed on these defence-*

less people. In doing this, we *believe we have done only what was just to ourselves and our children.*

It must be remembered, too, that a large number of persons at the North still delight to speak of that war as a "Rebellion" and of us as "Rebels" and "Traitors." We have shown by the testimony of their own people, not only that they rebelled against, but *overthrew the Constitution to make war on us*, and that when they did go to war, they violated every rule they had laid down for the government of their armies, and waged it with a savage cruelty unknown in the history of civilization.

The late commander-in-chief of the British armies has recently written of our great leader, that "in a long and varied life of wandering, I have" (he says) "only met two men whom I prized as being above all the world I have ever known, and the greater of these two was General Lee, America's greatest man, as I understand history."

The present Chief Magistrate of this country wrote twelve years ago, that "the world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and that their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all great captains that English-speaking people have brought forth." (See Life of Benton, page 38.)

Is it a matter of surprise, then, that the same hand should have recently written:

"I am extremely proud of the fact that one of my uncles was an admiral in the Confederate navy, and that another fired the last gun fired aboard the Alabama. I think" (he says) "the time has now come when we can, all of us, be proud of the valor shown on both sides in the civil war."

If President Roosevelt really believed that his uncles were ever "rebels" and "traitors," would he be "*extremely proud*" of that fact? Would he be proud to be the nephew of Benedict Arnold? No; and no man at the North who knows anything of the foundation of this government believes for a moment that any Confederate soldier was a "rebel" or "traitor," or that the war on our part was a "Rebellion." Even Goldwin Smith, the harshest and most unjust historian to the South, who has ever written about the war (as demonstrated by our distinguished Past Grand Commander, Captain Cussons), says:

"The Southern leaders ought not to have been treated as rebels," for, says he, "Secession was not rebellion."

And so, we say, the time has come when these intended opprobrious epithets should cease to be used. But whether called "rebel" or not, *the Confederate soldier has nothing to be ashamed of.* Can the soldiers of the Federal armies read this record and say the same?

Yes, our comrades, let them call us "rebels," if they will; we are proud of the title, and with good reason. More than a hundred years ago, when, as Pitt said, "even the chimney-sweeps in London streets talked boastingly of their subjects in America," *Rebel* was the uniform title of those despised subjects (and as our own eloquent Keiley once said):

"This sneer was the substitute for argument, which Camden and Chatham met in the Lords, and Burke and Barre in the Commons, as their eloquent voices were raised for justice to the Americans of the last century. 'Disperse Rebels' was the opening gun at Lexington. 'Rebels' was the sneer of General Gage addressed to the brave lads of Boston Commons. It was the title by which Dunmore attempted to stigmatize the Burgesses of Virginia, and Sir Henry Clinton passionately denounced the patriotic women of New York. At the base of every statue which gratitude has erected to patriotism in America you will find 'Rebel' written. The springing shaft at Bunker Hill, the modest shaft which tells where Warren fell, * * * the fortresses which line our coasts, the name of our country's capital, the very streets of our cities—all proclaim America's boundless debt to *rebels;* not only to rebels who, like Hamilton and Warren, gave their first love and service to the young Republic, but rebels who, like Franklin and Washington, *broke their oath of allegiance to become rebels.*"

And so, we say, let them call us what they may, the justice of our cause precludes fear on our part as to the final verdict of history. We can commit the principles for which we fought; we can confide the story of our deeds; we can consign the heritage of heroism we have bequeathed the world to posterity with the confident expectation of justice at the hands of the coming historian.

"In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth
The shaft is in the stone."

Yes, truly.

"The triumphs of *might* are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of *right* are graven deepest in the chronicle of nations."

We have nothing to add to what has been stated in our former reports about the histories now used in our schools, since, as has been stated, we think they are the best now obtainable.

We are glad to note that the Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., has had issued a new edition of his school history of the United States, which is a great improvement on the first edition, and that he is now preparing an edition for use in High Schools and Colleges. We are also informed that the Rev. Henry Alexander White, D. D., of Washington and Lee University, has in press a history of the United States. Judging from Dr. White's Life of General Lee, we shall be disappointed if his book is not a good one.

We hail the advent of these works by Southern authors with the greatest interest and pleasure, and we feel satisfied that they are the natural and logical outcome of the efforts made by these Confederate Camps to have the *Truth* taught to our children. As we said in our last report, so we repeat here: *We ask for nothing more, and will be satisfied with nothing less.*

Fiat justicia ruat coelum.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, *Chairman.*

R. T. BARTON,	CARTER R. BISHOP,	R. A. BROCK,
Rev. B. D. TUCKER,	JOHN W. DANIEL,	JAMES MANN,
R. S. B. SMITH,	T. H. EDWARDS,	W. H. HURKAMP,
JOHN W. FULTON,	M. W. HAZLEWOOD,	MICAJAH WOODS,

THOMAS ELLETT, *Secretary.*

MARYLAND CONFEDERATES.

Proposed Monument to Them in Baltimore.

ORIGINAL FIELD ORDERS FROM GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON TO ASHBY, OF CAVALRY FAME.

Marylanders Complimented for Efficency and Gallantry—Ashby Died Fighting with Them—Ashby Brothers' and Marylanders' Monuments in Stonewall Cemetery—Historical Resume—Bazaars in Baltimore.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland held a popular and successful bazaar in the Fifth Regiment armory, Baltimore, December 2d to 11th ultimo, which yielded about $10,000 for the fund to erect a monument in Baltimore city to the Marylanders in the Confederate service. The monument will cost, perhaps, $25,000.

The heroism of the Maryland soldiers and sailors of the Confederate States is known and acknowledged by all intelligent and fair-minded men and women in Maryland, as elsewhere. "Young men and maidens, old men and children," praise their valor and sacrifices for principle, and resound their deathless fame. All shades of religion and politics are represented by the contributors to the monument fund, even as when the two previous bazaars were held in the same place by the same noble women of Maryland in 1885 and 1898, to supply the means to provide for indigent and worthy Confederates in Maryland, who hail from all parts of the South, the proceeds of those two bazaars being collectively about $50,000.

A Southern bazaar was first held in Baltimore under the auspices of the ladies, in April, 1866, one year after the war, which yielded over $200,000, for the relief of suffering Southern people. Within a year thereafter the Legislature of Maryland appropriated $100,000 for like purpose.

As relating to Maryland Confederate troops, the historical sketch which follows possesses peculiar interest, anent the late successful bazaar.

The three military orders which follow below are of great historical value. The copies are exact, the careless punctuation indicating the haste of the writers. The originals are in the possession of Judge George W. Wilson, of Upper Marlboro, Md., who was a gallant soldier in the First Maryland battery, C. S. A. (raised and first commanded by Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, of Baltimore), who received them from Rev. James Battle Averitt (when stationed at Upper Marlboro after the war), who was chaplain of Colonel Turner Ashby's cavalry and the custodian of the treasured documents.

Following are copies of the orders referred to above:

Hd Qrs Harper's Ferry, June 8th, 1861.

Captain, I have ordered the Berlin bridge to be burned to-night, & Capt. Drake to remain in observation until you pass. Burn your bridge as well as you can, & blow up after the fire is well kindled. let the infantry & artillery come up—& as soon as Col. Hunton can have sufficient notice, which please send him, Come up with your cavalry—bringing in any party which may be at Berlin bridge.

Your obt servt

J. E. Johnston,
Brig. Genl., C. S. A.

Capt. Ashby,
Comdg at Point of Rocks.

(*Confidential.*)

Near Unger's Store, Jany 2d 1862.

Col., I am on my way to Bath and hope to be at Hancock to morrow, so you need not be concerned should you hear firing in that direction

Your Obd't Servt

T. J. Jackson,
Maj. Genl.

Lt. Col. Turner Ashby,
Comdg Cavalry.

Hd'qrs. Valley Dist., April 16th, 1862.

Dear Colonel, Carry out your suggestions of burning the bridge at Ripley's if it does not interfere with your falling back. Send back your train and establish your camp at the woods this side of Mt Jackson.

All my information is to the effect that the Federal troops from the East are for Banks.

Very truly yours

T. J. JACKSON,

Maj. Gen.

How many men were captured of Harper's company so far as you have ascertained?

The first in order of these curious papers is an order from General J. E. Johnston to Captain Ashby, when Johnston commanded the Confederate forces at Harper's Ferry, Va., having relieved Colonel T. J. Jackson (promoted to Brigadier-General June 18, 1861). His farthest outpost eastward, under Ashby, was at Berlin bridge, which in this order of June 8, 1861, he directed to be burned. Johnston evacuated Harper's Ferry June 19, and on the 22d he issued a special order complimenting the First Maryland regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel George H. Steuart, for efficiency in carrying out his orders, and he further said: "Owing to their discipline, no private property was injured and no unoffending citizen disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiment will not be forgotten in the day of action." And it so happened, frequently.

Among the property thus saved from destruction was 17,000 musket stocks, which were sent to North Carolina to be completed, in acknowledgment of that State having armed and equipped the Marylanders.

The order of January 2, 1862, from General Jackson to Colonel Ashby, ocurred during Jackson's sudden movement from Winchester to Romney, Va., with the design to destroy the B. & O. Railroad, but the result, while satisfactory, was not among Jackson's famous successes. Moreover, intensely cold weather ensued, with rain and snow, his men were mostly without suitable clothing to protect them, and, hence, suffered terribly. During this movement Jackson issued an order to General Loring, which Loring disregarded. A contention followed which resulted in the Confederate War Department sustaining Loring. Jackson promptly indicated his intention to resign his commission and retake his chair at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, whereupon, Governor Letcher, apprehending the tremendous loss to the Confederacy by Jackson retiring from the field, prevailed upon the Richmond authorities to reconsider their decision.

The next order from Jackson to Ashby, April 16, 1862, occurred

between the time Jackson fought Shields at Kernstown, March 23, 1862, and his defeat of Milroy at McDowell, May 8, following. Returning swiftly to the Valley of Virginia, Jackson prepared to pursue the campaign, which resulted in the quick and successive defeats of the armies of Banks, Fremont and Shields, which made Jackson master of the entire Valley.

In May, 1862, the First Maryland Infantry, under Major-General Ewell, joined Jackson in the Valley. Major W. W. Goldsborough, in his Maryland Line, C. S. A., 1869, tells of Jackson at this time, thus:

"To our utter amazement, when we turned our faces to where we had passed his army the evening previous, nothing met our gaze but the smouldering embers of his deserted camp-fires. We rubbed our eyes and looked again and again, loth to believe our sense of vision. But gone he was, and whither and for what, no one could tell. Quietly, in the dead of night, he had arisen from his blanket, and calling his troops around him, with them had disappeared.

"For more than two weeks his whereabouts remained a mystery, and various were the conjectures as to what had become of him, when one day there came the news of Milroy's defeat at McDowell, more than one hundred miles away. Swiftly he had traversed the steep ranges of mountains that separated him from his prey, and with irresistible fury had hurled his legions upon the astonished foe in his mountain fastness, and routed him with heavy loss, and was even now on his return, and within two days' march of us."

"In Stonewall Jackson's way," he annihilated Milroy and telegraphed these words: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell to-day;" hurried back to the Valley and whipped in detail the other Yankee armies; then by a *ruse de guerre*, threw his force upon Lee's flank at Richmond, crushed McClellan's right and suddenly caused the star of that much vaunted "Young Napoleon" to set!

By the strategem of Lee and Jackson and the valor of their armies, the Federal army of 40,000 at Fredericksburg was kept "in the air" (like McClellan's right flank) between Washington and McClellan's army beleaguring Richmond, but a day's march from him!

The historical connection between the First Maryland Regiment and General Ashby had a tragic termination during the fight near Harrisonburg, Va., on the evening of June 6, 1862, when, that regiment being hotly engaged with the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment, Ashby, while rallying the 58th Virginia Regiment to support the

Marylanders, was killed, almost in touch with right file of the Maryland Regiment. This regiment did the fighting, losing some of its best officers and men. Major Goldsborough wrote: "The commander of the Bucktails, Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, with several of his officers and many of the men were wounded and prisoners in our hands, and, to use Kane's own words, 'Hardly a dozen of the command escaped.'"

General Ewell issued an order complimenting the First Maryland and Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, and authorized a captured bucktail to be appended to the color staff.

Ashby's last words were: "Charge men; for God's sake charge!" Waving his sword, a bullet pierced his breast and he fell dead. When killed he was afoot,* his horse having been killed just before. Private M. Warner Hewes of Ashby's Cavalry cut the saddle girth and secured the saddle.

Jackson visited the room where Ashby's body lay and asked to be left alone in silent communion with his dead cavalry chief. Within one year the corpse of the illustrous chieftian himself likewise "received the homage of all the good and the brave."

Stonewall Jackson, in his official report, said of Ashby:

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*As a member of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" and in sound of the battle in which the *beau sabreur* Ashby fell, I was cognizant, somewhat, of attendant circumstances. My information was that Ashby went into the action afoot, and against the remonstrance of General Ewell, in the lead of their troops. It was an accepted fact that getting between the enemy and our own troops he fell under fire of our own men.

His body was placed in an ambulance in the rear of which followed his horse, a magnificent black stallion, who, in his subdued mien, seemed almost as if humanly conscious of the loss which had befallen him, as the body of his gallant master was constantly and fully in his view.

Upon the bosom of the gallant dead, whom all loved and admired (and who was the impersonation and ideal of chivalry and fearlessness), some one had placed a beautiful wreath of flowers, which concealed the gaping hole torn by the cruel bullet. He was not only the "eye of Jackson," but he was felt, as the *avant-courier* (being always with the advancing column), to be the protecting Aegis of our army, and thus, his death was to our cause and to all an incalculable loss.

The newspapers have recently given us a tribute from a foe, from whom much was expected by the Federals—Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham, that it was a cruel calamity that one so brave as Ashby should fall. I viewed the remains about the same time at Waynesboro that the doughty Englishman did, although the tribute was not uttered in my hearing.—Editor.

"As a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

Turner Ashby was promoted from Captain to Colonel of the Seventh Regiment Virginia cavalry, and was made a brigadier-general just before his death. This regiment, at Ashby's death, was reputed to have twenty-seven companies, formed chiefly in the Valley, but so rapidly did they come and so active were Ashby's movements, that not until his death and the end of Jackson's great Valley campaign could they be formed into regiments and brigaded, which was then done, and subsequently Ashby's cavalry became the "laurel brigade" under the dashing Rosser.

Richard Ashby, brother of Turner, was captain of Company "A" in his regiment. "Dick" Ashby had already seen perilous service against the Indians in the West, but Turner Ashby was the more popular officer. Both were conspicuous types of the chivalrous cavalier—brave, dashing, and were idolized by their men.

Their regiment, in June, 1861, was at Romney, Va., operating against the enemy. On or about June 26th, Captain Dick Ashby, with a small detachment, while scouting near New creek, was ambuscaded by Federal infantry. Ashby, having fallen with his horse, and helpless, was bayoneted repeatedly by coward hands. Being rescued, he was carried back to Romney, where he died, about July 3d. His tragic fate spread gloom through the regiment and among all the troops. The funeral escort consisted of his company and Captain George R. Gaither's Maryland company.

Between the two brothers, Ashby, the close, tender ties existed that are so often found in Southern homes; hence the mortal wounding, under harrowing circumstances, of Dick Ashby, was believed by many to have made his brother, Turner, daring to desperation—reckless of personal peril, and ever keen for a fight.

Ashby's cavalry and the Ashby brothers will be the theme of story and song for generations through the Valley and the Confederacy.

Many Marylanders served under the knightly Ashbys, among them Colonel Harry Gilmor, the famous partisan, who began his service as a private in the Seventh Virginia cavalry.

Memorial day, June 6th, is identical in the Valley of Virginia and Maryland. Two monuments in the Stonewall cemetery in Win-

chester, Va., nearly side by side, mark respectively the graves of the Ashby brothers and the Marylanders. The Maryland infantryman in marble, at "parade rest," from his pedastal looks down upon the polished granite sarcophagus over the Ashbys.

Rev. James B. Averitt, an Episcopalian minister, and now resides in Cumberland, Md. Under Ashby he was a fighting chaplain. Since the war he has written historical accounts of his experiences and observations.

Judge Wilson, also, has a curious memento of the battle of the Crater, fought near Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864—a cube of flinty clay which was unearthed by the explosion which caused the Crater. He was then serving with his battery, which was engaged in the battle.

For the preceding sketch the Southern Historical Society Papers is indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Peters, of the Maryland State Line, of Baltimore, the Maryland member of the History Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, late commander of J. R. Trimble Camp Confederate Veterans, etc., who was a private in the first Maryland infantry, C. S. A. This regiment, forming at Harper's Ferry, Va., was recruited largely from the First Rifle regiment of Baltimore, through the efforts of its commander, Colonel George Peters, father of Lieutenant-Colonel Peters, and his son. The Senior Colonel Peters also entered the Confederate service, served faithfully to the end, and died from the consequences of privation and exposure soon after the surrender. His sacrifices involved, not only his life, but his property also, and his entire family were launched into the Confederate struggle voluntarily, and suffered accordingly.

[Charlotte *Observer*, January 3, 1902.]

BROOK CHURCH FIGHT,

And Something About the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry.

DEATH OF JAMES B. GORDON.

He Was the Murat of the Army of Northern Virginia—The New Artillery and Its Disastrous First Experience Under Fire—Attack on Kennon's Landing—Sacrifice of Men and Horses—Shelled with 100-Pounders.

The Brook turnpike above Richmond runs almost due north and south. The military road at Brook, or Emmanuel church, strikes it at right angles from the east, in which direction this road crosses the upper Chickahominy at Meadow bridge. In his midnight retreat of May 11th, from Yellow Tavern, General Sheridan took this military road at Brook Church to escape, intending to cross the Chickahominy and move to his right from there to the James. And this he did, but he assuredly had an awful time of it and a narrow escape at Brook church.

Early on the morning of the 12th, Colonel James B. Gordon was in his rear at Brook Church. Sheridan was met by our forces of cavalry and infantry at Meadow bridge, which we had destroyed, and the river there was otherwise unpassable. Sheridan says some fords were discovered by scouts, but if so, why on earth did he have such a desperate and deadly time repairing that bridge, as my references will show he did? Sheridan's rear occupied a strong position of his own selection on the military road, which he swept with canister constantly from several batteries. Gordon dismounted the First and Second cavalry, attacked him fiercely, and sent his aide, Lieutenant Kerr Craige, into Richmond for some artillery and to propose to the officer in charge of that portion of the city defences a combined attack on Sheridan's flanks. The Fifth was held in reserve in mounted column, under fire, just off the right of the military road, going east. With our regiment, as we all knew, Gordon intended to charge those batteries up the military road after he got some supports from Richmond. And that charge, which he would

have led in person, would have been about the last of the Fifth North Carolina cavalry.

In a few minutes some artillery came. And oh ! such artillery ! It was the most beautiful in all its appearances that we ever beheld. The smoke of battle had never been about it. Gordon placed it to the slight oblique right and front of our regiment on the elevation of some old entrenchments. It fired once Immediately, one or more of Sheridan's guns were turned on it—canister for the first time in its history rattled around those beautiful guns and among its wheels, and every man about the battery flew into the ditches of those old entrenchments. Gordon was furious. He raved and begged. He called it "Band-Box Artillery," which would have occurred only to him, possibly, under such a fire. But those artillerists "held the trenches faithfully" against Richmond's invaders. Some few of them couldn't even stand that, and came through the woods by us. We laughed at them, ridiculed them, and asked them to go back and man their guns. But they looked at us as if they thought we were surely crazy. Gordon became utterly disgusted and went back at a gallop right into the fire down that military road, and there he received the wound which ended his life and brilliant career six days later. The battle was raging furiously at Meadow bridge on Sheridan's front, and right flank. The command of the brigade now devolved on Colonel Andrews, of the Second, as ranking officer. The Fifth was dismounted to join in the attack on foot. Company F was in front of that column. The order was to cross the road, still swept by canister, and form on its left. Captain Erwin looked calmly around at us and said: "Come on boys." He led, and over the road the regiment went and formed in line of battle. We advanced fast to a horizontal, wide, board fence, which looked literally perforated with rifle balls, and after short firing on our part the enemy disappeared. Sheridan had broken over at Meadow bridge and escaped. Sheridan himself says on page 791, volume 67, *War Records:* "The enemy considered us completely cornered, but such was not the case." Well, of course, none of us knew for certain, but those of us who were there will never cease to believe that if he had not broken over at Meadow bridge that he and his men would have been given quarters in Richmond for the rest of the war.

He also says, page 801, of his raid: "The result was constant success and the almost total annihilation of the Rebel cavalry."

This shows, I regret to say, how unreliable his statements are, as he soon had full proof of by that same "Rebel cavalry."

That the reader may see what a desperate state they were in at Meadow bridge, I refer to volume 67, pages 791, 813, 814, 819, and 835. He lost 625 men on his raid and 1,003 horses—volume 67, page 185, and volume 68, page 851. We had no force to follow Sheridan, and it was useless, as, after his passage of the Chickahominy, he could easily connect with Butler on the James, as he did, near Haxall's Landing on May 14th.

JAMES B. GORDON KILLED.

Our great loss at Brook Church was the gallant and glorious James B. Gordon. The Fifth loved him as its commander during the Gettysburg campaign, and, as his entire brigade did, for his splendid courage and merit in all respects. He was the Murat of the Army of Northern Virginia, and had he lived he would have added increased lustre to our North Carolina cavalry. I want to identify him in closer relation in this way, and, therefore, I state that one of his sisters was the mother of Messrs. R. N. and James Gordon Hackett, of Wilkes. Wilkes, was rather famous for such cavalrymen—Colonel W. H. H. Cowles was born, and now lives there.

The attack on Kennon's Landing was the most useless sacrifice of time and men and horses made during the war. The brigade was camped May 23d near Hanover Junction, recuperating a little from the terrible ride and fighting of the Sheridan raid. Late that afternoon an order came to each captain of our regiment for a "detail of picked men for specially dangerous work." The Fifth regiment furnished about 225 men and officers, under command of Major McNeill. There were surely not over 1,000 men on the expedition from our brigade. Wilson's wharf was a fortified post of great natural and artificial strentgth on the James river, far below City Point, and consequently fully in the enemy's lines. It was forty-seven miles in a straight line, by best military maps, from Hanover Junction. It consisted of a fort built in semi-circle form on a bluff of the river with each end resting on the James, with heavy parapets and a canal of water the entire front of the half circle. There was open ground for several hundred yards all around the fort covered with abattis and large fallen pine trees to impede assailants. If we could ever have taken it we never could have held it. The expedition was

under the immediate command of General Fitzhugh Lee, and originated with him, it was said at the time, to drive some negro soldiers off Virginia soil.

We left Hanover Junction about 6 P. M. on the 23d, and rode all night and much of the time at a gallop. Early on the morning of the 24th we were near the fort, but for some inexplicable reason the attack was delayed. A flag of truce was sent in to General Wild, commanding the post, demanding immediate surrender, and saying that, if not complied with, General Lee would not be responsible for the action of his men when the fort was taken. Wild answered: "We will try that." It was 11 o'clock before we began to get into position. In the mean time, the gunboats *Dawn*, *Pequot*, and the *Atlanta* (ironclad) were shelling us fiercely and the fort was filling with reinforcements. The enemy also had a small vessel named the *Mayflower*. Some of our force wounded the captain and pilot of this boat. I never heard of any injury that we inflicted on the ironclad. We had no artillery with us.

The shells were chiefly 100-pounders. We could see them plainly coming at and over us; great black masses, as big as nail-kegs, hurling in the air and making the earth tremble under us and the atmosphere jar and quake around us when they burst. They certainly were terrifying. And under their effect I compared the "details" from the First and Fifth. The former was dismounted, each in column of fours near together under those awful missiles. As one came towards and burst over us, I saw those veterans of the First look up at it with horror and lean back slightly out of line. Just such a look and backward incline of their bodies as I imagine the immortal sentinel at Pompeii made, momentarily, when that dark, ashen death fixed him erect at his post for the admiration of future ages. Captain N. P. Foard saw their movement, and, under the bursting, crashing sound and mass, he said: "Steady, men; steady!" Possibly before the words were uttered they were erect as statues. At the same second I glanced along the Fifth in the same line of my vision with the First, and every man sat in his saddle absolutely motionless. It was no discredit to the First, but the contrast was glorious for the Fifth.

We were soon put in line of battle around that fort, the Fifth on the extreme left, the enemy's right. We were to charge at the firing of a signal gun on our left. We lay there for an hour or more waiting that signal, eating strawberries in the fence corners and quietly talking of the scene in front of us; and all the while we could

plainly see platoon after platoon of reinforcements coming over the bluff into the fort on the decline next to us. The shells from the 100-pounders, 20-pounders, and 12-pounders were still bursting over us and other parts of the line. The Fifth and some others on our immediate right in the line were to make the charge, while those in front and on the left of the fort were to fire incessantly on the fort when the charge began. About 2:30 or 3 P. M. the signal gun fired and the Fifth arose with a mighty yell for that terrible charge. We mounted the high rail fence in our front and went straight and fast as the obstructions would permit for that fort—yelling and firing as we went and receiving fierce front and cross fires into our ranks from rifles and artillery in the fort and the gunboats. We were within thirty feet of the fort when we saw the utter hopelessness of the attack. The line halted a moment; the order to retreat was given, and we retired under that awful fire from the most useless and unwise attack and the most signal failure we were ever engaged in.

General Wild reports: "They massed troops on our extreme right concealed by wooded ravines, and made a determined charge, at the same time keeping up a steady attack all along our front and left flank. This charge approached our parapet, but failed under our severe cross fires." Vol. 68, p. 270. For naval reports, giving names of vessels engaged and calibre of guns, see "Official Records Union and Confederate Navies," series 1, vol. 10, pp. 87–91.

Out of the detail of ten or twelve men from Company F, W. S. Prather and Green L. Bingham were killed outright; Worth McDonald and I were wounded. I was shot through the left shoulder within thirty feet of the fort, firing at the moment, I am sure, at the very man who shot me. Worth McDonald was wounded by one of those 100-pounders. It passed at least ten feet from him and paralyzed his right arm by concussion of the air. There was no visible flesh injury to the arm, but it fell useless to his side, quickly turned black its entire length, and he never recovered use of it during his lifetime. He got an honorable discharge for the war, and I got a furlough June 5th from Chimborazo hospital, in Richmond, for three months, with great joy at the thought of going home.

Some Virginians charged immediately on the right of the Fifth. As we retreated we came to a long, wide lagoon in a ravine, back of where we began the charge. The water was three to four feet deep. In some way, unknown to me, I attracted the attention of one of those Virginians, a giant of a fellow. I knew he was a Virginian

by his regimental designation on his coat-sleeve. Of his own motion he kindly and tenderly offered to carry me over that water. I thankfully declined, and said to him: "I think that I can make it all right." He looked down at me and said: "Oh, boy, get on my shoulders." And suiting his action to his words, he stooped down in front of me. I put my arms around his neck, he put his right hand under my right knee, his left holding his own gun, and thus, like we used to play when children, he carried me over that water and almost to the top of the steep slope beyond. It has always hurt me that I never knew his name. He stands in memory for Virginia. And this is stated solely to show and commemorate the courageous, absolutely unselfish, generous kindness of the private soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the face of danger to themselves, too, when showing it. There were millions of such acts that will never be known.

After he let me down, I walked a short distance, and, from loss of blood, lay down in some young corn. I heard some one tell Major McNeill of my condition. The Major came to me and asked me to ride out on his horse, which had just been brought to him after he had led our charge, and from which he dismounted. I refused; he insisted. I refused positively, and he sent a man on his horse for mine and stood by me until the horse came, put me on it, and sent the man with me to the surgeon, while he directed the men of the Fifth how to move out ready for the expected attack from our rear. And it was acts like this, of gentleness and love for all his men, which he was continually doing, that caused the men of the Fifth all to love him.

[Raleigh Correspondence Charlotte *Observer*, Oct., 1901.]

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

How They Were Armed During the War Between the States.

In a previous article, the extracts from Governor Ellis's letter books were given. Governor Ellis kept an "ordnance book," in which his correspondence, directions, etc., in regard to arms and munitions of war are to be found. Many persons have asked how

this State armed its troops in 1861. It has been shown that 30,000 rifles and three full batteries of cannon, besides thirty other cannon, were seized at the Fayetteville arsenal, and that 11,000 of the rifles were given to the State of Virginia, the others being used by the North Carolina troops. The ordnance book shows how the other supplies with which to start the war, the powder, the bullets, etc., were obtained.

The first entry in the ordnance book is the list of stores, amounting to $242,000, recommended by C. C. Tew and D. H. Hill to be purchased, the recommendation being dated January 12, 1861. This has already been published, as also the order dated January 19th to Lieutenant C. C. Lee to go North and look after the purchase of ordnance stores. Lieutenant Lee left that day. He went first to Richmond, where J. R. Anderson, of the Tredegar Iron Works, offered to furnish the State with any cannon it needed, iron or brass, at United States Government prices; including 8 and 10-inch Columbiads (cannon of large bore) and field pieces. Crenshaw & Co., of Richmond, offered to furnish 70,000 pounds of pig lead, to be delivered at Norfolk. (It will be recalled that Governor Ellis directed that all proposals be sent to him, and that deliveries must be at Norfolk or Wilmington. He took this precaution to avoid the risk of seizure.) Mitchell & Tyler, of Richmond, offered to furnish percussion caps, also imported cavalry sabres and webbing for belts. S. S. Cottrell & Co., of Richmond, proposed to furnish cartridge-boxes and bayonet-scabbards, belt-plates and belts, etc. Anderson & Co. submitted another proposal to furnish 300,000 pounds of lead.

Lieutenant Lee went to Baltimore, where Merrill, Thomas & Co. submitted proposals to furnish Merrill's breech-loading carbines at $25 each, Merrill's rifles at $30, and cartridges for the same at $16 per 1,000, also cartridge-boxes, waist-belts, scabbards, etc.; and offered to alter flint and steel muskets, making them percussian $3 each, and "side-percussioning" $3.50 each.

At Wilmington, Del., E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co. offered to furnish any quantity of cannon and musket powder, and deliver it at Norfolk.

At Philadelphia, Horstman, Brothers & Co. offered to furnish cavalry sabres at $5, cartridge-boxes, bayonet-scabbards, etc. Megargee Brothers agreed to furnish cannon and musket cartridge paper. The Goodyear Rubber Company offered to furnish "knapsack tent," 44 inches high, 84x88 inches, at $20, which Lee said

was not the kind intended by the military board. Edgar K. Tryon & Co. offered to alter to percussion the whole quantity of rifles and muskets which the State had, at $2 each, this including cleaning and resighting.

Governor Ellis, under date of January 29th, wrote to Tryon & Co.: "Do you propose to do the work of altering in North Carolina? I am not willing to send our guns out of the State at the present juncture." In reply, Tryon & Co. said they could only do the work to advantage in Philadelphia, but that the Governor need send only 2,000, 3,000, or 5,000 guns at a time, and when these were finished and forwarded more could be sent to Philadelphia.

George W. Grice, of Portsmouth, Va., offered to alter the flint-and-steel muskets to percussion for $1.45.

The Merchants' Shot-Tower Company, of Baltimore, offered to furnish soft pig lead at $5.75 per 100 pounds.

A. Hitchcock, "late master armorer at the United States arsenal at Watervleit, N. Y.," made an estimate for gun-carriages and equipments for batteries, also infantry equipments, pistols, lead, caps, camp-kettles, 500,000 minie balls, 6,000 altered muskets, etc., the whole amounting to $125,000. Hitchcock also made proposals for doing the work of altering the State's muskets at Newbern and to make bullets and cartridges near there; shipments of articles above referred to be made from New York to Norfolk, Newbern or Wilmington. Lieutenant Lee made an adverse endorsement on Hitchcock's proposal, saying the latter had not signed it, was a drinking man, and his bids were generally too high.

Thomas McKnight, of New York, under date of February 1st, offered to furnish the State with arms, saying he and his associates had furnished them to Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. He offered Colt's revolvers at from $18 to $25; minie muskets, to use either cap or Maynard primer, for $13; United States rifles, with sword bayonets, $21; Sharp's breech-loading rifles, $40, and carbines, $30.

February 2d, Governor Ellis ordered 50,000 pounds of lead from McKnight, of New York, at 5½, to be delivered at Wilmington, N. C. He said: "I wish to avoid the risk of seizure and therefore make the delivery at Wilmington one of the conditions of the contract. Direct to Brown, DeRosset & Co., Wilmington."

Dancy, Hyman & Co., of New York, wrote the Governor that they would buy lead and powder, rifles, tents, knapsacks, etc.; that they were filling an order for Rocky Mount for thirty Mississippi

rifles, at $19 each, and could get a few more. They said: "There will be no trouble about getting the articles shipped from here so long as matters stand as they are. We will attend to and take the responsibility. Some of the Black Republican papers admit the illegality of the seizure of arms by Superintendent of Police Kennedy on board the southern steamers and call on the Legislature to legalize it for his protection.

W. B. Hartley, of New York, offered to furnish 600 calibre 44 carbines, 5-shot, 18-inch barrel, at $32.50, 600 navy pistols at $18, 250 army repeating rifles, 31-inch barrel, 5-shot, at $46, also cartridges, sabres, belts, etc.

Eli Whitney, of the Whitneyville Armory, near New Haven, Connecticut, offered to furnish revolvers, and sent the Governor a sample rifled musket, saying he had sold 200 to Virginia the previous week. He said: "I can furnish arms up to the time the State secedes. After that I could not send arms with safety to such State. I can furnish 500 Mi-sissippi rifles, model 1824, now; I can furnish you 400 browned muskets." Lee endorsed: "Mr. Whitney is perfectly reliable, but you see he can do nothing after the State secedes."

Emerson Saylord, of Chicopee, Mass., offered to furnish cartridge-boxes, etc. Lee endorsed: "He is not willing to deliver at Norfolk, and is rather dubious in making any contract at all in the face of the decision of the district judge of New York, and the refusal of the Republican members of Congress to accede to the Crittenden compromise. In Troy, N. Y., and vicinity, I find the same difficulty, and am of the opinion that our contracts, or most of them, will have to be filled South." The Ames Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, declined to make any contract, but gave list of prices. Lee said: "Mr. Ames says he does not desire to be understood as not wishing to do your work, but that he feels that it would be next to impossible to get them away from here, and under the present state of affairs, he would not like to be thought to be seeking such a contract, still, should circumstances change, he would like to do the work."

J. R. Anderson, of Richmond, came to Raleigh to see the Governor, and February 2d signed a contract to deliver at United States Government prices four 6-pounder brass guns, four 12-pounder, and four 24 pounder iron howitzers, with carriages and —; also, two 10-inch and two 8-inch Columbiads, with carriages; also, to furnish harness and shot and shell, including 4,000 12-pounder shells.

Lieutenant Lee sent to the Governor plans for two powder maga-

zines, to be built at once, these to be of brick 36x12x7 feet, and to cost $1,254.

The Governor wrote to Merrill, Thomas & Co., of Baltimore, asking if they would take North Carolina bonds in payment for arms; that he had been so informed, and if true he would send them an order at once.

The Governor made requisition on the United States War Department, January 26th, for 334 long-range rifles with sword bayonets. Under date of February 4th, he was advised by Colonel H. K. Craig, of the ordnance office at Washington that these had been ordered shipped. This drew out to the last cent the State's quota of arms allowed by the United States.

February 6th, the Governor ordered 200 barrels of cannon powder at 18 cents per pound, and 50 kegs musket powder at the same, to be shipped to him, care McPheeters & Ghiselin, Norfolk. He wrote July 7th, to Merrill, Thomas & Co., Baltimore, to ship him 500 Merrill rifles, 100,000 percussion caps and 100,000 rifle, 500 each cartridge boxes, belts, etc., cartridges directed to Raleigh, via Norfolk. On the same day he wrote W. B. Hartley, secretary of the Colt Arms Company, New York, to send him 500 Colt's navy pistols at $18, to be shipped to Brown, DeRosset & Co., Wilmington, or McPheeters & Ghiselin, Norfolk; the order to be filled before March 1st. Hartlet wrote July 11th, that the pistols would be shipped on the 14th. The Governor wrote him: "In order to prevent seizure it would be wise to pack in casks and not put any name upon them. Advise the house to which you ship. In case of seizure, advise me at once, as I am resolved to retaliate."

February 11th, Merrill, Thomas & Co., wrote that they could not ship the 500 rifles in time, owing to large previous orders from Virginia, to be paid for in cash. The firm did not care to take North Carolina bonds. The Governor in reply suspended the order "for the present." He wrote to Watson & Meares, New York: "I would be glad to have your aid in the purchase of arms in and near New York; 500 long range rifles made by Eli Whitney, near New Haven; also 300 cavalry sabres. If Colonel Meares has time, I would be glad if he would give his personal attention to the matter, as he has acquaintance with such things."

J. E. Thomas, keeper of the "public arms" at New Berne, made an inventory July 5th, aided by Colonel John D. Whitford, and found 1,648 muskets in order, 1,420 of which had never been unpacked; also 157 horse pistols and 120 sabres; also large quantities

of infantry and cavalry equipments, also, a cannon. He said that under the Governor's directions he had placed the arms under the protection of the New Berne Light Infantry.

February 14th, the Governor wrote Lieutenant Lee that he did not like to make a contract with Smith & Hitchcock for the reasons named in Lee's endorsement on their proposals. He asked Lee to make out an order for fuses and friction primers for cannon, and said if he could not do better, he would order from Hitchcock.

The next day the Governor wrote Dr. E. C. Evans, at New York: "The military commission has not yet been called together, and I have not yet fixed a day for their meeting. Our railroad shops, being scarce of work, the superintendents have proposed to alter our muskets cheaper than it can be done elsewhere. As this is more convenient, I have concluded to give them a trial, and if they do not give satisfaction, I will have the work done elsewhere. From the specimens I have seen, however, I have no doubt they can do the work well. I do not wish to contract for any more gun carriages at present."

The Governor, on the 15th of July, ordered Anderson & Co., of Richmond, to make the caissons for two batteries. He inquired: "When can you have the Columbiads ready? I wish to get them as soon as possible. Can you get me fuses for the shells?"

In a letter of the 16th, to Watson & Meares, New York, the Governor said: "One of the firm of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, New York, called on me to-day and proposed to furnish long-range muskets, sabres, etc. You may purchase from them 500 or 600 long-range muskets, calibre 58, at $14 each, if you think them equal to Whitney's. The muskets are to be rifled and sighted for 1,000 yards. You can also purchase from this firm or others 300 sabres for cavalry on best terms. They agree to take the risk of their delivery at Wilmington or Norfolk. They are to be paid for on delivery at one of those points. McKnight agreed to send me 150,000 pounds of lead, and now writes me he has bought it, but that the inspector will not ship until paid for. I will not take it on those terms. I do not know the importer in the transaction. If he does not intend to ship, buy 150,000 pounds of lead and ship to Wilmington. Sabres and guns I need as soon as they can be had. See David Smith about percussion caps ordered from him."

The Governor on the same day wrote David Smith to send the cartridges as soon as he could—100,000 buck and ball, such as are

used by the United States; also, 500,000 percussion caps, price and quality subject to Colonel Meare's approval.

July 23, the Governor wrote Watson & Meares: "Your favor of the 20th received, advising me of the purchase of 280 muskets from Schuyler, Hartley & Graham. I wish you to buy from them 360 long Enfield rifles, with sabre bayonets, at $21. They can furnish 200 more Enfields in thirty days. You can contract for these." On the 25th, Watson & Meares were sent a check for $9,093 to pay for 150,243 pounds of soft English lead, and the Governor said: "Use your best discretion as to guns. Don't give more than forty days for procuring them. The amount I wish to purchase is not large."

An order—March 13th—to DeRossett, Brown & Co., Wilmington, directed them to deliver to Captain DeRossett, of the Wilmington Light Infantry, forty short Enfields.

March 14th, a check for $4,035 was sent Dupont & Co. for 200 barrels cannon powder and fifty kegs musket powder; also, a check for $2,239 to David Smith, of New York, for 100,000 buck and ball cartridges and 5,000,000 percussion caps; also, check for $4,770 to Schuyler, Hartley & Graham for 300 sabres and ninety-seven short Enfield rifles; also, check for $8,545 to the Colt Arms Company, New York, for 500 navy revolvers, 7½-inch barrel, which were shipped on the steamer *North Carolina*.

A letter from Watson & Meares, March 18th, said they could get 600 more rifles from Schuyler, Hartley & Graham; that the Governor had ordered 200 more from that firm, and that the 800 would arm a regiment; that they could buy 320 Mississippi rifles.

DeRossett, Brown & Co., were directed April 4th to deliver to Captain Robert H. Cowan, Wilmington Horse Artillery, two revolvers and thirty-two sabres, and to M. M. Hawkins, Captain Cape Fear Riflemen, fifty-seven rifles; to C. J. Iredell twelve sabres and seventy-five revolvers.

Under date of April 23d, Anderson & Co., of Richmond, acknowledged receipt of $6,295 for 6-pounder gun carriages, four Columbiads, etc.

The next letter is dated May 6th, and is from the Governor to Brigadier-General T. H. Holmes, Fort Caswell: "My confidential aide, Mr. Winslow, will hand you this letter. He will report to me

any suggestions you have to make regarding the public defence. I recommend him to the attention of yourself and the commandant of Fort Macon."

The same day a letter was written Marshall Parks at Norfolk, saying Winslow would call on him and give a verbal reply to a letter which Parks had written the Governor. The last entry in this interesting book is to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, and says: "This will be handed you by my confidential aide, Hon. W. Winslow, who will have communication with you upon public matters of interest to our respective governments. He is charged, also, with a request to you to supply us with such cannon as you may have to spare and may be desirable to us."

NOTE.—It will be seen that the State had up to April 23d 30,000 rifles (Springfields, calibre 58, mainly), seized in the Fayetteville arsenal; there were 2,000 in the hands of the militia, 1,648 in the depository at New Berne; 360 were drawn from the United States; three light batteries taken with the Fayetteville arsenal; 280 rifles, 500 revolvers, 150,000 pounds of lead, 300 sabres, 100,000 rifle cartridges, and 5,000,000 percussion caps, all bought in New York; 4 Columbiads from Richmond, and 20,000 pounds cannon powder and 2,500 pounds musket powder, brought from Dupont & Co., Wilmington, Del. The governor also secured a lot of cannon seized at the Norfolk navy-yard."

FRED. A. OLDS.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 3, 1902.]

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

Graphic Description of Events of Evacuation-Day.

SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION.

Faith in Lee and His Men so Great That Both Citizens and Officals Were Unprepared for Abandonment of City—From Gay to Grave—Boys and Their Plunder—Searching for "Bev." Tucker—Personal Recollections of General Meade.

The following personal reminiscences of the evacuation of Richmond are contributed to the *Dispatch's* Confederate Column by Rev. Dallas Tucker, now of Bedford City:

In this article I do not propose to describe any of the military operations which led up to the evacuation of Richmond, nor, of course, what occurred in connection with it in official circles. Of these, I was then too young a lad to know really anything, and I am not now sufficiently informed or competent to write on these subjects. What I shall record here will be, as the title indicates, reminiscences of things which came under my personal observation, and in which, as a youngster, I took part. Years, indeed, have passed since these things occurred, but the tremendous impression they made upon me has never been effaced, and is to-day as fresh in my mind as though they were of yesterday.

As I recall that period, nothing seems more remarkable to me than the absolute surprise the fall of Richmond caused in Richmond itself. Whether or not it was anticipated by the government, I do not know; but there can be no doubt that outside of official circles—that is, to almost every one in the city—the announcement came with the unexpectedness and surprise of an earthquake. My father,* who, at the commencement of the struggle, entered the Confederate army as a surgeon, was at the time in charge of or connected with the medical department of Libby Prison, and, from both his official

*Dr. David Hunter Tucker, son of Hon. Henry St George Tucker and grandson of Judge St. George Tucker; Medical Author and Emeritus Professor, Medical College of Virginia.

position and social standing, had more than usual opportunity for observing and knowing the trend of events. But I am sure neither he nor one of his associates who lived with us had the least idea that the end, if near, was at all so imminent as it proved to be. Among the people generally I do not think it was seriously thought of, certainly, boys like myself did not do so. The fact is, though several times threatened by raiders, and although we had often heard the cry, "The Yankees are coming," yet, Richmond had come to be regarded, through its long practical siege, as an impregnable Gibraltar, and the army defending it as invincible as a Grecian phalanx. Time and again "Uncle Bob," as the soldiers lovingly and familiarly called General Lee, had hurled back the advancing forces of the Federal army, and it was felt that as long as Lee stood for the defence of Richmond, Richmond was safe. I remember, indeed, that as a boy I felt some anxiety when the conqueror of Vicksburg was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac; but it never seriously occurred to me, or to any one else, that Lee could not successfully cope with General Grant, and this conviction grew steadily stronger as the former defeated the latter in battle after battle, from the Wilderness to the Crater before Petersburg. On the other hand, the people little realized with what an ever-increasing superior force General Lee had to contend, how attenuated his lengthened line of defence had become, and how decimated and nearly starved his army was. But however explained, the fact remains—I am sure it was a fact among my playmates—that as late as Sunday morning, April 3, 1865—the fatal day—there was hardly a thought among the the people that such a thing as the evacuation of the city was either near or probable. Final success was expected. Confidence prevailed. A sense of security remained, except, as may have been the case, in high official circles. Mr. Davis, of course, must have known much of which I and 10,000 like me were absolutely ignorant; but even Mr. Davis was in church on that eventful day, seemingly as placid and confident as others, and certainly as attentive to the services as any one present. As there was nothing, so far at least as the people generally knew, in either the political or military condition of things to betoken the approaching collapse, neither did external nature suggest—supposing it to have such power—anything of the kind. There were no physical portends for superstition to feed on. On the contrary, the day was as perfect a day as Richmond had ever seen; the budding trees, the flowers of spring, the balmy atmosphere, the clear sky, bright sunlight, all combining to make it

a spring-day of unsurpassed loveliness. Then, too, it was Sunday; and this, strange as it may seem, added somewhat to its quiet, sweet brightness. Richmond had enough during those four years to make it sad, and there were, indeed, many mourners and much sorrow.

STARVATION PARTIES.

But in the midst of all this there was, as I recollect, much gayety also. This was not merely rejoicing over a victory which seemed to bring final success nearer, but that social gayety which nature demands, and in which, it would seem, a people must indulge, even when otherwise heavily oppressed. Thus it was that crowds promenaded on the Capitol Square, afternoon after afternoon, to music furnished by the government or city, walking, talking, and laughing. In house after house the young people met at what were called "starvation parties" to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to dance and make merry, and to do, indeed, everything usual on such occasions, except eat. Food was the severest problem in those days. Richmond laughed while it cried, and sang while it endured, and suffered and bled. With all the suffering in and around it, Richmond was yet not a sad place during the war. And of all days, taking it as a whole, there was none during which, in at least some respects, life assumed a more stirring and animated appearance than on Sunday. On this day the streets, especially in the resident portion of the city, were thronged with people, variously dressed, but all dressed in their best, going to some church, for Richmond was then, and still is, for aught I know, a great church-going place. Among these churches to which, perhaps, an unusually large crowd might have been seen going on Sunday, April 3, 1865, none was more popular and has become so historically interesting as St. Paul's. Architecturally, this church always seemed to me a rather strange combination of the Greek temple surmounted by a tall, graceful spire. But, nevertheless, it is a noble, dignified building, at the corner of Ninth and Grace streets, near the main gate of the Capitol Square, and within almost a stone's throw of the Washington monument. Its rector then, and for years before and after, was Rev. Charles Minnigerode, a German by birth, who had come to this country in consequence of some revolutionary complications in the Fatherland. He was a small man, striking in personal appearance, of great learning, earnest religious faith, strongly southern in his patriotism, eloquent in the use of the English language, which, however, he spoke with a slight German accent. If it be said this

church was the fashionable one of the city, nothing more is intended than that a large percentage of the wealth, the refinement, the culture of Richmond was found among its members. Moreover, officialism for the most part found its religious home in this church. Here General Lee worshipped when in the city, and here also Mr. Davis and his family were seen Sunday after Sunday, and many others whose names stood high in both the legislative and executive departments of the Confederate Government.

In this church, it was my privilege to be brought up, and its dear old rector was my father in the faith, as ever Paul was such to Timothy. With boys of that day—certainly with me—it was as customary to go to church on Sunday as it was to go to school during the week, and this memorable Sunday found me in my proper place, and yet, by a strange accident, not exactly in my place either. Our famliy pew was No. 15, and here along with the family I usually sat, but on this particular Sunday, for some reason I cannot now recall, I was allowed to go up into the gallery, which I well remember to have considered a great privilege and liberty. The church on that day was thronged as usual, and my seat on the front row of pews was on exact line with the President's pew down stairs, so that I not only saw him, but had a full view of the congregation except that portion immediately beneath me. It was inspiring to look down on that throng of beautiful women and fine-looking men assembled to worship Almighty God. But this was as nothing compared to the scene destined to take place then and there. For it was here that Mr. Davis was notified that General Lee's lines had been broken, and Richmond would have to be abandoned. How can I describe how this was done, and the wild, terrific scene which followed. The morning service proper had been concluded, and Dr. Minnigerode was delivering one of his stirring and fervid communion addresses (for the communion was to follow), when the sexton of the church was seen to walk up the aisle. He was a large, pompous, swaggering kind of a fellow, whose Sunday costume at the time was a faded blue suit with brass buttons and a shirt with waving ruffles at the bosom and wrists. His supreme delight, aside from keeping us boys in order, was seemingly to walk up the aisle with a message for some one. On this occasion his manner was in perfect keeping with his usual consequential air, only it was more so, for this time he was the bearer of a message to the President of the Southern Confederacy. Gently and respectfully touching Mr. Davis on the shoulder, he handed him something, whereupon the latter immediately arose and

left the church. I have often thought since then that moment must have been the most trying one in Mr. Davis's remarkable career. Yet, whatever his feelings, and they must have been excruciating, his self-control was perfect, and he withdrew from the sacred edifice with a quiet grace and dignity that was not only superb, but well calculated to disarm suspicion and allay excitement. I can see now his lithe, erect, stately figure as it disappeared down the aisle, and I shall never forget it, for it was the last time I ever saw him. His withdrawal was so quiet that the service was in no wise interrupted, and I believe it would have been concluded in the usual way but for what followed. Hardly had Mr. Davis disappeared than the sexton came in again and spoke to General Joseph R. Anderson, who at once went out. This made people look up and shoot inquiring glances at each other. Then the sexton came again, and the excitement became manifest. But when the sexton appeared the fourth time, all restraint of place and occasion yielded, and the vast congregation rose en masse and rushed towards the doors. I sat still for a moment, wondering and withal listening to the preacher's earnest appeal to the people to remember where they were and be still. Good Dr. Minnigerode, he might just as well have tried to turn back the waters of Niagara Falls. Something had happened, and the congregation knew it without being told, and nothing could have kept the people in the church. At any rate nothing did, and I went along with the crowd, excited and alarmed. If the scene in the church was all excitement, outside the vast crowd that thronged the spacious church porch and the pavement beyond was standing for the most part in dumb, bewildered silence. I shall never forget the first thing which met my eyes as I gained the open street. Just across the street in a large house there were a number of government offices, and before these, in the middle of the street, were several piles of government documents burning their way to destruction. I think these burning papers were the first intelligent intimation the people had of what was occurring. They told me, as they told others, and it was pathetic to see that crowd melt away, too full of forebodings and anguish to express the surprise and despair which possessed every mind.

I have no recollection how the rest of that Sunday was spent, but I do remember that before it closed there was a widespread impression that the rumors and fears of the early morning were false. When my father's friend, Dr. Harrison, came home that night, he told us it was a false alarm; that there had been a crisis, but it was

safely passed. It may seem strange, but such was our unwillingness to believe the worst, and such our confidence in Lee and his army, that in the absence of any official announcement we all went to bed that night feeling little or no concern. I do not know how many others in the city did this, but we did, and, what is more, we slept the sleep of the just until suddenly awakened in the early hours of Monday morning by a tremendous shock, which rocked the house and rattled the windows. At first we thought it was an earthquake, but very soon concluded, from the terrific report, it must be an explosion of some kind. It was not long before we learned it was, in fact, the blowing up of the government powder magazine just beyond the city limits. Then we knew for sure the fears of the day before were not idle fears. With the advancing morning all doubts were dissipated, and as the sun rose it shone with fiery redness through a dense blackness, which at first we took to be heavy clouds, but soon saw was in reality a great volume of smoke passing over the city from south to north. Richmond was on fire. My first impulse, as this became a settled fact, was to go and see for myself what was happening in the lower part of the city. I was deterred, however, from carrying out this impulse at once by certain household duties. I had to go to market, and my experience there must not go unnoticed. Food was the scarcest thing in Richmond towards the close of the war. Money, such as it was, was the most plentiful. It seemed to grow on trees. At the time of the evacuation, we had an unusual quantity of it, which, in consequence of its bulk, was kept in a box in a closet. Arming myself with the inconsiderable sum of $500, I sallied forth to make such purchases as I might be able to do for our day's need. When I arrived at the market-house I found only one butcher's stall open, and noticing here a piece of mutton about as big as my two fists, I asked the price. It was only after some persuasion that the kindly butcher let me have it for $250, which I paid at once. Then seeing a grocery store open on the next square, I went there, and offered to purchase several things, but could only get three quarts of blackeye peas, for which I paid $25 a quart. This closed my marketing operations for that day, and I went home with my mutton and peas in my basket, and $175 change in my pocket. I had some feeling, as I did so, that I had been greatly imposed on by these voracious merchants, but events showed me, and I have ever since thought those purchases the cheapest I ever made. Free now to indulge myself, I started off down town. On my way I was joined by several friends of about my age, ———,

now one of Richmond's most distinguished lawyers; ———, at present a leading merchant of the same place; ———, now dead, and others whose names I cannot recall. Together we hastened down Main street, and soon stood face to face with a fire, which was destined, as the day grew longer, to lay in ashes almost the whole of the business portion of the city. At that early hour it had not reached much north of Cary street, but such was its fierceness and the rapidity with which it was spreading that, in sheer despair, warehouse after warehouse was thrown open, and the gathered crowd of hungry, despairing people were told to go in and help themselves. Pell-mell they went, without regard to position in life. I remember to have seen one of the richest men in the city going up the street with what I was told was a bolt of red flannel under one arm and a bolt of something else under the other. Naturally I and my friends, like others, suited our action to the opportunity, and to the word of permission, and went in where to some extent angels might have feared to tread. For there was some danger in doing this. I remember how several times, when we were on the second or third story floor of a large building, the cry would be raised: "This building is on fire; get out quickly"; and down we would scramble, only to try our fortune elsewhere. I do not recall how long this looting continued, but the net result of it was ridiculously small, as I remember. We had all filled our hands, our pockets, and our arms with such things as we could find, and when the pillaging was over, we each had a great variety of things of one kind or another. Some had, however, more shoes, or more stockings, or more of something else than others, and we decided to equalize things by exchanging. With this in view we went to an alley running from Main to Cary street, where we dumped the booty into one pile, and proceeded to distribute it equally. I remember the spot well, not only because of what has already been said, but because it was while standing here, thus engaged, that we were startled by the cry: "The Yankees are coming." And, sure enough, there came the advance guard of the Federal army up Main street. Now we were, or at least we thought we were, a lot of very brave fellows, but I must say the alarm and sight of the Federal troops so demoralized the whole crowd that we took to our heels, leaving almost all of our booty in the alley. The only thing I took home with me was a pair of rough, tanned, brogan shoes, such as corn-field hands might wear. These, however, I did save, and in the hard times that followed they were the only shoes I had for months.

In the excitement and stampede which followed the appearance of the Northern army our party became separated, and I have no recollection of how the others reached their homes. But what happened to me is as distinct in my mind to-day as it was the day after it occurred. I was living at that time on Seventh street, between Clay and Leigh, and my most direct way home was to go diagonally through the Capitol Square, entering it at Eleventh and Bank streets and leaving it at Ninth and Capitol. This route I took. It carried me by the old Library Building, since destroyed, then by the front of the Capitol itself, and so by the Washington Monument. When I arrived here my experiences of the day reached a final climax. When I started up town a few minutes before, the Federal advance force of occupation was coming up Main street. This street was followed until Ninth street was reached, where a turn was made to the north in the direction of St. Paul's Church, and just as I reached the Washington Monument, I was little less than horrified to see the troops entering the Square through the main entrance facing Grace street. In my youth I was not, at least, notoriously either a bad or cowardly boy, but that sight, so new and unexpected, was rather too much for my surprised nerves, and for one thing I quickly betook myself to the largest tree I could find and hid myself. Here I stood as the soldiers swept into the Square, passed the Monument, and went on to the Capitol. It was then only a few minutes later so my memory serves me—that I saw the United States flag appear on the flag-pole above, where the Stars and Bars had floated for years. Four years before this, on a day, I think, in this same month of April, my father, always a strong secessionist, had taken me to this same Square to a great meeting in ratification of the ordinance of secession, and I recollect to have seen then the flag of the Confederacy raised on the Capitol where the Stars and Stripes had waved from time immemorial. Putting the two things together, I have often said that, as a boy, I saw the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end—of the Southern Confederacy in old Virginia. As to the first, I was, of course, far too young to be in any way affected by it, but as to the latter, I must say, as I stood behind that tree and saw what I saw, I remembered my dead soldier brother, what we had suffered for what we deemed right, and my young heart was filled with bitter hate, and my lips, which had never before uttered an oath, poured maledictions on our triumphant foes. Then I went home, and so practically closed those two days in my

life, which of all others will ever stand forth as living, dreadful pictures before my mind.

HUNTING "UNCLE BEV."

Within a few weeks of the evacuation two things occurred, with an account of which these reminiscenses will be closed. One of these things is a somewhat unpleasant memory, and I shall relate it first. It is, of course, well known that after the dastardly assassination of Mr. Lincoln a reward was offered by the government for the arrest of certain Southern gentlemen who were supposed to have been accomplices of J. Wilkes Booth. Among those thus charged was my uncle, Mr. Beverley Tucker. He was as innocent as a newborn babe, and utterly incapable, by nature, of having had anything whatsoever to do with this deed. Nevertheless he was supposed at the time to be one of several conspirators, and a reward of $25,000 was offered for his apprehension. Some time after things had quieted down in Richmond, perhaps late in May or early in June, we had a small company at our house, and among those present was a son of my uncle, who bears his father's name. He is now quite a distinguished minister of the Episcopal Church, having charge of the old historic parish of St. Paul's in Norfolk, Va. At the time of which I write he had just returned from the war, and I think the little party was given in honor of his and his brother's safe arrival home.

During the evening, a gentleman, whom we afterwards learned was General Dent, a brother-in-law to General Grant, came to pay a visit to a Mrs. Young, occupying rooms on the third floor, and to whom General Dent had been, and was always, uniformly most kind. Instead of ringing the bell at once, General Dent waited several minutes—so long, indeed, as to create a pause in the conversation—and I was sent to the door. After asking for Mrs. Young, he passed up to her parlor, but stayed so short a while as to cause some slight remarks downstairs. Nothing much, however, was said, and after the company left, we retired as usual. My father, Dr. Harrison, and myself slept down in the basement, and the rest of the family up on the parlor floor. I think it must have been about 2 o'clock, when we were aroused by heavy footsteps on the porch, and a vigorous ringing of the doorbell. At my father's suggestion I went to the basement window, and opening it, asked: "Who is there?" I was answered by the question: "Does Dr. Tucker live here?" Replying again to me, our midnight visitor said, in a very commanding way: "Well, I wish him to dress at once, and go with me to head-

quarters. He is wanted there." This brought both my father and Dr. Harrison to the window, where a vigorous conversation ensued. The party declined to give his name or authority, or in any way to explain his conduct, and it was natural, therefore, that my father declined positively to leave the house at that unearthly hour. I am sorry to say, some pretty strong language was used on both sides, but the immediate result was, the man left, not, however, without threatening us with all kinds of horrible things. We thought the episode strange, but considered it closed. But this was by no means the case. Early in the morning our cook came rushing into the house, saying it was surrounded by soldiers. It was even so. They were on the front porch and back porch, they were in the street and side alley—they were everywhere, bristling with arms, and under orders to allow no one to go in or out. In my simplicity, I remember starting out into the yard to look after some chickens, and being sent back at the point of the bayonet. We were prisoners, not knowing why, and so we remained, shut up and ignorant, for hours. About 11 o'clock in the day, an officer of low rank—and, I must think, of lower character-grain—appeared, saying, with chilling coldness, he had orders to search the house for Mr. Beverley Tucker. When told that he was not in the house, and had not been there, the man simply told us we lied, and proceeded to show that he honestly thought so. He looked in the closets and under the beds. He looked between the mattresses and up the chimney. He looked in every nook and corner, and when this search proved unsuccessful, he proceeded to look for clues of my uncle's whereabouts. In doing this he was absolutely without mercy, or even decency. He ransacked bureau-drawers, rummaged through trunks, and sitting down, as to a specially sweet morsel, he read much of our private family correspondence, all the while commenting on what he read in the most impertinent and insulting manner. After he had done all he could, he demanded to know where my uncle was, saying it was perfectly well known by the authorities that he had been in the house the night before; that General Dent had heard him spoken to. It then dawned on us what it all meant, and we told the man it was not Mr. Tucker who had been with us, but his son, who had his father's name. Whether he believed us or not, I do not know, but at any rate, as there was nothing else to do, he took his departure, withdrew the soldiers, and we were left to life, liberty, and something to eat.

VISIT FROM GENERAL MEADE.

Of a different kind, and far more pleasant is the last thing I shall put down in these reminiscences. More pleasant because it relates to a visit we had from General George C. Meade. My mother, who still lives a vigorous old lady—though she doesn't think so—of 80 years, was a daughter of the late George M. Dallas, Vice-President under Mr. Polk, and was related to or connected by marriage with General Meade. They had known each other well before the war, but, of course, had not seen each other since it began, as my mother was all the while in Richmond. One morning we were much surprised, and, indeed, somewhat startled, by seeing a very distinguished-looking man, wearing the insignia of a United States general, stop and dismount before our front door. He was accompanied, I think, by his staff, in full uniform, and was followed, not unnaturally, by quite a crowd of negroes. I presume these latter thought, perhaps, we were all to be arrested and sent to the calaboose, as our strong Southern sentiments were pretty well known. But such, I am happy to say, was not in the programme. After he dismounted, General Meade, followed by one of his staff, also my mother's cousin, came on the porch and rang the bell. It fell to my lot to answer this call, and as this was the first time I had ever been so close to a "Yankee general," I felt, boyishly, half resentful and half abashed. Of course, I did not know either who it was or what he wanted. Just as he asked, in the kindliest tones, if Dr. Tucker lived there, my little sister, a flaxen-haired girl, appeared in the hall, and, with a smile on his face, the General quickly said: "I know he does, for that child is the image of her mother"—calling my mother by her maiden name. Then he told who he was, and asked for my mother. He was shown into our little parlor, and soon the latter came in also. Naturally, both seemed at first a little awkward, and bowed stiffly—my mother especially, I think—and sat down, when a silence ensued, which neither party seemed to know exactly how to break. As a matter of fact, it was broken at last by the General, in tones of deep sympathy. My recollection is he said this: "L———, it has certainly been awful, but I have not come to discuss the past, but to see what you and your family need, and what I can do for you." These words, spoken in such quiet dignity, yet with so much warm sympathy, broke the icy reserve, and, in the conversation which followed, not only were many pleasant things said on both sides, but the good offices of the General were

pledged and gratefully accepted. Let it be said, he was true to every offer, and among his many, many subsequent kindnesses, he secured for my mother and the children, excepting myself, free tranportation to Philadelphia. In no way was there anything wanting in General Meade's generosity as a man, kindness as a friend, sympathy as a relative, dignity as a soldier, or loyalty to his country; and so I shall never forget the opportune visit, the goodly offices, and the soldierly bearing of General George C. Meade.

Instead now of hate, war, and death, we have faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity. *Esto perpetua.*

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, December 7, 1901.]

HOW VIRGINIA SUPPLIED MARYLAND WITH ARMS.

JOHN W. GARRETT'S ADVICE.

Wanted Virginia Army to Occupy Baltimore, but General Lee Refused. Major McDonald's Reminiscences.

Major E. H. McDonald, of Charlestown, W. Va., contributes to THE SUN some war history never before published, and which will prove interesting to Marylanders, particularly Baltimoreans. Major McDonald is a gentleman of high standing, and is now extensively engaged in farming and stock raising in Jefferson county. He is one of four brothers who served with distinction in the Confederate Army, and is a son of the late Colonel Angus McDonald, who commanded a Virginia cavalry regiment in the Confederate service.

Messrs. Editors:

On the night of April 18, 1861, the Virginia troops, under command of General Kenton Harper, marched into Harpers Ferry by the light of the burning arsenal and armory, fired by the Federal soldiers before their evacuation. On the day following, Federal troops from Massachusetts were attacked by the people of Baltimore as they passed through her streets on their way to the South. Maryland's best and noblest sons were in sympathy with the South, but situated as she was, between the North and Washington, she would

have been foremost in the brunt of a terrible war. Her business men had large interests in the North as well as the South, and hesitated to stake all upon the issues of war; so, at first, she stood for neutrality, and denied the Federal troops the right to pass through her territory without her consent. When, in defiance of this right, Massachusetts troops were marched through the streets of Baltimore and her citizens were shot down in cold blood, the whole State became aroused, and would, if they could, have joined the South in her attempt to resist the invasion of her soil, by recourse to arms. In Baltimore the excitement was intense, and the offer of volunteers far exceeded the ability of the authorities to arm them. General George H. Stewart, commanding the troops in Baltimore, appealed at once to Virginia for arms, in a letter sent by L. P. Bayne and J. J. Chancellor, who, in delivering it said: "The people of Baltimore and the citizens of Maryland, generally, were united in at least one thing, viz: that troops volunteering for Federal service against Virginia or other sister Southern States, should not pass over the soil of Maryland if they could prevent it."

ARMS FOR MARYLAND.

In response to this appeal, Governor Letcher, of Virginia, sent the following telegram on April 22d: "Major-General Kenton Harper, in command at Harpers Ferry, is hereby ordered to deliver to General Stewart, at Baltimore, 1,000 of the arms recently taken at Harpers Ferry." On the same day, at the recommendation of the Governor, the Advisory Council of the State of Virginia agreed to loan the State of Maryland 5,000 more arms from the arsenal at Lexington, Va. The dispatch, arriving late that night, was given me as one of General Harper's aides-de-camp, and carried to headquarters after the General and his staff had retired. He sent for Major Harmon, his quartermaster, who said it was impossible to ship them that night.

Seeing the importance of the order, I suggested to the General that it could be done, and proposed to deliver them in Baltimore before morning if he would give me a regiment and transportation. The necessary orders were given, and I went to the railroad station and telegraphed for an engine and car, which were promised to be ready within an hour. I then went to the officer in command of the Second Virginia Regiment, and told him to turn out his command. He demurred until he saw the orders, and appreciating the import-

ance of the service, he and his men obeyed cheerfully, some carrying arms, others straw, while we packed them in the car.

By 2 A. M. I was on my way to Baltimore, riding on the bumper of the car which carried the arms, enveloped in a cloud of steam and cinders, until, at the end of the journey I resembled more a miner than a soldier, so blackened and disfigured was I. But, notwithstanding my appearance, I met with a royal welcome from those gallant sons of old Maryland whom I afterwards learned to admire for their soldierly bearing in times that tried men's souls.

I was escorted to the Institute, where the Maryland Line was quartered; then to Holliday street, where Marshal Kane had his police and cannon. Everywhere the colors of the Confederacy were displayed —upon the houses and the people—as if all Baltimore was of one mind, and that was with the South; I was urged to tell the Virginia authorities to move the army from Harpers Ferry to Baltimore. Before leaving for Harpers Ferry that evening, I was told that John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, desired to talk to me. I went to his office, where I met him and the chief officers of the road.

JOHN W. GARRETT'S ADVICE.

He told me to go at once to Richmond, and tell the authorities there to move their men to Baltimore and make the fight there; that everything was favorable for such a move; the railroads north of Baltimore were cut and nothing from the west was leaving the city; that they were taking all the freight offered in the west, and that Baltimore was then full of supplies necessary to an army. They seemed much in earnest, and desirous to have the move made.

LEE REFUSED.

When I reached Harpers Ferry and delivered their messages to General Harper, he sent me immediately to Richmond. Arriving there the next day, I had an interview with General Lee, who, on the 23d of April, had been put in command of all the Virginia troops. He was eminently a cautious leader and did not approve of moving our forces to Baltimore. If the command of the troops had not been turned over to him, the armies of Virginia would have been marched to join the Marylanders in the defense of Baltimore, and the first battle of the war would have been fought there. Lee's caution may have lost Maryland from the list of Confederate States,

but from within her borders came many of the bravest men who followed the fortunes of the South. Her best blood stood in the forefront of most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. In numbers she may not have furnished her quota, but in heroism and self-denial they were peerless among the troops that followed the colors of the South.

E. H. McDONALD.

Charlestown, W. Va.

[From the Atlanta, Ga., *Journal*, November, 1901.]

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Fight Well Described by a Georgia Colonel.

"FIGHTING JOE" HOOKER BOASTED.

He was Confident and Restless, but Ultimately Learnt his Lesson—How Jackson Lost his Life—Some Brilliant Strategic Movements—Old Salem Church—Parts Played by Lee and Gordon.

General Hooker, commanding the Federal army in 1863, occupied the hills north of the Rappahannock river in rear of Fredericksburg, Va., with a force of about 125,000 thoroughly equipped and well seasoned troops. It was by far the best furnished body of soldiery at that time in the field on either side. It was commanded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," who had boasted "that while in command of the army of the west he had only been able to see the backs of the Confederate soldiers." He had been transferred to the army of the Potomac for the express purpose of taking Richmond. So sanguine was he of accomplishing this feat that he dated his general orders "Headquarters in the Saddle." General Lee's army of 59,000 veterans occupied the south bank of the river and in front of Fredericksburg. It was composed of Stonewall Jackson's and A. P. Hill's corps and McLaws' and Anderson's divisions of Longstreet's corps (Longstreet, with the balance of his corps, being at Suffolk, Va., some 200 miles away.)

HOOKER'S FORCE.

The restless Hooker, on the 1st and 2d of May, 1863, crossed the river immediately in front of the Confederate lines with a most formidable array of artillery, cavalry, and best equipped infantry in the service on either side—greater in numbers than General Lee had in his entire force to oppose him with. But the sequel soon proved the truth of the aphorism that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Hooker had also crossed the Rappahannock about the same time twelve miles above Fredericksburg with 75,000 men of all arms, resting each wing of his command at or near the banks of the river, and in the form of a crescent. In addition to this Hooker had sent a large body of cavalry under General Stoneman to cut off Lee's communication with Richmond. By this movement he thought he had Lee entirely surrounded and completely in his power, and boastingly announced in general orders to his forces that his, "the finest body of troops on the planet," would quickly destroy Lee and his army and be in Richmond in a very short time. The writer, just at this time, witnessed one of the grandest military spectacles ever beheld in modern times. He saw drawn up along the shores and adjacent plains of the Rappahannock river line after line of light and heavy artillery, with intervals between them; each line formed in regular order of battle and each supported by a full army corps and divisions of infantry and cavalry, extending almost as far back as the eye could reach. All these dazzling lines of armed men fairly glittering in blue and gold, with their polished guns, flashing sabres, and brilliantly colored standards, formed a picture of military splendor, when taken in connection with their vast numbers —all in full view of the comparatively small and poorly equipped forces of the Confederates, certainly seemed sufficient to appall the hearts of any but the brave, courageous, and intensely patriotic soldiers, who, relying on the justice of their cause, had resolved not to be intimidated by numbers or dismayed by all this magnificent display of martial grandeur. But as gloomy as the prospect was to the Southern troops, that wonderful military genius, the indomitable, daring, resourceful strategist, and leader, "Stonewall" Jackson was there and showed himself equal to the emergency.

JACKSON'S FEINT.

Late at night he resolved to make a personal inspection of the country roads and other approaches leading toward Hooker's rear

near Chancellorsville. Disguising himself, he silenty left camp about midnight. He had not gone far before he came upon a solitary Confederate soldier, squatted over a little fire, trying to cook tender a small piece of poor and very tough beef, his only ration. After conversing a short while with this lone ration cooker, he found him to be an intelligent and well informed man, one born and raised in the immediate neighborhood and thoroughly acquainted with every road and by-path in all that section.

After fully assuring himself of this man's reliability and fitness as a guide, he made himself known, and securing consent of the soldier's captain, took him with him, and soon by his guidance, had examined the ground in Hooker's rear. Jackson returned to his troops, and soon had them in motion in the direction of Richmond. This was only a feint, however, and induced the Federals to think that he (Jackson) was either unwilling to meet them in battle or had gone to look after Stoneman, who was endeavoring to cut off Lee's supplies. In this direction, however, Jackson did not go very far before he suddenly turned toward Hooker's rear, near Chancellorsville.

With his sharpshooters and a part of Stuart's cavalry between him and the enemy, thus concealing his main forces, he succeeded in carrying his men completely around the unsuspecting Federals.

While witnessing all this, the writer, though young, had had a fair military education while at school, and some experience while in command of a Georgia regiment, which was then on the ground with some other troops belonging to General Longstreet's corps, could not help thinking, and so expressed himself to one of his superior officers, that Lee, outnumbered as he was at least two or three to one, would be compelled to fall back. But this did not prove to be so, as the ubiquitous "Stonewall" was soon pouring heavy volleys from his artillery and infantry into the flanks and rear of Hooker's thoroughly surprised, and soon to be demoralized and routed legions. Taking advantage of Hooker's surprise, Jackson rushed forward with the velocity of a meteor and the fury of a thunderstorm, and pushed Hooker and his powerful army back until nightfall, when his victorious troops fell down from sheer exhaustion, and bivouacked on the field, surrounded on all sides by the wounded and slain of both armies.

ATTACK RENEWED.

After having again reconnoitered the ground and given his exhaust-

ed troops a few hours' rest, Jackson concluded to renew his attack that night. It was while returning from this last reconnoissance that he and the members of his staff were mistaken by his own men for a group of Federal cavalry, and fired upon. As a result of this disastrous mistake, Jackson received the wound from which he died a few days later. Just before his death, and while delirous, he uttered those notable and ever memorable words: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

About 10 o'clock that night the writer sat down with his back against a tree in the midst of his regiment, which was still in line of battle, and while endeavoring to snatch a few moments' sleep, he was suddenly aroused by the firing of musketry and artillery, which seemed to proceed from a point just beyond the enemy's lines. This firing proved to be by a detachment of our own troops that had silently reached Hooker's rear. It was these unfortunate shots that killed Stonewall Jackson, the right hand of Lee, one of the greatest generals of the army of Virginia, and the idol of the Confederacy.

The writer would here beg the indulgence of those who may ever take the time and trouble to peruse this hastily written and rather disconnected narrative of the battle of Chancellorsville and some of the heroic incidents directly connected therewith, to say that he had the honor on several occasions to post his regiment immediately around the great Stonewall Jackson at night, and guard him while he sought a few hours' repose. This sleep was usually taken just before day, and at a different place, though always within easy reach should his plans require speedy execution. He was invariably out of his ambulance, in which he usually slept, and in the saddle by daybreak. He was constantly moving. So it was exceedingly difficult for the enemy and even his own troops to locate him.

This policy was regarded as necessary, for the Federals, as was well known by us all, were always anxious to know Jackson's whereabouts, in order to evade, if possible, the sudden and generally irresistible onslaught he so often planned and rapidly executed, to their great discomforture.

UNDER STUART'S COMMAND.

Jackson being disabled, as before stated, his corps was placed under command of that indomitable, dashing cavalry general, J. E. B. Stuart, who, under the eye of Lee, forced Hooker back across the Rappahannock river, while A. P. Hill's corps and McLaw's division forced General Sedgewick, with his many army corps,

who were moving in the direction of Chancellorsville, in the rear of Lee, across the same river at Bank's ford. At this juncture the fate of our army seemed to hang upon a mere thread—the slightest error or mistake, though only of a feather's weight, might have turned the scale against us. The supreme moment had arrived. Sedgewick must be crushed, for he was already pressing Lee's rear, and was aiming to unite with Hooker, which might prove disastrous. But Lee, like the great and unequalled commander that he was, proved equal to the occasion. He had left General Gordon with several brigades at Hamilton's crossing to guard in the direction of Richmond. Gordon moved in echelon—that is, one brigade behind another at greater or less distance apart, forming a somewhat lengthened line of battle, each brigade ready by a rapid movement to support one another in case of either one meeting too strong resistance. He in this way struck Sedgewick's left flank and rear like a tornado, and poured such a torrent of shot and shell, grape and canister into his strongly massed legions as had seldom or never been seen before on any field of battle, while Lee in person, with McLaw's division, and such other troops as he had at hand, moved quickly in Sedgewick's front at Salem Church, piercing his centre. As his (Sedgewick's) left and rear had already suffered severely from Gordon's well-planned and well-executed attack his entire force was defeated and put to flight and compelled to cross the Rappahannock after midnight. This splendid echelon movement made by Gordon, which proved so successful, seemed to have come to him by intuition. He was a born soldier, and did not realize at the time that he was but repeating a movement that Poshua, Hannibal, Charlemagne and other eminent commandants had used ages before. Of all the brilliant victories achieved by General Gordon this one will be studied and admired by students of military science for coming generations. Certainly to Lee, Gordon, and all the officers and private soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia belong glory, honor, and fame, which will go sounding down the ages with increasing splendor and brilliance, and will inspire the youth of coming generations with patriotism, true courage, and every ennobling virtue that goes to make up the very noblest ideals of perfect, self-sacrificing manhood and devotion to duty.

With no desire to criticise or in the least to depreciate the chivalric valor of magnificent courage and heroism of the gallant troops of our Southern States, nor to underestimate the valor of our opponents, the writer, as a Georgian and commander of a Georgia regi-

ment, hopes that he will not be taxed with exaggeration, or as claiming undue credit for the troops of his native State, when he says they covered themselves with glory in the bloody conflict they took so conspicuous a part in and around Chancellorsville, Va., on the 3d and 4th of May, 1863. The Georgia troops who took prominent parts in the several engagements were those of Phillips's and Cobbs's legions and the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-fourth Georgia regiments—the latter regiment the writer had the honor of commanding. These brave sons of noble old Georgia did their duty well and unflinchingly, losing heavily both of officers and men. Hundreds upon hundreds of these brave boys are now filling unmarked graves and long neglected trenches in and around Chancellorsville and all along the banks of the Rappahannock. These silent homes of honor and neglected abodes of patriots still speak not only to Georgians, but to the entire world and say, we who lie here died in vindication of a righteous cause, a cause, though it failed, left not a stain on the unsullied escutcheon of our State or one foul blot on a single page of her history. No dishonorable act of ours in this contest should cause a blush to mantle the cheek of any honest, true-hearted Southern man.

OLD SALEM CHURCH.

Old Salem Church, around whose hallowed portals were enacted so many deeds of heroic valor and awful scenes of desperate conflicts, will long be remembered by every one who witnessed them. Scarcely ever before in the history of ancient or modern warfare was so horrible a spectacle of death and carnage presented to human sight. This venerable old edifice, that has so long been consecrated to God, and so long used for His service by the followers of the Prince of Peace, standing as it did, midway between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, was the very centre of one of the fiercest and most destructive battles of the war between the States. Here hundreds upon hundreds of the wounded of both armies were gathered up and brought for surgical attention—the building being used as a field hospital. The scenes of death and carnage witnessed here no human tongue or pen can adequately describe. Even the stoutest hearts of those who had been long inured to scenes of blood and suffering, stood pale and speechless and trembling as they beheld these heart-rending sights. After the house was filled the spacious churchyard was literally covered with wounded and dying. The sight inside the building, for horror, was, perhaps, never equalled within so limited

a space, every available foot of space was crowded with wounded and bleeding soldiers. The floor, the benches, even the chancel and pulpit were all packed almost to suffocation with them.

The amputated limbs were piled up in every corner almost as high as a man could reach; blood flowed in streams along the aisles and out at the doors; screams and groans were heard on all sides, while the surgeons, with their assistants, worked with knives, saws, sutures, and bandages to relieve or save all they could from bleeding to death. These heart-rending horrors are now, after nearly forty years has elapsed, as vivid in the memory of the writer, and probably in the memories of many others who witnessed them, as though they had occurred but on yesterday.

This venerable old edifice was badly wrecked during the battle, but in consideration of the fact that the wounded Federals received just as tender and careful treatment at the hands of our surgeons and their assistants as the Confederates did, caused some generous citizens of the North soon after the war closed, to show their appreciation of the kindness shown their suffering soldiers, had the house rebuilt in a very handsome manner. So old Salem Church stands to-day one of the most beautiful houses of worship in all that part of the country, and a noted landmark of one of the bloodiest battles of the late civil war.

In conclusion, I will state that seldom so overwhelming a victory was ever gained over such fearful odds as General Lee's over General Hooker at Chancellorsville. By it, Richmond was saved and the Federal army, one of the largest and best appointed that had ever been encountered by our troops up to that time, was thoroughly beaten and forced to save itself from almost utter extermination by ignominious retreat. According to statistics taken from Hooker's and Lee's reports, now on record at Washington, and recently published, is taken the following figures: Hooker had in the action 113,838 troops, 404 pieces of artillery, besides small arms, and lost 17,287 men, while Lee had only 59,681 troops, 160 cannon, besides small arms, and lost 12,000 men. These figures clearly show the military genius, skill, and ability of General Lee and his subordinate officers as well as the pure metal of which the Confederate soldier, from the highest officer to the humblest man in the ranks, was composed.

Colonel C. C. Sanders,
Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiment.

[From the Charlotte *Observer*, November, 1901.]

A CONFEDERATE PLAN FOR ARMING THE SLAVES.

It was overlooked at the time of its publication in the Richmond *Dispatch*, but the New York *Sun* makes a summary of a strikingly interesting documentary contribution to our Richmond contemporary by Mr. Irving A. Black, who, during the civil war, was assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Patrick R. Cleburne, who commanded a division in Hardie's corps of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee. The document is a paper prepared by General Cleburne in December, 1863, in which for the first time a military officer of prominence definitely advocated the employment of slaves as soldiers for the South. The paper was submitted to the brigadier-generals of the division, and Mr. Buck's recollection is that the project was approved by them unanimously; but when it was referred to the general officers of the army it was opposed by several of them, though, continues Mr. Buck, "my impression is that Generals Hardie and Johnston, however, declined to forward the paper to the War Department on the ground that in tenor it was more political than military. Subsequently it was sent through another channel to Jefferson Davis, who indorsed on it these words, substantially:

"While recognizing the patriotic motives of its distinguished author, I deem it inexpedient, at this time, to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed.

"J. D."

All copies were supposed to have been suppressed, but a few years ago one was found among the effects of a deceased officer of General Cleburne's staff and sent to the Confederate Record Office of the War Department at Washington, by which it was referred to Mr. Buck for authentication.

General Cleburne in this paper, according to the narrative, described the straits to which the Confederacy was reduced in the latter part of 1863, and said:

"In this state of things it is easy to understand why there is a growing belief that some black catastrophe is not far ahead of us, and that unless some extraordinary change is soon made in our condition we must overtake it."

The "extraordinary change" advised by him was this:

"That we retain in service for the war all troops now in the service, and that we immediately commence training a large reserve of the most courageous of our slaves; and, further, that we guarantee freedom within a reasonable time to every slave in the South who shall remain true to the Confederacy in this war."

He goes on to argue his case with very considerable ability, referring finally, to the military aptitude of negroes as displayed in the Union army and elsewhere, and concluding by saying that "If they can be made to face and fight bravely against their former masters, how much more probable is it that with the allurement of a higher reward, and led by those masters, they would submit to discipline and face dangers?"

General Cleburne—an Irishman born and a gallant spirit—was killed in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. A little while before this event, a bill had been introduced in the Confederate Congress which embodied some of the features of his plan. It was bitterly opposed, a representative from Mississippi saying, for example:

"All nature cries out against it. The negro was ordained to slavery by the Almighty. Emancipation would be the destruction of our social and political system. God forbid that this Trojan horse should be introduced among us."

Finally, however, the bill was passed, but with a provision "that nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relation of the said slaves." But Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, had denounced it as involving emancipation, advancing this argument, among others, that "negroes now are deterred from going to the enemy only by the fear of being put in the army. If we put them in they will all go over." But the bill passed only a few months before General Lee's surrender, and never became operative.

The *Sun* asks whether or not, if it had been made effective at the time General Cleburne proposed it, it might not have changed the whole course of events. Reason and religion both say no. The seeds of that war were implanted in the Constitution, and their germination was only a question of time. War was inevitable, and, like other things, the manner of its termination was directed by the innate Power. But for the consolation afforded by this belief, the Southern people, at its conclusion, would have been of all men most miserable.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, December 1, 1901.]

WILLIAMSBURG JUNIOR GUARDS.

Battle-Roll of a Gallant Band, Worth Preserving.

The Thirty-second Virginia Regiment was organized in 1861, by Colonel B. S. Ewell (late emeritus president of William and Mary College), the brother of General Richard S. Ewell, and classmate of General U. S. Grant and other celebrities, at West Point. The Colonel afterwards served on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, in the South.

On our retreat from the Peninsula, when General Joseph E. Johnston came down from Manassas to assist General J. Bankhead McGruder, who was confronted by the superior forces of General Geo. B. McClellan, we dared to hold a company election at Bottom's bridge, by bivouac, when quite all the officers were changed. In the face of the enemy, such would never have been allowed in any European army. It was accomplished, however, without a hitch of unpleasantness. Octavius Coke, brother of your fellow-townsmen, John A. and Alexander Coke, was made captain; Robert P. Taylor, a gallant comrade, first lieutenant, and John H. Barlow, Jr., a splendid fellow, second lieutenant. The Williamsburg Junior Guards, as Company C, was merged into the Thirty-second Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, Colonel Edward Montague, of Essex county, commanding, and Dr. James Semple, of Hampton, regimental surgeon. This regiment was with General J. E. B. Stuart when he was killed, and bore a severe part, under heavy fire, in the battles of Yellow Tavern, Gettysburg, etc. When the battle of Yellow Tavern was over, Robert A. Lively discovered a minie ball, which is now in the possession of his son, R. A. Lively, Jr., at Covington, Ky., coiled, or rather flattened, in a pair of yarn socks he had in his haversack, to which may be attributed his escape from death.

Out of the eighty-six boys who organized (only enough men in the company for officers), as the "Williamsburg Junior Guards," only a few returned to their homes in 1865, to tell the tale, and today only an infinitesimal margin remains. The rest have gone to join the "ages." Their mothers had offered them as a sacrifice

upon the altar of their Southern homes and firesides, with the injunction of the Spartan, to "return with their shield or on it."

By some good luck I preserved this list (in pencil), and although nearly effaced, I hasten to send it to you, that the "art preservative of all arts" may transmit it as a reminiscence of the glorious past, filled with grandeur and pathos, without a solitary regret.

Perhaps the roster of Company C would be comfortable reading for the present generation in and about old Williamsburg.

The accompanying list of names suggests much that is mingled with a sense of joy and sadness. When the war bugle's blast was heard through our land, these boys were among the first to put on their armor. The opportunity to maintain their prestige, for really they felt that the mantle of their fathers had fallen upon their shoulders, was cheerfully accepted.

Colonel Joseph V. Bidgood, of your city, has reminded me of some facts I had quite forgotten. When Dr. Pettit, adjutant of the Thirty-second, was killed at Sharpsburg, Mr. Bidgood was promoted from sergeant-major to adjutant.

I observe that of the list Colonel W. Miles Cary is a resident of your city, basking on the hillsides of mature thought, waiting to hear the "keel strike on the other shore."

THE ROLL.

Officers—J. A. Henley, captain; W. H. E. Morecock, first lieutenant; H. M. Waller, second lieutenant; Dr. Leonard Henley, third lieutenant; Octavius Coke, orderly sergeant; Parke Jones, second sergeant; J. F. Bowery, third sergeant; R. L. Henley (late county judge), fourth sergeant; W. T. Christian, fifth sergeant; W. E. Moss, color-bearer; A. J. Hofheimer, first corporal; R. A. Bowery, second corporal; W. W. Lee, third corporal; W. H. Barlow, fourth corporal.

Privates—Thomas Mercer, W. H. Pierce, John Pierce, John H. Dix, J. H. Barlow, Jr., T. J. Barlow, R. G. Barlow, G. O. Ball, J. V. Bidgood, William Burke, R. Barham, W. Miles Cary, J. W. Clarke, C. B. Coakley, R. Crandall, Thomas C. Carrington, G. W. Clowes, J. A. Davis, J. W. Davis, S. N. Deneufville, Henry L. Dix, W. C. Durfey, W. F. Gilliam, W. G. Gatewood, Benjamin Gilliam, R. J. Griffin, J. R. Harwood, J. M. Johnson, G. W. Jackson, H. T. Jones, Jr., J. C. Lucas, W. H. Lee, Edward M. Lee, Edward Henley Lively, Robert Allen Lively, R. C. Lawson, L. Lukehard,

A. J. Lane, T. A. Moss, J. A. J. Moss, George H. Mercer, H. V. Morris, H. A. Morris, J. W. Morris, F. P. Morrison, Samuel Maupin, D. R. Mahone, H. P. Moore, C. W. Mahone, J. H. Mahone, Howard L. McCandlish, R. Owens, Benjamin F. Piggott, John T. Parham, B. H. Ratcliffe, J. Ratcliffe, C. H. Richardson, Ludwell P. Slater, J. Simcoe, S. Simcoe, M. Spraggins, R. B. Shelburne, Isaac Smith, Talbot Sweeney, F. R. Sykes, L. Taylor, R. P. Taylor, William Vaughan, T. H. Whiting, J. T. H. Wilkins, J. B. Wilkins, William Wilkins, A. L. Williamson, J. M. Walthall, William H. Yerby.

Markers—B. W. Bowery and J. H. Maupin.

Respectfully submitted,

E. H. Lively.

Spokane, State of Washington, northwest, Nov. 4, 1901.

P. S.—Of the above I recognize only fourteen as living to-day.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, February 9, 1902.]

THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

Errors Corrected as to General Lee in the Breach to the Finality of Possible Endeavor.

GEN. LEE DID NOT CONTEMPLATE EARLY SURRENDER.

Lincoln offered no Terms—The Veteran Statesman Denies that the Confederate Commissioners could have Ended the War upon Conditions that would have been Satisfactory and Creditable to the Southen People.

Hon. John Goode, President of the Constitutional Convention, one of the few survivors of the Confederate Congress, has, at the request of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, furnished that body with a paper that is a most valuable contribution to Confederate history.

Some time ago in addressing the Camp, Mr. Goode stated that he

wished to correct two errors of history. One was that General Lee, shortly before his surrender, advised the Confederate authorities that further resistance would be useless, and the other was that at the so-called peace conference in Hampton Roads, the Confederate commissioners, if they had displayed real statesmanship, could have secured terms by which the war could have been ended on terms satisfactory and creditable to the Southern people. Mr. Goode was requested to write out his recollections as to these matters for publication. He shows conclusively that General Lee, not very long before the surrender, manifested and expressed his intention to carry on the war. Mr. Goode also makes it very plain that Mr. Lincoln did not offer any terms to the South which our people could have even thought of accepting.

MR. GOODE'S PAPER.

The very interesting paper prepared by Mr. Goode is as follows:

In compliance with the request of R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, I give my personal recollection as to two matters, which have recently engaged to some extent the public attention:

First. It has been asserted that General Lee, a short time before the collapse of the Confederacy, advised the Confederate authorities that further resistance was useless, and that he recommended a cessation of hostilities upon the best terms that could be obtained. I am satisfied from my own personal knowledge that this is a mistake.

A few days before the final adjournment of the Confederate Congress, on the 18th of March, 1865, I received a message from President Davis, through Colonel Lubbock, a member of his staff, that he desired to see me on important business at his office. I responded at once, and upon my arrival I found Mr. Davis and General Lee in consultation. After an exchange of salutations, Mr. Davis said he had sent for me to request my opinion as to the willingness of the people of Virginia to submit to further demands upon them for supplies of food and clothing which were absolutely necessary to maintain the army in the field.

After some general conversation, in which General Lee said but little, I replied to the inquiry of the President by saying that while I believed the people of Virginia were prepared to make still further sacrifices in support of the cause they held so dear, I preferred that the other representatives from Virginia should be consulted, and suggested that they should be invited to the conference. This sug-

gestion was adopted, and all the Virginia representatives, fifteen in number, by the invitation of the President, met him, his cabinet, and General Lee, in the afternoon of the same day, at 4 o'clock. At this meeting there was a full and free interchange of opinion, and all the representatives concurred in saying that in their opinion the people of Virginia would be found ready and willing to meet any demand that might be made upon them, in the same spirit of loyalty and devotion that had characterized them since the commencement of the struggle. During the interview General Lee explained the situation fully from a military standpoint. He referred to the length of the line he was obliged to defend, to the number of effective men, and the great scarcity of food for his soldiers and forage for his animals; but he did not say nor did he intimate in any manner whatever, that in his opinion the cause was lost, and that the time for surrender had come.

It will be remembered that two or three weeks after the interview above referred to, he said in a note to General Grant, that the time for the surrender of his army had not arrived. He was a soldier, and doubtless felt that it was not his province to volunteer advice to the political department of the government, but to make the best fight he could with the means the government was able to place at his disposal.

THE SECOND QUESTION.

Secondly. It has been charged by some that if the Confederate authorities had exhibited real statesmanship, an arrangement might have been made by which the slave-owners would have been paid for their slave property, and that such an offer was actually made by the United States authorities in the famous Hampton Roads conference. This is also, in my opinion, a great mistake.

As is well known, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, on the morning of the 3d of February, 1865, met on board a steamer at Fortress Monroe, Messrs. Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell, who had been appointed commissioners by President Davis. The object of the conference was to ascertain upon what terms and in what way the war could be terminated. As is well known, the conference was a failure. Upon the return of the commissioners to Richmond, I heard two of them—Mr. Stephens and Mr. Hunter—discuss the incidents of the conference with members of Congress at the Capitol, and they did not intimate that any proposition whatever had been made to pay the owners of slaves for

their property. My recollection on this point is very clear, and it is supported by the official report signed by all three of the commissioners, the message of President Davis communicating that report to the Confederate Senate and House of Representatives, the message of President Lincoln to the House of Representatives of the United States, when he returned to Washington, and by a published statement made within the last few years by Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, who was a member of the Confederate Cabinet. They all show conclusively, in my judgment, that the United States authorities refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States, or any of them separately, and that no truce or armistice would be granted without a satisfactory assurance in advance of the complete restoration of the authority of the United States. In other words, nothing would be accepted but an unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederate authorities. It is true that in the course of the conference the subject of slavery was discussed informally. Mr. Lincoln said that as an individual, he would be in favor of paying a fair indemnity to the owners for the loss of their slaves, but on this subject he declared emphatically that he could give no assurance and enter into no stipulation.

Perhaps it may be of interest to the Camp to reproduce here the following article prepared by myself and published in the *Forum* several years ago.

"HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE."

"One of the most interesting episodes of the war between the States was the informal conference that took place in Hampton Roads on the 3d of February, 1865. The conference was held on board of a steamer anchored near Fortress Monroe, and the participants were President Lincoln and William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, on the one hand, and Alexander H. Stephens, Robert M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell, commissioners appointed by President Davis, on the other. There has long been considerable misapprehension in the public mind as to the origin, objects and results of that conference. As I was a member of the Confederate Congress at that time, and had to some extent an inside view of the situation, I propose to give my recollection of the incident referred to.

In the beginning of the year 1865, the prospects of the Southern Confederacy were gloomy indeed. Grant with his hosts had swung

around upon a new base, and was at City Point on the James river threatening Petersburg and Richmond, then defended by the Army of Northern Virginia under the incomparable Lee. That army during the preceding year had covered itself with imperishable glory in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania Courthouse and at Cold Harbor. Numbering less than sixty thousand men, it had inflicted a loss of more than fifty thousand upon the enemy in the campaign, resulting in Grant's change of base. But with inadequate supplies of food and clothing, it was then suffering all the discomforts and hardships of winter in the trenches around Petersburg and Richmond. Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia with a powerful and well-equipped army, had driven back Early with his little band of Confederates, and had completely devasted that beautiful and fertile region. Sherman, after destroying Atlanta and laying waste the surrounding country, was at Savannah with an army of sixty-five thousand men, prepared to march through the Carolinas and form a junction with Grant in Virginia. Such was the military situation when in the early part of January, 1865, Mr. Francis P. Blair, Sr., a gentleman of great ability and acknowledged influence with the Administration at Washington, made his appearance at Richmond. He brought with him no credentials, but exhibited to Mr. Davis the following card:

"DECEMBER 28, 1864.

"Allow the bearer, F. P. Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go South and return.

(Signed) "A. LINCOLN."

MR. BLAIR'S RETURN.

After a private interview with Mr. Davis, Mr. Blair returned to Washington and in a few days came again to Richmond. Another consultation was held, in the course of which Mr. Blair suggested to Mr. Davis that a suspension of hostilities might be brought about by a secret military convention between the belligerents for the purpose of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine on this continent, and thereby preventing the threatened establishment of an Empire by France in Mexico. He frankly declared that in his opinion the final result of the proposed military convention and the suspension of hostilities would be the restoration of the Union. On January 12th Mr. Davis handed to Mr. Blair the following letter:

"RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 12, 1865.

"*F. P. Blair, Esq.:*

"SIR,—I have deemed it proper and probably desirable to you to give you in this form the substance of the remarks made by me to be repeated by you to President Lincoln, etc. I have no disposition to find obstacles in forms, and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace. I am ready to send a commissioner whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received, or to receive a commission if the United States Government shall choose to send one. Notwithstanding the rejection of our former offers, I would, if you could promise that a commission, minister or other agent would be received, appoint one immediately and renew the effort to enter into a conference with a view to secure peace to the two countries.

"Yours, etc.,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

On January 18th, Mr. Lincoln delivered to Mr. Blair the following communication, with the understanding that it should be shown to Mr. Davis:

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1865.

"*F. P. Blair, Esq.:*

"SIR,—You having shown me Mr. Davis' letter to you of the 12th instant, you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue, ready to receive any agent whom he or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send me, with a view of securing peace to the people of our common country.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. LINCOLN."

After having seen the foregoing letter and after consultation with his Cabinet, Mr. Davis on the 8th of January, appointed Alexander H. Stephens, Robert M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell as commissioners to proceed to Washington and hold an informal conference with Mr. Lincoln upon the subject referred to in his letter of the 18th of January, addressed to Mr. Blair. It was intended that the affair should be conducted with the utmost secrecy, but the absence of such prominent officials necessarily attracted attention, and the public soon ascertained that an important movement was on foot. Mr. Stephens at that time was Vice-President; Mr. Hunter was

President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, and Judge Campbell was Assistant Secretary of War. On January 29th, the commissioners went from Richmond to Petersburg, and on the following day addressed the following communication to General Grant:

"PETERSBURG, VA., Jan. 30, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant,*
Commanding Armies of the United States:

"SIR,—We desire to pass your lines under safe conduct and to proceed to Washington, to hold a conference with President Lincoln upon the subject of the existing war, and with a view of ascertaining upon what terms it may be terminated, in pursuance of the course indicated by him in his letter to Mr. Blair, of January 18, 1865, of which we presume you have a copy, and if not we wish to see you in person, if convenient, and to confer with you on the subject.

"Very respectfully yours,

"ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
"J. A. CAMPBELL,
"R. M. T. HUNTER."

In reply the following was received by the commissioners at Petersburg, dated at headquarters army of the United States, January 31, 1865, and signed by U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General:

"GENTLEMEN,—Your communication of yesterday requesting an interview with myself and a safe conduct to Washington and return, is received. I will instruct the commanding officers of the forces near Petersburg, notifying you at what part of the lines and the time when and where conveyances will be ready for you. Your letter to me has been telegraphed to Washington for instructions. I have no doubt that before you arrive at my headquarters, an answer will be received directing me to comply with your request. Should a different reply be received, I promise you a safe and immediate return within your own lines.

"Yours very respectfully."

MEETING OF COMMISSIONERS.

In the afternoon of the same day the commissioners were met at a point previously designated on the Federal lines by Lieut.-Col.

Babcock, with an escort and conducted to General Grant's headquarters, at City Point. They were received by General Grant with marked civility and courtesy and remained with him two days before they could arrive at an understanding with the authorities at Washington as to the conditions upon which they would be allowed to proceed. On February 1st, Major Thomas T. Eckert, who had been sent with instructions from Mr. Lincoln as to the request of the commissioners, addressed to them a letter, in which he informed them that if they passed through the United States military lines, it would be understood that they did so for the purpose of an informal conference on the basis of a paper prepared by Mr. Lincoln, a copy of which was placed in their hands. Without going into all the details of the correspondence between the commissioners and Major Eckert, it is sufficient to state that on February 1st, he telegraphed to Washington that the reply of the commissioners was not satisfactory and that he had notified them that they could not proceed further unless they complied with the conditions expressed in Mr. Lincoln's letter. On February 2d, the following telegram was sent by General Grant to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"*To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

"Now that the interview between Major Eckert under his written instructions, and Mr. Stephens and party has ended, I will state confidentially, but not officially to become a matter of record, that I am convinced, upon conversation with Messrs. Stephen and Hunter that their intentions are good and their desire sincere to restore peace and union. I have not felt myself at liberty to express even views of my own or to account for my reticence. This has placed me in an awkward position which I could have avoided by not seeing them in the first instance. I fear now their going back without any expression to any one in authority will have a bad influence. At the same time I recognize the difficulties in the way of receiving these informal commissioners at this time and I do not know what to recommend. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Lincoln cannot have an interview with the two named in this dispatch, if not all three now within our lines. Their letter to me was all that the President's instructions contemplated, to secure their safe conduct, if they had used the same language to Captain Eckert.

"U. S. GRANT,
"*Lieutenant-General.*"

As soon as the foregoing telegram was shown to Mr. Lincoln, he telegraphed to General Grant as follows:

"*To Lieutenant-General Grant, City Point, Va.:*

"Say to the gentlemen that I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe as soon as I can get there.

"A. LINCOLN."

At the same time he sent to Mr. Seward, who had already gone to Fortress Monroe, the following telegram:

"*To Hon. William H. Seward, Fortress Monroe, Va.:*

"Induced by a dispatch from General Grant, I join you at Fortress Monroe as soon as I can come.

"A. LINCOLN."

STEPHENS AND LINCOLN.

On the morning of February 3d, the commissioners met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on board of a steamer anchored in Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Lincoln had been acquaintances and friends in former years. They had been in the House of Representatives at the same time, had belonged to the same political party and as members of the "Congressional Taylor Club," had co-operated in the nomination and election of Zachary Taylor to the presidency in 1848.

At the beginning of the interview, Mr. Stephens, addressing himself to Mr. Lincoln, made pleasant allusion to their former acquaintance and friendship, to which the latter cordially responded. After mutual inquiries as to former congressional associates, Mr. Stephens introduced the business of the meeting by inquiring of Mr. Lincoln if there was no way of putting an end to the existing troubles, and bringing about a restoration of good feeling and harmony between the different sections of the country. At this point Mr. Seward interposed and said it was understood that the conference would be informal; that there would be no clerk or secretary and no record made of anything that was said. The commissioners having assented to this understanding, Mr. Stephens repeated his inquiry, and in reply Mr. Lincoln said that there was but one way that he knew of and that was for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance. Mr. Stephens replied in substance that they had been induced to believe there might be some other question, some continental question that might divert the attention of

both parties for a time from the questions involved in the existing strife until the passions on both sides might cool, when they would be in better temper to come to an amicable and proper adjustment, etc. Mr. Lincoln at once understood Mr. Stephens as referring to what Mr. Blair had suggested in his interviews with Mr. Davis. He said it was proper to state at the beginning that whatever Mr. Blair had said was of his own accord, and without the least authority from him; that when Mr. Blair applied for a passport to go to Richmond and desired to present certain views, he had declined to hear them; that he had given the passport, but without any authority whatever to speak for him; that when Mr. Blair returned from Richmond bringing with him Mr. Davis' letter, he had given the one alluded to in the application of the commissioners for permission to cross the lines; that he was always willing to hear propositions for peace, on the condition of that letter, and on no other; that the restoration of the Union was a *sine qua non* with him, and hence his instructions that no conference was to be held except upon that basis. After a short pause in the conversation Mr. Stevens continued to urge the adoption of the line of policy indicated by Mr. Blair, and claimed that it would most probably result in a restoration of the Union without further bloodshed. Among other things he said that the principles of the Monroe Doctrine were directly involved in the contest then going on in Mexico; that the Administration at Washington, according to all accounts, was decidedly opposed to the establishment of an Empire in Mexico by France, and wished to maintain the right of self-government to all peoples on this continent against the dominion or control of any European power. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward concurred in the statement that such was the feeling of a majority of the Northern people. Then, said Mr. Stephens, "could not both parties in our contest come to an understanding and agreement to postpone their present strife by a suspension of hostilities between themselves until this principle is maintained in behalf of Mexico; and might it not when successfully sustained there, naturally, and would it not almost inevitably lead to a peaceful and harmonious solution of their own difficulties? Could any pledge now given make a permanent restoration of reorganization of the Union more probable or even so probable as such a result would?" Mr. Lincoln replied with earnestness that he could entertain no proposition for ceasing active military operations which was not based upon a pledge first given for the ultimate restoration of the Union. He had considered the question of an armistice fully, and

could not give his consent to any proposition of that sort on the basis suggested. The settlement of existing difficulties was a question of supreme importance, and the only basis on which he would entertain a proposition for a settlement was the recognition and re-establishment of the national authority throughout the land. As the commissioners had no authority to give any such pledge, the conference seemed to be at an end.

According to an understanding between the commissioners before entering into the conference that if they failed in securing the armistice, they would then endeavor to ascertain upon what terms the Administration at Washington would be willing to end the war. Judge Campbell inquired in what way the settlement for a restoration of the Union was to be made. He wished to know something of the details. Mr. Seward then said he desired that any answer to Judge Campbell's inquiry might be postponed until the general ideas advanced by Mr. Stephens might be more fully developed. There was a general acquiescence in this suggestion, and Mr. Stephens proceeded to elaborate his views more fully. They were substantially as follows:

THE TERMS DISCUSSED.

That the Monroe Doctrine assumed the position that no European Power should impose governments upon any peoples on this continent against their will; that the principle of the sovereign right of local self-government was peculiarly sacred to the people of the United States, as well as to the people of the Confederate States; that the Emperor of France was at that time attempting to violate this great principle in Mexico; that the suspension of hostilities and allowance of time for the blood of our people on both sides to cool towards each other, would probably lead the public mind to a clearer understanding of those principles which ought to constitute the basis of the settlement of existing difficulties; that the settlement of the Mexican question in this way would necessarily lead to a peaceful settlement of our own; that whenever it should be determined that this right of local self-government is the principle on which all American institutions rest, all the States might reasonably be expected to return of their own accord to their former relations to the Union just as they came together at first by their own consent and for their mutual interests; that we might become indeed and in truth an oceanbound Federal Republic, under the operation of this continental regulator, the ultimate, absolute sovereignty of each State.

He concluded by saying that this Mexican question might afford a very opportune occasion for reaching a proper solution of our own troubles without any further effusion of fraternal blood. Mr. Seward, while admitting that the views presented by Mr. Stevens had something specious about them in theory, argued at considerable length to show that practically no system of government founded upon them could be successfully worked, and that the Union could never be restored or maintained on that basis. He then inquired of Mr. Stephens as to the details of the plan he had in view for effecting the proposed purpose. Mr. Stephens replied that he had no fixed plan, but there were several which might be suggested. The whole matter might be easily arranged by a military convention known only to the authorities at Washington and Richmond. This convention could be made to embrace not only a suspension of actual hostilities on all the frontier lines, but also other matters involving the execution of the laws in States having two sets of authorities, one recognized by the Confederate States and the other adhering to the National Government. All these matters of detail might be easily adjusted if they should first determine upon an armistice for that purpose. Mr. Hunter said that there was not unanimity in the South upon the subject of undertaking the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, and it was not probable that any arrangement could be made by which the Confederate States would agree to join in sending any portion of their army into Mexico. In that view his colleagues on the commission fully concurred. Mr. Lincoln, while admitting that as President he might properly enter into a military convention for some of the purposes proposed, repeated his determination to do nothing which would suspend military operations, unless it was first agreed that the national authority was to be restored throughout the country. That was the first question to be settled. He could enter into no treaty, convention or stipulation with the Confederate States, jointly or separately, upon that or any other subject but upon the basis first settled, that the Union was to be restored. Any such agreement or stipulation would be a *quasi* recognition of the States then in array against the National Government as a separate power. That he never could do. Judge Campbell then renewed his inquiry as to how restoration was to take place, supposing that the Confederate States were consenting to it. Mr. Lincoln replied, by disbanding their armies and permitting the National authorities to resume their functions. Mr. Seward then said that Mr. Lincoln could not express himself more clearly or forcibly

in reference to that question than he had done in his message to Congress in December, 1864, and proceeded to state its substance from memory. Judge Campbell said that the war had necessarily given rise to questions which ought to be adjusted, before a harmonious restoration of former relations could properly be made. He referred to the disbandment of the army, which would require time, and to the Confiscation Acts on both sides, under which property had been sold, the title to which would be affected by the facts existing when the war ended, unless provided for by stipulations. Mr. Seward replied that as to all questions involving rights of property, the courts would determine, and that Congress would no doubt be liberal in making restoration of confiscated property or providing indemnity. Mr. Stephens inquired what would be the status of that portion of the slave population in the Confederate States which had not then become free under the Emancipation Proclamation, or in other words, what effect that proclamation would have upon the entire black population. Mr. Lincoln said that was a judicial question and he did not know how the courts would decide it. His own opinion was that as the proclamation was a war measure and would have effect only from its being an exercise of the war power, as soon as the war ended it would be inoperative for the future. It would be held to apply only to such slaves as had come under its operation while it was in active exercise. That was his individual opinion, but the courts might decide differently. Mr. Seward said there were only about two hundred thousand slaves who up to that time had come under the actual operation of the proclamation, and who were then in the enjoyment of their freedom under it, so if the war should then cease, the status of much the larger portion of the slaves would be subject to judicial construction. He also called attention to the proposed Constitutional Amendment providing for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the United States. He said that was done as a war measure, and if the war were then to cease it would probably not be adopted by a sufficient number of States to make it a part of the Constitution. In answer to an inquiry by Mr. Stephens, whether the Confederate States would be admitted to representation in Congress if they should abandon the war, Mr. Lincoln said his own individual opinion was that they ought to be, and he thought that they would be, but that he could not enter into any stipulation on that subject. Mr. Stephens having urged the importance of coming to some understanding as to the method of procedure in case the Confederate States should en-

tertain the proposition of a return to the Union, Mr. Lincoln repeated that he could not enter into any agreement on that subject with parties in array against the government.

NOT POSTED ON HISTORY.

Mr. Hunter in illustrating the propriety of the Executive entering into agreements with persons in arms against the rightful public authority referred to instances of that character between Charles I, of England, and the people in arms against him. Mr. Lincoln said he did not profess to be posted in history, and would turn Mr. Hunter over to Mr. Seward on all such matters. "All I distinctly recollect," said he, "about the case of Charles I, is that he lost his head in the end." Mr. Lincoln subsequently discussed fully his emancipation proclamation. He said it was not his intention in the beginning to interfere with slavery in the States; that he never would have done it if he had not been compelled by necessity to do it, to maintain the Union; that the subject presented many difficult and perplexing questions; that he had hesitated for some time, and had resorted to that measure only when driven to it by public necessity; that he had been in favor of the prohibition by the general government of the extension of slavery into the Territories, but did not think the government possessed power over the subject in the States except as a war measure, and that he had always been in favor of gradual emancipation. Mr. Seward also spoke at length upon the progress of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, and said that what he had thought would require forty or fifty years of agitation to accomplish would certainly be attained in a much shorter time. Other matters relating to the evils of immediate emancipation, especially the sufferings which would necessarily attend the old and infirm, as well as the women and children, were then referred to. These were fully admitted by Mr. Lincoln, but as to them he illustrated his position with an anecdote about the Illinois farmer and his hogs. An Illinois farmer was congratulating himself with a neighbor upon a great discovery he had made, by which he would economize much time and labor in gathering and taking care of the food crop for his hogs, as well as trouble in looking after and feeding them during the winter. "What is it?" said the neighbor. "Why it is," said the farmer, "to plant plenty of potatoes, and when they are mature, without either digging or housing them, turn the hogs in the field and let them get their own food as they want it."

"But," said the neighbor, "how will they do when the winter comes and the ground is hard frozen?" "Well," said the farmer, "let 'em root."

AS TO WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. Hunter enquired of Mr. Lincoln what, according to his idea, would be the result of the restoration of the Union as to West Virginia. Mr. Lincoln said he could only give his individual opinion, which was that West Virginia would continue to be recognized as a separate State in the Union. Mr. Hunter then very forcibly summed up the conclusions which seemed to him to be logically deducible from the conference. In his judgment, they amounted to nothing as a basis of peace but an unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederate States, and their people. Mr. Seward insisted that no words like unconditional surrender had been used or any importing or justly implying degradation or humiliation to people of the Confederate States. He did not think that yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights as they might be declared by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors, or as having anything humiliating in it. After considerable discussion on that point between Mr. Hunter and Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the Confiscation Acts and other penal acts were concerned their enforcement would be left entirely to him, and he should exercise the power of the executive with the utmost liberality. He said he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves; that he believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; that if the war should then cease with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States he should be in favor individually of the payment by the government of a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners; that he believed this feeling was very extensive at the North, but on this subject he said he could give no assurance and enter into no stipulation. The conference, after a session of about four hours, then terminated, and the parties took formal and friendly leave of each other. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward returned to Washington, and Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell went back to City Point under the escort of Col. Babcock. They there again met General Grant and he was evidently disappointed that nothing had been accomplished in the effort to bring about a suspension of hostilities. It is proper to say that the facts

herein stated have been gathered from the report of the commissioners, bearing date February 5, 1865, from the message of Mr. Davis to the Confederate Senate and House of Representatives, communicated on February 6, 1865, from the message of Mr. Lincoln to the United States House of Representatives, sent in answer to a resolution soon after his return from Fortress Monroe, from conversations held with two of the commissioners and from the narrative of Mr. Stephens published soon after the termination of the war.

The failure of the conference was a great disappointment, not only to the authorities at Richmond, but to the people generally. Mr. Davis* in his message to the Confederate Senate and House of Representatives transmitting the report of the commissioners accepted the action of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward as showing that they refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States, or any of them separately, or to give to our people any other terms or guarantees than those which the conqueror may grant, or to permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule, coupled with the acceptance of their recent legislation on the subject of the relations between the white and black populations of past States. In a public address delivered before a large audience at the African church, in Richmond, soon after the return of the commissioners, he aroused the people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and incited them to renewed determination to continue the struggle and stake all upon the issue. His speech was characterized by the boldest and most defiant tone, and was delivered in his loftiest and most captivating style. As a specimen of real oratory it has never been surpassed, not even by the fiery eloquence of Rienzi, when he stirred the hearts of the Romans to their utmost depths, or by the burning words of Demosthenes, when he moved the Athenians to cry out against Philip. There

* It has been a question of momentous consideration, as to the statement, ever and anon put forward, that Mr. Davis instructed the commissioners to consider no proposition that did not recognize absolutely the independence of the Southern Confederacy—an instruction to be deemed autocratical at least—if he gave such instruction. Our commissioners could scarcely have been so tethered when the gravity of the situation of the Southern Confederacy then, should have impressed—from confronting circumstances—alike President, Commander-in-Chief Lee—(peerless in nobility and sublime in self-immolation) to the private in the van-guard—all-but naked and famishing, but steadfastly holding in check the elate, increasing, perfectly-equipped, encompassing foe.

were other speakers on the occasion referred to, and among them were Gustavus A. Henry, the "Eagle Orator" of Tennessee, then a member of the Senate, and the silver-tongued Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, then Secretary of State. The circumstances under which the meeting was held and the fervid eloquence of the speakers made a profound impression, and those present with one heart and one voice resolved that there was no alternative left but to fight on to the bitter end. The end came within two months, when General Lee and the remnant of his gallant army having fought to the point of complete exhaustion, furled their banners and laid down their arms at Appomattox.

JOHN GOODE.

[From the Nashville *American*, October, 1901.]

OUR DEAD AT ELMIRA.

Old Days at the Famous Northern Prison.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN INMATE.

Marcus B. Toney Gives His Impressions of a Recent Visit and Incidentally Mentions Battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse.

The Elmira (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, in a recent issue, contains an interesting article in the way of a reminiscence of prison life from the pen of Marcus B. Toney, the well-known railroad man and ex-Confederate soldier of this city. Mr. Toney reached the prison at Elmira, August 2, 1864, and left there July 8, 1865. The recollections of the old days were recalled by a recent visit to Elmira. Mr. Toney's article follows:

"When I left my home, in Nashville, Tenn., for a visit East I promised my people I would stop at Elmira and report the condition of the graves of our Confederate dead buried there, so I arrived in your city August 10th, after an absence of thirty-six years. While waiting for a car I met a young man, R. H. Ker, of your city, who kindly consented to go with me to the cemetery, and introduced me to the keeper, Charles Abbott, who showed me a large chart hanging in his hall, which contained all the graves and the number of

each. On a table under the chart was a large book, in which were enrolled alphabetically the names of the dead corresponding with the chart, and the name, company, regiment, and date of death. Mr. Abbott being busy, Mr. Ker said he would point out the graves, which was only a short distance. In going through the cemetery I pictured in my mind the graves grown over with briars, weeds and thistles. Imagine my surprise on beholding such a nice green, grassy spot. Not a weed to be seen! With only a narrow path dividing, sleep the boys who wore the blue, and the only difference in the graves were the marble slabs of the blue, where our wooden head boards had all rotted away. I thought Mr. Abbott gave special care to our graves, knowing there were no hands to care for them. As I stood by the graves of our fallen heroes, memory went back to the mothers of those boys, who have nearly all passed over the river. I thought of their widows, daughters and sisters, now the Daughters of the Confederacy, and I thought how futile would be your efforts to mark in marble the names of our dead. It can only be done by the general government.

OLD PRISON SITE.

"I went from the cemetery over to the old prison site, near the Chemung river. Your city had so encroached upon it I could not have identified it, but for the northeast and southwest stones, erected by Baldwin Post, in 1900. I reached Elmira prison August 2, 1864, and left July 8, 1865. I had charge of Ward 36, which contained some 300 prisoners. Where my ward stood now stands the city pumping station, and the camp fronting on the street is filled with residences. Near where the old cook-house was is now a large nursery, and in front of the ice-houses is where the tents stood that contained the small-pox patients. I had the varioloid, and the doctor said I must go to the hospital. I thought first of the horrors over there, and next of the loss of my nice suit of jeans. After some six days' sojourn there, with two of my bunkmates who died with confluent small-pox, I received orders to go take a bath. Away went my suit, and I was clad in the blue, with long frock coat. While I was admiring my uniform the sergeant took out his knife and commenced cutting off my skirt. 'Hold on,' said I, 'don't disfigure my uniform.' He replied: 'Do you reckon I am going to leave you in this condition? You would walk out as one of our guards.'

"I was fortunate in my recent visit in meeting Postmaster M. M. Conklin, who was on special duty in the prison for some months, and we talked over the prison days. He told me the old darky, named John W. Jones, died only a few weeks ago. I wish I could have seen the old man again and talked to him about the burial of the dead, and the big scare he got one day. The old man drove the horse that pulled the small wagon hauling the dead piled three deep out to the cemetery. Our sergeant, who had charge of preparing the dead for burial, agreed with another prisoner to feign dead. Accordingly he straightened himself out in the box and had the lid nailed lightly on and loaded in the wagon on top of the other two boxes. When the old man reached the cemetery he heard a groan and witnessed a resurrection. He fled to the prison in terror and the prisoner fled in another direction. Thereupon Major Beale appointed my friend, M. M. Conklin, on especial duty, one of his duties being to see that no prisoner was sent out of there dead, unless he was much dead. As most of our dead were captured in the Wilderness, I gave my friend Conklin a sketch of that terrible field of carnage. In seven days 50,000 men fell. May 1, 1864, General Lee issued two orders.

"First: 'Send all extra baggage to the rear; Second, cook up three days' rations;' both easily complied with, because we had little extra baggage; second, our three days' rations consisted of three pones of cornbread. May 4th, General Grant crossed the Rapidan with 117,000 men, the flower of the Federal army. Confronting him in the Wilderness was General Lee, with 55,000 ill-clad and poorly fed Confederates. May 5th, General Grant charged us in the Wilderness with three columns across Palmer's old field. Result: 1,100 killed in few hours; 146th New York nearly annihilated, and its commander, Major Gilbert, killed. Continued fighting 'till May 12th. Dead angle in front of Spotsylvania Courthouse, in which 1,100 of the Elmira prisoners were captured.

LEE LED THE CHARGE.

"Late in the evening, May 10th, we reached this spot, and General Lee considered it a strategic point, and in order to hold it he led a charge in person. General Gordon caught the bridle of his horse and led him to the rear. At 10 o'clock at night, by aid of the engineers' voices, they formed in the shape of a horseshoe, and we were ordered to fortify. We had no tools, but dug all night with our

bayonets, shoveling out the dirt with the tin plates we carried to eat on, provided we could get anything to eat. By nightfall, May 11th, we were about four and a half feet in the ground, and by throwing the dirt in front and putting a pine log on top, we were nearly six feet in the ground. It drizzled rain all night May 11th. We were muddy and wet. At early dawn on May 12th, General Hancock attacked us with three columns in front, and while we were resisting his attack General Thomas Francis Meagher's brigade broke our left, and in a few minutes his whole line was in our rear. I heard one of my men say: 'Don't shoot again; they will kill all of us.' Then I heard a voice in our rear saying: 'Surrender, G— d— you!' I looked, and a strapping big Irishman had his gun within two feet of me, with his finger on the trigger. Why he did not shoot I will never know, as I saw some of our men killed after surrendering. The 1,100 could not get to the rear, therefore, we grabbed the logs in front and went into the three columns we had been fighting. We had about four guards to each prisoner to go back to the rear with us. Of course, I knew it was not on account of our personal safety, but the guards wanted a little respite from the conflict that was still going on in the front, and continued 'till nightfall. When we reached by double quick a point some miles in the rear, we came to General Grant's headquarters.

"He was busy dispatching couriers with orders to his various commanders. When he saw us a smile came over his face. I think we got to him ahead of the news of capture from General Hancock. He turned to one of his aids and said: 'Detail officer to take charge of those prisoners, about one guard to four prisoners. Order all the other men to the front at once.'

"We marched in the rain all day to Fredericksburg, and all day the conflict raged over the dead angle. Twice the stars and stripes waved from its ramparts, and twice they were replaced by the stars and bars. At nightfall General Lee held the angle, which was piled full of the blue and the gray. Attesting the severity of this conflict is the stump of a 16-inch hickory tree, now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, which was literally cut down with minie balls, for the Wilderness was such that artillery could not be used.

"Major-General Edward Johnson, of Virginia, was captured with me in the trenches, and as we were going to the rear I said to the general: 'Throw off your coat and go as a private. In case of retaliation you will suffer.' He did not take my advice, and was sent to Fort Delaware. On the march to Fredericksburg we met 25,000

soldiers who had been doing garrison duty at Washington, and ordered to join General Grant. We were meeting each other for some hours and they guyed us all along. I recollect one said, 'Hello, Johnnies. We are taking you North to give you something to eat and put some shoes on your feet.' Some of us needed shoes. In fact, we were hatless, shoeless, and coatless. We were taken to Point Lookout, Md., and after three months transferred to Elmira. Major H. G. O. Weymouth, of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, was commandant of Point Lookout. I had a pleasant chat with him yesterday in Boston. He was kind and considerate, and allowed the Masons to make an appeal to the Baltimore fraternity for clothing. We had 1,200 negro guards at Point Lookout, but white troops at Elmira.

"I desire to express my thanks to the members of Baldwin Post for their attention to our graves, and the honors they showed our dead Decoration-Day. Also for the pleasant call from Post-Commander M. M. Conklin, Van Wagoner, and Brother Winfield S. Moody. I wish to say in conclusion, that while we ex-Confederates repudiated the suggestion as to pensions from the National Government, yet we applauded President McKinley's utterance at Atlanta in reference to the Confederate graves. We feel that when the time comes Baldwin Post, Elmira, N. Y., will do all in their power to help mark in marble the names of our beloved dead.

"MARCUS B. TONEY.

"*New York, August 14, 1901.*"

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 13, 1901.]

BATTLE OF BETHEL.

First Engagement of the War Between the States.

BARELY MENTIONED IN HISTORY.

Of Sufficient Importance to be Recorded on Its Pages Men Engaged in it on Both Sides Who Afterwards Became Famous.

Forty years ago the tenth of last June, the first battle of the Civil War was fought at Bethel Church, Va., between the Federal forces of General B. F. Butler (with General Pierce in immediate command) and the Confederates under General John B. Magruder. Though

comparatively a small affair, considered in the light of subsequent events, at the time of its occurence it was thought to be a great battle, and was flashed all over the country and was the subject of comment in every household. In the South it was an affair of considerable importance, inasmuch as it sent the first gleam of sunlight through the dark cloud of war that overspread this section, while at the North it served to convince the people that the South was in earnest in the secession movement.

What soldier does not remember his first battle? I will never forget this one. The early morning breakfast, the silence and seriousness that took possession of the troops as they marched to their positions, the hurried erection of breastworks, and the masking of them with sassafras bushes that were growing wild in the vicinity, the fire from which was so demoralizing to the enemy when the troops behind them rose as if out of the ground and delivered a deadly volley into their ranks. What a feeling takes possession of a man when he is crouched down behind earthworks awaiting the approach of the enemy, all unsuspecting, and he rises up from behind a masked battery and delivers his fire for the first time!

Early in June, 1861, the Confederates established an outpost at Bethel Church, on the Peninsula formed by the York and James rivers, about thirteen miles from Yorktown, eight from Hampton, and eight from the now-flourishing town of Newport News, but which was then an insignificant hamlet. Federal raiding parties had previously visited Bethel and inscribed on its church walls such "terrifying" words as "Death to Traitors!" "Down with the Rebels!" etc.

General B. F. Butler, who was in command of the Department of Virginia, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe, determined to break up this observation post of the Confederates, and organized an expedition for that purpose, consisting of about 4,400 men from the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Seventh New York regiments, under the commands of Colonels Allen, Carr, Townsend, Duryea, and Bendix, respectively; the First Vermont, Fourth Massachusetts, and Second United States Artillery (regulars), under Lieutenant John T. Greble, with orders to "burn both Bethels; blow up if of brick" (meaning Little Bethel and Big Bethel churches).

To meet this then formidable host the Confederates had assembled, under General John Bankhead Magruder, about 1,400 men, consisting of the First North Carolina regiment, Colonel D. H. Hill; three companies of the Third Virginia regiment (afterwards the Fifteenth),

under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart; three other companies of Virginia troops, under Major Montague; one company of the Richmond Howitzer battalion, under Major George W. Randolph, and two companies of Virginia cavalry of about one hundred men. From the foregoing it will be seen that there were about 4,400 men on the Federal side against about 1,400 on the Confederate.

General Pierce, of the Federal army, in command at Hampton, was in charge of Butler's forces, and his command broke camp at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of June, marching by two roads, with the intention of forming a junction near Little Bethel Church, about three miles below Big Bethel, and marching in solid column on the Confederates. When the two Federal commands met one mistook the other for the Confederates, immediately swung into line of battle, opened fire, and killed two and wounded nineteen of their friends before the mistake was discovered, including four officers.

While this little "family" affair was going on the Confederates were massing their troops and preparing for the impending attack, for which they had but a little while to wait. Soon the drum-beats of the enemy were heard—so faint at first as to be hardly distinguishable, but clearer and clearer as the enemy drew nearer, until about 8 o'clock in the morning, when within about eight hundred yards in front of them, the Federal line of battle was formed, with Captain Judson Kilpatrick with two companies of Duryea's 5th New York Zouaves (the "Fire Zouaves" they were called), in advance, the Confederate pickets were driven in, and the first battle of the civil war begun at a point about thirteen miles from Yorktown, where the revolutionary war practically ended just eighty years previously.

The first move of the Federals was by a portion of Townsend's Third New York regiment against the Confederate right, which was quickly driven back by the Confederate artillery and one company of the Third Virginia.

More troops were brought up, and a determined effort made to carry the Confederate left, but with only temporary success, when a gun of the Confederate battery was accidentally spiked by the breaking of a priming-wire, and the troops supporting it were ordered to fall back to a less exposed position, and the enemy advanced and occupied this work.

Shortly after this the abandoned redoubt was charged by a company of North Carolinians and retaken. In front of it was a house in which the Federal sharpshooters were concealed, and from which

they were annoying the Confederates. Five men of the First North Carolina volunteered to burn the house, and, provided with matches and a hatchet, leaped over the works and started for the building, when a volley was fired at them from the road, and young Henry L. Wyatt fell mortally wounded. The rest of the party returned to the Confederate lines, and the house was afterwards fired by a shell from a howitzer.

WINTHROP'S CHARGE.

The fighting then shifted to the right, and was kept up two or three hours longer, the Federals several times attempting to carry the Confederate works by assault, but in every instance they were met with such a deadly fire they fell back. During one of these assaults a gallant young officer, Major Theodore Winthrop, of New Haven, Conn., who was General Butler's private secretary, and who volunteered as an aid on General Pierce's staff for this expedition, while attempting to rally a wavering column, drew his sword, waved it aloft, leaped on the trunk of a fallen tree, and shouted to his men: "One more charge, boys, and the day is ours!" Alas, for poor Winthrop! It was his last charge. A North Carolinian sent a bullet crashing through his heart, and he fell dead at the head of the column, which retired in great confusion. This practically ended the battle, after four or five hours of fighting, and the Federals returned to Fortress Monroe.

A gathering up of the wounded and a summary of the casualties showed a loss of:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Federals, . . .	18	53	5	76
Confederates, . .	1	9	—	10

The small loss of the Confederates was due probably to the fact that they were fighting for the most part behind works.

During the battle a prisoner was taken by the Confederates, which was considered a great feat in those early days of the war, and so fearful was his captor that he would escape he tied him to a tree during the battle, in rear of Bethel Church, in line of fire. I'll never forget the look of fright upon his countenance while thus exposed, nor did he ever forget his experience, I am sure.

Here's to you, old friend, if this should meet your eye. If I were as near you to-day as I was on that memorable 10th of June I would shake you by the hand.

A COINCIDENCE.

The soldier killed on the Confederate side was young Henry L. Wyatt, and he was the first soldier killed in a pitched battle on the southern side. Thirty-five years after seeing young Wyatt lying mortally wounded on the battle-field, I was walking through the Soldiers' Section of Hollywood Cemetery, in the suburbs of Richmond, and came across a wooden headboard that had rotted down and fallen with the blank side up. I turned it over with my foot and discovered that it had been over this soldier's grave, as I read his name, date of death, and regiment to which he belonged.

Behind the chimney of a house on the field, where he had taken shelter, I came across one of Duryea's red-breeches Zouaves, cold in death, killed by an artillery shot that had passed through the house and chimney that shielded him, thus proving that there is no safe place on a battle-field.

NORTHERN SENTIMENT.

After the battle there was a great clamor for the removal of Butler, the New York *Tribune* declaring that the President would show his wisdom by making peace with the Southern Confederacy at once if he was not willing to send generals into Virginia who were "up to their work," while the *Herald* sustained Butler "as evidently the right man in the right place."

The Charleston *Courier* about the same time stated that a letter had been received in that city saying that a great reaction had taken place among the capitalists of New York and Boston, and that petitions were being circulated to be laid before Congress asking the peaceful recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the establishment of amicable relations by treaties; the speedy closing of the war, or else New York and Boston would be ruined cities.

BECAME FAMOUS.

Among the participants in this battle who afterwards became famous were:

Captain Kilpatrick, on the Federal side, as a cavalry general.

Colonel Hill, on the Confederate side, as a lieutenant-general.

General Butler, on the Federal, as a major-general, who was "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred at the beginning of the siege of Petersburg.

Major George W. Randolph, who commanded the Confederate artillery, as Secretary of War of the Confederate States.

And a host of lesser lights who became captains, majors, colonels, and even brigadier-generals.

The impression prevailed at the out-break of the Civil War (and prevails now to considerable extent) that volunteers were no match for "regulars" in battle, but this fight dispelled that illusion, as on this occasion the firing of the regular United States Battery was wild in the extreme, while that of the Confederate artillery was accurate and deadly, as attested by official reports of Federal officers engaged in this affair, and these guns were manned by young men, many of whom had never fired a cannon even in target practices.

Lieutenant John T. Greble, who commanded the "regular" artillery, lost his life just as the engagement closed.

COLONEL HILL'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

Following is the official report of Colonel D. H. Hill. As compared with official reports of great battles later in the war, which were brief and destitute of all but the most important details, it is quite a curiosity. Nevertheless, it is interesting, and tells the reader all he wants to know of this first battle of the Civil War, about which very little is said in history:

FIRST NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY,
Yorktown, June 12, 1861.

In obedience to orders from the colonel commanding, I marched on the 6th instant with my regiment and four pieces of Major Randolph's battery from Yorktown, on the Hampton road, to Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. We reached there after dark on a wet night, and slept without tents. Early on the morning of the 7th I made a reconnoissance of the ground, preparatory to fortifying.

I found a branch of Back river on our front, and encircling our right flank. On our left was a dense and almost impassable wood, except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The breadth of the road, a thick wood, and narrow, cultivated field covered our rear. The nature of the ground determined me to make an enclosed work, and I had the invaluable aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of my regiment, in its plan and construction. Our position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense field immediately in front of it, upon which the masses of the enemy might be readily deployed. Presuming that an attempt would be made to carry the bridge across the stream, a battery was made for its especial protection, and Major Randolph placed his guns so as to sweep all the approaches to it.

The occupation of two commanding eminences beyond the creek and on our right would have greatly strengthened our position, but our force was too weak to admit of the occupation of more than one of them. A battery was laid out on it for one of Randolph's howitzers. We had only twenty-five spades, six axes, and three picks, but these were busily plied all day and night of the 7th and all day on the 8th. On the afternoon of the 8th I learned that a marauding party of the enemy was within a few miles of us. I called for a party of thirty-four men to drive them back. Lieutenant Roberts, of Company F, of my regiment, promptly responded, and in five minutes his command was en route.

I detached Major Randolph with one howitzer to join them, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, First regiment North Carolina volunteers, requested, and was granted, permission to take command of the whole. After a march of five miles they came across the marauders busy over the spoils of a plundered house. A shell soon put the plunderers to flight, and they were chased over New Market bridge, where our little force was halted, in consequence of a considerable body situated on the other side.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lee brought in one prisoner. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded is not known. None of our command was hurt. Soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Lee left a citizen came dashing in with the information that seventy-five marauders were on the Back River road.

I called on Captain McDowell's company (E), of the First regiment of North Carolina volunteers, and in three minutes it was in hot pursuit. Lieutenant West, of the Howitzer battalion, with one piece, was detached to join them, and Major Lane, of my regiment, volunteered, dispersed and chased the wretches over New Market bridge, this being the second race over the New Market course, in both of which the Yankees reached the goal first. Major Lane brought in one prisoner. Reliable citizens reported that two cart-loads and one buggy-load of wounded were taken into Hampton.

We had not a single man wounded or killed. Colonel Magruder came up that evening and assumed command.

A FRESH SUPPLY.

On Sunday, June 9th, a fresh supply of tools enabled us to put more men to work, and when not engaged in religious duties the men worked vigorously on the intrenchments. We were aroused at 3 o'clock on Monday morning for a general advance upon the

enemy, and marched three and a half miles, when we learned that the foe, in large force, was within a few hundred yards of us. We fell back hastily upon our entrenchments and waited the arrival of our invaders. Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the Third Virginia regiment, having come with 180 men, were stationed on the hill on the extreme right, beyond the creek, and Company G, of my regiment, was also thrown over the stream to protect the howitzer under Captain Brown.

Captain Bridges, of Company A, First North Carolina regiment, took post in the dense woods beyond and to the left of the road. Major Montague, with three companies of his battalion, was ordered up from the rear and took post on our right, being at the church and extending along the entire front on that side.

This fine body of men and the gallant command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart worked with great rapidity, and in an hour had constructed temporary shelters against the enemy's fire.

Just at 9 o'clock A. M. the heavy columns of the enemy were seen approaching rapidly and in good order, but when Randolph opened upon them at 9:15 their organization was completely broken up. The enemy promptly replied with his artillery, firing briskly but wildly. He made an attempt at deployment on our right of the road under cover of some houses and paling. He was, however, very promptly driven back by our artillery, a Virginia company—the Life Guard—and Companies B and G of my regiment. The enemy attempted no deployment within musketry range during the day, except under cover of woods, fences or paling.

Under cover of trees, he moved a strong column to an old ford some three-quarters of a mile below, where I had placed a picket of some forty men, Colonel Magruder sent Captain Worth's company, of Montague's command, with one howitzer, under Sergeant Crane, to drive back this column, which was done by a single shot from the howitzer.

Before this a priming-wire had been broken in the vent of the howitzer commanded by Captain Brown, which rendered it useless.

A force estimated at 1,500 was now attempting to outflank us and get in the rear of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart's small command. He was accordingly directed to fall back, and the whole of our advanced troops were withdrawn. At this critical moment I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to call Captain Bridges out of the swamp, and ordered him to reoccupy the nearest advanced work, and I ordered

Captain Ross, Company C, First Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, to the support of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart.

These two captains, with their companies, crossed over to Randolph's Battery under a very heavy fire in a most gallant manner. As Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart had withdrawn, Captain Ross was detained at the church, near Randolph's Battery. Captain Bridges, however, crossed over and drove the Zouaves out of the advanced howitzer battery and reoccupied it.

It is impossible to overestimate this service. It decided the action in our favor.

In obedience to orders from Colonel Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart marched back, and in spite of the presence of a foe ten times his superior in number, resumed in the most heroic manner possession of the entrenchments.

A fresh howitzer was carried across and placed in the battery, and Captain Avery, of Company G, was directed to defend it at all hazards. We were now as secure as at the beginning of the fight, and as yet had no man killed. The enemy, finding himself foiled on our right flank, next made his final demonstration on our left. A strong column, supposed to consist of volunteers from different regiments, and under command of Captain Winthrop, aid-de-camp to General Butler, crossed over the creek and appeared at the angle on our left. Those in advance had put on our distinctive badge of a white band around the cap, and they cried out repeatedly: "Don't fire." This ruse was practiced to enable the whole column to get over the creek and form in good order. They now began to cheer most lustily, thinking that our work was open at the gorge, and that they could get in by a sudden rush. Companies B and C, however, dispelled the illusion by a cool, deliberate, and well directed fire. Colonel Magruder sent over portions of Companies G, C and H, of my regiment, to our support; and now began as cool firing on our side as was ever witnessed.

The three field officers of the regiment were present, and but few shots were fired without their permission, the men repeatedly saying: "May I fire?" "I think I can bring him." They were all in high glee, and seemed to enjoy it as much as boys do rabbit shooting. Captain Winthrop, while most gallantly urging on his men, was shot through the heart, when all rushed back with the utmost precipitation.

* * * * * * *

The fight at the angle lasted but twenty minutes. It completely discouraged the enemy, and he made no further effort at assault. The house in front, which had served as a hiding place for the enemy, was now fired by a shell from a howitzer, and the outhouses and palings were soon in a blaze. As all shelter was now taken from him, the enemy called in his troops and started back for Hampton. As he had left sharpshooters behind him in the woods on our left, the Dragoons could not advance until Captain Hoke, of Company K, First North Carolina Volunteers, had thoroughly explored them.

As soon as he gave assurance of the road being clear, Captain Douthatt, with some one hundred dragoons, in compliance with Colonel Magruder's orders, pursued. The enemy, in his haste, threw away hundreds of canteens, haversacks, overcoats, etc.; even the dead were thrown out of the wagons. The pursuit soon became a chase, and for the third time the enemy won the race over the New Market course.

The bridge was torn up behind him, and our dragoons returned to camp. There was not quite eight hundred of my regiment engaged in the fight, and not one half of these drew trigger during the day.

All remained manfully at the post assigned them, and not a man in the regiment behaved badly. The companies not engaged were as much exposed, and rendered equal service with those participating in the fight. They deserve equally the thanks of the country. In fact, it is the most trying ordeal to which soldiers can be subjected, to receive a fire which their orders forbid them to return. Had a single company left its post our works would have been exposed, and the constancy and discipline of the unengaged companies cannot be too highly commended.

A detachment of fifteen cadets from the North Carolina Military Institute defended the howitzer under Lieutenant Hudnall, and acted with great coolness and determination.

The Confederates had in all 1,200 men in the action.

The enemy had the regiments of Colonel Duryea (Zouaves), Colonel Carr, Colonel Allen, Colonel Bendix, and Colonel Winthrop (Massachusetts), from Old Point Comfort, and five companies of Phelp's Regiment, from Newport News. We had never more than 300 actively engaged at any one time.

The Confederate loss was eleven wounded—of these one mortally.

The enemy must have lost some 300. I could not, without great disparagement of their courage, place their loss at a lower figure.

* * * * * * *

D. H. Hill,

Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, March 18, 1901.]

CRUISE OF THE C. S. STEAMER NASHVILLE.

By Lieutenant W. C. Whittle, C. S. N.

In 1861 the *Nashville*, then used as a freight and passenger steamer, was seized in the port of Charleston, S. C., by the Confederate authorities, and soon fitted out for the purpose of taking Messrs. Mason and Slidell to Europe. She was a side-wheel, brig-rigged steamer, of about twelve or fourteen hundred tons, and was therefore deemed by them too large a vessel to run the blockade. That purpose was accordingly abandoned. Captain R. B. Pegram, then in command of the *Nashville*, fitted her with two small guns and made her ready for sea, with a full crew of officers and men. The following is a list of her officers: Captain, R. B. Pegram; First Lieutenant, Charles M. Fauntleroy; Second Lieutenant, John W. Bennett; Third Lieutenant, William C. Whittle; Master, John H. Ingram; Surgeon, John L. Ancrum; Paymaster, Richard Taylor; Chief Engineer, James Hood; Assistant Murray and two others, and the following midshipmen: W. R. Dalton, William H. Sinclair, Clarence Cary, J. W. Pegram, W. P. Hamilton, ——— Thomas, and ——— McClintock.

On the night of October 21, 1861, she ran out of Charleston and touched at Bermuda. After stopping there a few days for coal, she headed across the Atlantic, and on November 19th captured in the entrance of the British channel the ship *Harvey Birch*, an American merchantman in command of Captain Nelson. She was boarded by an officer and boat's crew, who carried away all that was valuable, and burned the ship. On the 21st, she arrived at Southampton, England.

OUR FLAG IN ENGLAND.

The *Nashville* enjoyed the distinction of being the first war vessel to fly the flag of the Confederate States in the waters of England. Here we remained until the latter part of January, 1862. About the 1st of February, 1862, we sailed for the Confederacy, evading the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which had for some time been watching an opportunity to capture the *Nashville*, having been sent for that purpose. The manner of our escape is worthy of mention. The Queen's proclamation of neutrality required that neither belligerant should leave port until twenty-four hours after the hour set for the sailing of the other. The *Tuscarora* immediately got under way and lay off the port to avoid the restriction, awaiting our departure, but one evening came to anchor near the Isle of Wight, within the limit of British jurisdiction. Captain Pegram, learning this, at once notified the government that he would set sail at a certain hour the next day, and the *Tuscarora* was notified that she must remain until the expiration of the twenty-four hours thereafter. A British vessel was sent down to see that this order was not violated, and the *Nashville*, with flying colors, steamed proudly by the *Tuscarora* and passed out to sea, leaving her commander and crew to meditate on the delightful uncertainties of the law of nations.

The run to Bermuda was without incident, save that we encountered a gale of wind which did us considerable damage. After repairing and coaling ship we took on board the master and crew of a North Carolina schooner, which had been wrecked by the gale at Bermuda. The master agreed to pilot us into the harbor of Beaufort, N. C., and we made for that port. On the passage the schooner *Gilfillan* was captured and destroyed. Arriving off Beaufort we found one United States blockade steamer and determined to pass in by a *ruse de guerre*.

PERSONATING A SHIP.

A steamer very much like the *Nashville* was then employed by the United States Navy in carrying the mails and communicating with the blockading squadron. Personating this steamer and flying the United States flag, we ran confidently up to the blockader and made signal to her to come and get her mails. The *Nashville* was hove to under gentle pressure of steam and the blockader lowered a boat. While pulling toward us we changed our course and ran for port. Before their mistake was discovered the *Nashville* was out of

reach of the enemy's guns, which, however, fired shot after shot in impotent rage, all falling short as we widened the distance under full steam, making safe harbor at Morehead City on the 28th day of February, 1862.

Captain Pegram, after visiting Richmond and reporting to the Navy Department for instructions, returned to the ship, bringing information that the *Nashville* had been sold to private parties in Charleston. The order to remove all Confederate States property, including armament, charts, and instruments, from the vessel, was promptly executed, and the ship was left under my command with two midshipman, Messrs. Sinclair and Hamilton, Boatswain Sawyer, Chief Engineer Hood, three sailors, four firemen, cook and steward, to be kept in order until taken possession of by the agent of the purchasers.

General Burnside's movement upon Newbern, N. C., was then being executed, and Captain Pegram, with the officers and crew of the *Nashville*, went through on one of the last trains that could escape, after which all communication inland was completely cut off. Burnside's expedition was moving upon Morehead City, and the capture of the *Nashville* seemed inevitable. The blockading fleet had been increased to two steamers and one sailing vessel, and the Federal troops were on the march to seize the vessel as she lay tied up at the wharf.

A DARING ACT.

Without a crew or means of defense, without even a chart or chronometer, short of coal and provisions, the idea of saving the ship was simply vain. There seemed a single chance, however, and I determined to take that chance. The fall of Fort Macon was only a question of time, and a very short time at that; the blockade must, therefore, be broken. Quietly and secretly we set to work, and being assured by my chief engineer (Hood) that with his small force and assistance of the deck hands he could keep the vessel under steam, we made ready to run through the blockading fleet. I was fortunate in securing the services of Captain Gooding, an excellent coast pilot, who was then in command of the sailing ship blockaded in the harbor. He brought with him a chart, chronometer and sextant, and such instruments as were deemed absolutely necessary for navigation, with the promise that if his efforts were successful the ultimate command of the ship would be given him by the purchasers.

Having made all my preparations to destroy the ship, if neces-

sary, to prevent her capture in passing out, I dropped down under the guns of Fort Macon. Colonel White, in command of the fort, came on board and told me of the efforts that were being made for my capture. He suggested that, as I had no means of defense, I should, on the approach of the expedition, destroy my vessel and come into the fort as a re-enforcement to him. I then divulged to Captain White my plan of escape, and notified him of my intention to run out that evening, requesting him to see that I was not fired upon by his command. He was delighted with the plan and wished me God-speed. On the evening of March 17, 1862, between sunset and moonrise, the moon being nearly full, I tipped my anchor and ran out. As soon as I was under way a rocket was sent up from the lower side of Bogue Island, below Fort Macon, by an enemy's boat, sent ashore from the blockaders for the purpose of watching me, giving me the assurance that my movement had been detected.

RUNNING OUT.

Steaming toward the entrance at the bar, I found the three vessels congregated close together under way and covering the narrow channel. Just before reaching the bar I slipped my anchor, which on hoisting had caught under the forefoot, in order to prevent its knocking a hole in the ship's bottom, as I knew we would strike on going over the bar. We were going at full speed, say fourteen knots per hour. I was in the pilot house with Gooding, and two others were at the wheel. The blockaders, under way and broadside to me, were across my path. I ran for the one furtherest to the northward and eastward, with the determination to go through or sink both ships. As I approached rapidly I was given the right of way and passed through and out under a heavy fire from the three vessels. They had commenced firing as soon as I got within range, and continued until I passed out, firing in all, as well as we could determine, about twenty guns. The moon rose clear and full a short time afterward and found us well out to sea, no attempt being made to pursue us that we could discover.

We ran on out to the inner edge of the Gulf stream, where we remained until the next day, and in the afternoon of the 18th of March shaped our course for Charleston. Arriving in the midst of the blockading fleet there before dawn of the 19th, we discovered their position by the great number of rockets which they were sending up to signal the fact that our presence was known. This, together with the fact that the stone fleet had been sunk in the channel, leaving

only the Maffits channel open, and not knowing how far even that was obstructed, made me conclude not to attempt to run in. With an exhausted crew and short of coal, I put back and ran clear of the blockaders. At daylight on the 19th I made Captain Roman, steaming close in to land, and tracked up the beach, intending to try to enter Georgetown, S. C., but seeing the smoke of two steamers to the northward, I stopped the engines and made ready to destroy the vessel on their approach, as we were in a condition too exhausted to run successfully.

AMONG CONFEDERATES.

Fortunately the smoke of the blockaders disappeared on the horizon, and we steamed up to the entrance of Georgetown, but on going in we got aground on the bar. Sending out a boat to take soundings, I observed a boat pulling around a point of land inside filled with armed men. At the same moment a body of horsemen came down to the beach. Not knowing but that this port also had fallen into the hands of the enemy, I called my boat alongside, and made such preparations for defense as I could devise. When close enough, the boat hailed up to know what ship it was. I answered by asking whether they were Federals or Confederates. Their reply was: "We are South Carolinians," and I answered:

"This is the Confederate States' steamer *Nashville*," which at first they seemed to discredit. Finally they approached, and I was told by the officer in command that Colonel Manigault, who was commanding ashore, had directed that if it was a Confederate vessel I should hoist another flag under the one already up. I told him I had no other except the United States flag, and that might mislead him. I then told him that I needed a pilot. He readily and very quickly pulled ashore and returned with one, bringing me a message from Colonel Manigault that I could place implicit confidence in him, to let him take the ship up to Georgetown, and requested me to come ashore and confer with him. In the meantime, the *Nashville*, having been gotten afloat by me, was placed in charge of this pilot and steamed up to Georgetown.

I went ashore and was received by Colonel Manigault, of the South Carolina forces, with a hearty welcome and with cheers from his troops. Colonel Manigault inquired whether I had seen the blockaders off Georgetown. I replied that I had seen their smoke going off up the coast; whereupon he informed me that this was the first day for many weeks that they had absented themselves from

their post in front of the harbor. I proceeded at once to Richmond and reported to S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, who directed me to return to Charleston and confer with Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., the purchasers of the vessel, and to take all necessary steps to effect her transfer to them as speedily as possible. I went to Charleston, and in concert with them or their agents, the business was closed, they giving the command of the ship, at my request, to Captain Gooding. Being unable to carry out any cargo on account of the bar, she sailed in ballast, having taken on coal and such crew as could be secured for her. She left Georgetown in the broad light of day, flying the Confederate flag, before the blockaders returned to port.

LATER HISTORY.

After this she made several successful trips through the blockade and later was transferred to other parties, and subsequently she was attacked by the enemy and destroyed at the mouth of the Ogeechee river. I am persuaded that the Federals did not know that the *Nashville* went into Georgetown until it was revealed to them by my capture below New Orleans in April, 1862. I had then among my private papers the rough draft of my report to Secretary Mallory, in which I had announced to him the escape of the vessel from Morehead City and her entrance into Georgetown. The Federal officer who read this report seemed to have the impression that the *Nashville* had sailed direct to Nassau, and so expressed himself to me. On my telling him that I had taken her into Georgetown, he was greatly surprised, and the circumstances of her escape were thus, for the first time, communicated to the Federal Government.

[From the New Orleans, *Picayune*, August 11, 1901.]

GENERAL LITTLE'S BURIAL.

One of the Few Midnight Funerals in War or Peace.

Only one Confederate general was buried at night time, so far as the records tell, and that was General Henry Little, who was laid to rest in a garden at Iuka, Miss., at midnight, September 19, 1862. Captain Frank Von Phul, of this city, was present at the weird,

pathetic ceremony, and a few nights ago he related the thrilling old war incident to a few friends who had gathered in his apartments on Rampart street.

"To the best of my knowledge, no one has ever written just how General Henry Little was buried on that eventful night," began Captain Von Phul, turning the pages of a treasure book. "I shall never forget it, and although I was in several phases of the service with Price on his Missouri raid and down the Mississippi, yet the way we laid General Little in the cold ground that night, cautiously and hastily, will cling to me until the last.

"We were mostly Missourians, and in order to appreciate the scene enacted at Iuka, Miss., you must follow me from the start, which was in St. Louis in the year 1860. General Sterling Price went out in the command of the Missouri State Guard for the Confederacy. Brigadier-General Little was placed in command of a brigade of the First Missouri. We were sworn in on Sock river, down in Missouri, and it was for a 'three years' term. Well, there was plenty of fighting all down the river and we were in a number of engagements, but my story centers about Corinth and Iuka, Miss. Iuka Springs was a little place, and it was there that the enemy attacked us in overpowering numbers. Rosecrans was bearing down upon General Price with his whole army. The first battle of Iuka had taken place on this direful September 19, 1862. I was an aid-de-camp on General Little's staff, and it was only Little's division that had been engaged in the day's fighting. It was a hard struggle, and we had lost somewhere near 800 men when the fighing ceased, near sundown.

"I had been dispatched off to the northeast to bring up General Elijah Gates, who was wanted to re-enforce Little. The four generals—Price, Little, Herbert and Whitfield—were sitting on their horses in the road holding a consultation as to whether they should attack the enemy on the morrow or fall back, when I rode up from summoning Colonel Gates.

"General Price was sitting at rest on his charger, his arms akimbo, with his back towards the lines of the Yankees. General Little was facing him. Just as I reached the spot a minie ball came whizzing through the group, passing under the arm of General Price and striking General Little square in the forehead. He threw up his arms, the reins dropping to the horse's neck, and the brave man, limp and lifeless, fell into the arms of a comrade. He was borne

away to his headquarters, a small cottage in the center of the town of Iuka.

"Going to the headquarters of General Price a little later, I said: 'General, what shall I do with General Little's body?'

"'My Little, my Little; I've lost my Little,' was the reply, and the lines of sorrow were like furrows on his brow.

"'General,' I said, after a moment's hesitation, 'what shall I do with General Little's body?'

"'My Little; I've lost my Little, my only Little.'

"I waited again, and once more tried: 'General Price, what shall I do with General Little's body?'

"'My Little is gone; I've lost my Little.'

"That was the only reply I could get from General Price. He was almost crazed with grief, and I don't believe he knew what I was asking him.

"Going down the steps, I met Colonel Tom Sneed, the adjutant of General Price, and I asked him. He told me he would see Price and would come over to our headquarters after a while.

"It was about 10 o'clock at night when he came. They had held a consultation in the meantime, and had decided to retreat from Iuka. General Price wanted to fight, but General Hebert and the others said the death of Little had so completely demoralized the soldiery that they believed they would not fight with any spirit. So it was decided to retreat at daylight.

"'General Little's body must be buried at once,' said General Price to me, coming over to our headquarters; 'for we retreat before the dawn.'

"The soldiers dug a grave in the little garden just to the rear of our headquarters, and a few minutes before 12 midnight the saddest funeral train I ever witnessed in my life formed in line and moved to where the fresh earth had been rolled back.

"Each of us carried a lighted candle that flickered mournfully in the night air, and we gathered about the open grave as the rough coffin was lowered in the earth. Father Bannon, of St. Louis, the chaplain of the First Missouri brigade, stood at the head. Wright Schaumburg, afterwards the private secretary to Mayor Shakspeare, of this city, came next. Then we were all grouped around the sacred spot, each man with a lighted candle. There were Colonel Thomas Sneed, the adjutant to General Sterling Price; Lieutenant Peter Sangrain, of the army; John Kelly, a civil engineer; Colonel

John Reed, myself and General Little's orderly. There may have been some others whom I have forgotten.

"It was just midnight as the last spadefull of earth was placed upon the grave and patted into shape. Our candles still flickered in the darkness, sending out weird shadows. A plain piece of pine board was set at the head marked: 'General Henry Little.'

"Before daybreak we were on the march, retreating to Tupelo, Miss., where we were re-enforced. That was the only midnight funeral I ever attended, and it is the most vivid recollection of my life. The body of General Little was later exhumed and sent to Baltimore, where he had relatives. He was in the old United States army before the war, belonging to the Seventh infantry. Colonel Selus Price, who was on General Price's staff, and John Kelly, the engineer, who were at the funeral, are now in St. Louis. I am here. I believe we three are the only survivors."

[From the Atlanta, Ga., *Journal*, July, 1901.]

THEIR LAST BATTLE.

Fight at Bentonville, N. C., Between Sherman and Johnston.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Soldiers Among the Pine Trees and How they Reserved Their Fire Until the Federals Were Within Easy Range—Desperate Struggle.

I am gratified to see so many articles on the "Close Call" order since my first appeared. It may have inspired many old "vets" to relate their experiences, more or less thrilling in their nature, and some of which are truly historic and very entertaining.

General C. A. Evans, in commending me for starting the ball in motion, and speaking of these articles as "the rising cream of Confederate history," pleased me very much.

We all must know that now is the time—a few years more it will be too late—to prepare and furnish such history, and the encourage-

ment your most popular paper has given to the matter has been noticed all over the country. I learn with much pleasure that many are preserving these articles for future reference. This, in part, together with solicitations from other sources, has prompted me to furnish still another, on the Bentonville battle.

THE FIGHT AT BENTONVILLE.

The last battle of the western army was fought at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, between General Sherman and General Joseph E. Johnston, who had again assumed command of our army.

On the 18th of April, Sherman and Johnston agreed to a truce, and it was as late as May 26th before Kirby Smith surrendered out West. Some skirmishing and small engagements occurred between detached troops belonging to our army and the enemy, which could hardly be called battles; therefore Bentonville, N. C., is named as the last battle of the western army, and it is of this hotly contested fight between giants—our two most conspicuous and gallant officers of the western army—Sherman on the Federal side and Johnston on the Confederate side, that I want to speak, as it brought face to face for the last time these two old war veterans who had so often met each other before on the gory field of battle. These two, who had marched and countermarched over the desolate fields of Georgia and the Carolinas, who had so often thrown out their brave soldiers in battle lines confronting each other, were now, on the 19th day of March, 1865, to confront each other in battle array, fighting for mastery, for the last time.

It is not within the scope of my knowledge, nor is it my intention, to write fully of the history of this battle, as the official records will, no doubt, give each and all the divisions, brigades, and regiments all the honors gained that day, but to mention from personal observation some of the Confederate brigades most conspicuous in this battle, who covered themselves with glory on this fiercely contested battle-field—viz: Stovall's and Cummings's brigades, and part of Hoke's division.

We were marching along the main road leading from Smithfield Station toward Bentonville, and had just crossed a small stream. Firing could be heard in the distance, and the movements of couriers and aides rushing here and there indicated a battle on hand. We filed to the right of the road, and rapidly took position in line of battle; the Forty-second Georgia being on the right, and constitu-

ting one half of Stovall's brigade, which had been marched and fought down to an alarmingly small number, but those who were still in line were true and tried. Our position was taken only a short distance from the main road, and now we were on the battle-field of Bentonville, where we were to fight our last battle; no time to throw up breastworks, but the boys availed themselves of time to cut down small pine limbs, which, to some extent, hid them from the view of the approaching enemy. The small pine trees growing at intervals apart gave our men an opportunity to see the approaching line of battle several hundred yards from where they were hugging the ground closely, hid to some extent by the pine limbs cut from the near-by trees. It was a grand sight to see them moving on us, "Old Glory" floating in the breeze so proudly. Here they came, our skirmish line gradually giving way and falling back into our line of battle.

I never was more particular and careful in giving officers and men orders to hold their fire. My orders had gone up and down my line repeatedly, instructing the men and officers to keep down hold fire, and await a sign, or orders; even threatening those who should first disobey. 'Tis not strange, then, that men who had fought twenty-one battles carried out my orders to the letter.

The other day an old veteran walked into my office and asked for me—I raised up to shake his hand, for I saw at a glance that I had known him in other days, and as we were grasping hands and looking at each other in the eyes, trying to trace some remembrance of the bygone times, he said: "Colonel, I remember the last order you gave us at Bentonville: 'Attention, Forty-second Georgia, hold your fire for my orders, and when you fire, give the rebel yell.' Those who yet survive, and were present that day, can tell you how well the order was obeyed."

Well, here they came. Our line had absorbed our skirmishers, and the way was clear in front for the music of the battle to commence—but not a gun was fired, and bravely onward the enemy marched in grand style—nearer and nearer they came. When not over forty or fifty paces from us, the order so anxiously awaited was given, and a sheet of fire blazed out from the hidden battle line of the Forty-second Georgia that was demoralizing and fatal to the enemy. They halted, reeled, and staggered, while we poured volley after volley into them, and great gaps were made in their line, as brave Federals fell everywhere—their colors would rise and fall just a few feet from us, and many a gallant boy in blue is buried there in

those pines who held "Old Glory" up for a brief moment. Their battle line was driven back in grand style that day, and the arms secured from the fallen foe immediately in our front equipped an entire regiment of our North Carolina soldiers who had inferior guns. The enemy, repulsed and forced to retreat, reformed their battle line again, not far away.

While the battle-field was being cleared of the wounded just in front, and our boys were picking up guns thrown down by the enemy, Major-General D. H. Hill and staff rode down the line from the centre, and seeing what we had done, complimented us for our work, and orders soon followed to hold ourselves in readiness to move forward. We knew what that meant, and then came the "tug of war." We were to "lead the charge." The order came, and the movement all along the line of the brigade, conforming to the right, was in splendid order, and the first line of the Federals was soon in view; over which we passed without a battle, sweeping all before us. It was grand to behold. Onward we moved for perhaps half a mile or so, carrying everything before us. At this point, where there were converging roads, we came to a halt, and were ordered to rearrange our lines, which were somewhat scattered by the charge just made, and here at this point, while laying on our arms resting, for we were then informed that we had done enough that day, I saw the grandest sight I ever witnessed on the battlefield.

Hoke's division was put into the charge and bringing up the centre. Resting there on the pine-covered ground, as we were, the firing of small arms having ceased for a time, with only now and then the boom of cannon to remind us that the fight was still on, and yet to be decided, it was a picture that would be worthy of portrayal on canvas by some great artist: the sun was slowly sinking in the west, and the slanting rays were penetrating the green forest of small pines.

A DASHING CHARGE.

All at once the enemy were confronted by Hoke's gallant and dashing division as it came sweeping over us like a whirlwind, and thus they struck the enemy, and though they battled fiercely 'till night came on, they were only partially successful, having penetrated the Federal line and breaking it at only one point. On the next day we were looking after the dead and wounded. On the 21st Colonel R. J. Henderson, the first colonel of the Forty-second Georgia regiment, made brigadier-general for gallantry on the field, was ordered

to lead Cummings's brigade on the left of our line. In this charge, so highly spoken of by the general commanding, the day was won. No truer man, or more gallant officer than General Henderson ever buckled on sword in defence of the Lost Cause, and 'tis a pleasure for me to speak of his gallant conduct on the field of battle.

Just before his death, in this city, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. L. J. Hill, I called on him, accompanied by Colonel W. L. Calhoun. In talking over the events of the war, he said to us: "Calhoun, you and Thomas must keep my army record correct," and we promised to do so, and shook his hand for the last time. With others, we accompanied his remains to Covington, Ga., shortly afterward, where they now rest.

WHAT THE WAR RECORDS SHOW.

This is what the war records show of this last charge of the war in the West, made by Colonel Henderson, Series 1, Volume 47, page 1057: In the report of General J. E. Johnston to General R. E. Lee, speaking of our combined attack on the Seventeenth corps, he said Lieutenant Hardee, dispatched to that point with the reserves, met it in front with Cummings's (Georgia) brigade—the only infantry up—while cavalry, directed by Lieutenant-General Hampton and Major-General Wheeler, was thrown upon its flanks, and by combined attacks this corps was promptly driven back. In this engagement Cummings's brigade, under Colonel Henderson, and the Eighth Texas cavalry, distinguished themselves. In the latter General Hardee's son, a very promising youth of sixteen, fell mortally wounded, when gallantly charging in the front rank.

Finding during the night that Schofield had reached Goldsboro, and that Sherman was moving towards Cox's brigade, and that all our wounded who could bear transportation had been removed, we moved to the neighborhood of Smithfield Station. General Johnston says further in same report: "We took about 15,000 men into action on the 19th—the enemy's force numbering above 20,000, and afterwards increased by 10,000 more." Then, he says further on, that on the 20th and 21st, the whole army was before us, amounting to nearly 44,000, our losses in the three days' engagements amounted to 224 killed and 1,470 wounded, and several hundred missing. The enemy's loss was far greater than ours. General Johnston also states in conclusion, that the moral effect on our army was greatly improved by our success.

HENDERSON HIGHLY PRAISED.

General C. L. Stevenson in his report, same volume, page 1095, in speaking of our gallant Henderson, said: "I forward herewith the report of Colonel R. J. Henderson, commanding Cummings's brigade. Of the action of the brigade in repulsing, in conjunction with a small body of cavalry, a vastly superior force of the enemy in a serious flank movement, the brigade had not then reported to me, having been detached for some time. No encomium that I can pass upon the conduct of the brigade at this important juncture will be so expressive a recognition of its gallant behavior as the simple statement that it received upon the field, the thanks and compliments of General Johnston."

I wish I could in this article speak of other brigades and their commanders, but those who are interested in these war stories, should refer to volume 47, and they will find many interesting reports of this battle.

CLOSING SCENES AND EVENTS.

I now wish to mention the closing scenes and events around Bentonville on March 21st, two days after the battle. We had heavy firing again all along the line. I was selected as corps officer of the day and refer to same volume, pages 1091 and 1092, Major-General D. H. Hill's report. He said: "There was a great deal of heavy firing on our left line, but no attack upon my command this day. My skirmish line, under Major Thomas, as corps officer of the day, was advanced that afternoon in connection with the skirmish line of Generals Walthall and Bate, and with small loss drove the Yankees from their position about Cole's house. All the buildings there were burned to prevent their further use by the Yankee sharpshooters," and thus we were bringing matters to the close. That night General Hill sent out an aide for me to report to his headquarters, which I did. He and his staff were gathered around a small fire partaking of their scant supper, of which I was invited to partake. Whether I refused from the apparent scarcity of their rations, or overawed by being in the presence of an officer so superior in rank, I do not now remember, but I entered into conversation with the general and his staff officers, and was soon informed that an order was expected from General Johnston to move out that night, and that by remaining for a short time the order would arrive; and that was true. My skirmish line covering the entire corps was gradually retired, and by 2 o'clock that morning we had crossed

Hannah's creek on our march to Smithfield Station. This, perhaps, was the last skirmish line formed on this battle-field, or any other, between the forces of Sherman and Johnston, and soon thereafter, when we found ourselves encamped around Smithfield Station, the reorganization and consolidation of regiments and divisions of the army took place.

HOW GENERAL JOHNSTON LOOKED.

Soon after the consolidation of all the commands took place, General Johnston had a review of the army, and once more we began to look like soldiers. I remember how he looked as he sat on his war horse. He seemed from that piercing look to give each soldier as he passed a most scrutinizing look. A few days thereafter we were moving towards Greensboro, and on that march some interesting events took place. Lee had surrendered before we reached this point, but we did not know it. A few days before reaching Greensboro, we met an old Confederate veteran; where he came from we did not know, but he had somehow gotten the information that our army in Virginia had surrendered. His statement was disbelieved, and our general commanding ordered him under arrest. He was turned back, and accompanied us on our march to Greensboro for nearly a day, but other reports coming in from different sources seemed to confirm it. He was released early in the morning with apologies.

We had many desertions, and among officers and men there had been an alarming demorilization in all the commands. General Johnston was a strick disciplinarian, and knew that something had to be done to put his army once again in fighting trim. A court-martial had been established, and some cases of desertion were before it. A young soldier, I forget now his command, was tried for desertion and found guilty, and ordered to be executed. General Johnston was appealed to, but he only said the sentence must stand. Next morning at 7 o'clock he was to be marched out, and the detail from his own regiment drawn up before him would execute the order, and at the command, one, two, three; fire! he would pay the penalty. A second effort had been made to induce General Johnston for pardon, but he stood firm for discipline, and the execution must proceed. Just as the young soldier was being escorted to the ground, one of the General's aides was seen rushing with lightning speed towards them—the execution was stayed; the commanding General had just received confirmation of the reports that General

Lee had surrendered, and the poor fellow was saved. Our army encamped around and about Greensboro—our brigade at High Point, N. C., where we stacked our arms for the last time. Sherman and Johnston agreed to a truce on April 18, 1865, and all was over, our pay-rolls were furnished us, and our army paid from the specie saved. It was run out from Richmond under guard, and was through the quartermaster of our regiment paid out to us, each receiving a Mexican silver dollar—officers and men sharing alike. I still have my silver dollar, and prize it as one of the most valued relics of the war.

After having our arms stacked out in the old field in front of us, which we turned over to the soldiers of Uncle Sam, I began to look around for transportation, so as to aid my men to get home once more, if homes they were fortunate enough to have. With one wagon and the old regimental ambulance, we moved out, and in a short time we commenced scattering in different directions; some towards Augusta, and others crossing the river above, and some towards Washington, Ga. Before my separation with the noble men of the Forty-second Georgia, and after calling on the sick and disabled. some of whom had been located near Greensboro. I made the best arrangements for their comfort possible, in some instances leaving nurses with them, and passing amongst them shaking hands, and saying something encouraging to all. My last visit to my old friend, Moses Martin, who had followed me through the war. "Mose" had fallen in the charge at Bentonville, and now he was minus one leg, which was buried somewhere in North Carolina soil. He was the same Moses Martin that our fellow-citizens of Gwinnett honored so long, and he filled the position of door-keeper for the Legislature many times. Well, there was "Mose" stretched out on his cot; he knew I was to leave him, and when telling him good-bye, he looked me in the face, and with a faint smile, and yet with tears in his eyes, said: "Colonel, if I ever get home, and should have a 'boy baby,' I will name him for you," and strange as it may seem, there is a nice young man now living in old Gwinnett, Martin's old home, named "Lovick Thomas Martin."

I had two horses, and complimented my major, J. J. McClendon, by giving him one of them, and my bay, a fine, splendid animal, I mounted and departed, sad and alone, for my home, and—my tale is told.

L. P. Thomas.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, December 29, 1901.]

ROSTER OF GOOCHLAND COUNTY TROOP.

The following roster of the Goochland Troop, after much "agony and bloody sweat," has been at last made up, and it is thought to be correct as possible by those who are likely to know. It was prepared in collaboration. This list of gallant comrades would never have crystalized but for the energy of Comrade Charles H. Powell. After the elapse of more than a quarter of a century, it looks out from behind the veil of intercepting years that are fraught with anguish, patience and pathos.

Among the members of this company was the heroic "Jim" Pleasants, the man without a model, of high-erected thought and patriotic purpose, who had rather agonize in Hades rightly than enjoy bliss beyond the cerulean improperly. Napoleon I said that Tom Paine, by virtue of his patriotic deeds in behalf of the American patriots during the revolution, was entitled to a monument of brass. So say we of the gallant James Pleasants, who was complimented by Fitzhugh Lee in General Orders, No. 1, to the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's division, April 4, 1864.

Resolutions to the honor and memory of James Pleasants may also be found among the records of the Southern Historical Society, at Richmond, Va.

THE ORIGINAL ROLL.

Officers.

Julian Harrison, captain; dead.
G. F. Harrison, first lieutenant.
A. M. Hobson, second lieutenant; dead.
John D. Hobson, third lieutenant.
W. R. Fleming, first sergeant; dead.
John A. Picket, second sergeant; dead.
C. B. Trevillian, third sergeant.
W. W. Wright, fourth sergeant; dead.
James M. Trice, first corporal.
J. G. Ragland, second corporal.
J. C. James, third corporal.
T. M. Fleming, fourth corporal.

Privates.

Garland Anderson.
M. L. Anderson; dead.
R. H. Anderson.
T. C. Anderson.
T. R. Argyle; dead.
Richard Bolling.
Walter Branch; dead.
George T. Britt.
W. B. M. Brooking.
J. J. Cheatwood.
C. D. Fleming.
W. L. Fleming.
F. N. Fleming; dead.
Reuben Ford.
T. C. Galt; dead.
Robert Galt; dead.
D. L. Hall.
W. R. Hall.
J. H. Heath.
T. M. Harris; killed.
D. A. Hatcher.
T. J. Holman; killed.
John D. James.
Robert James; dead.
G. R. Johnson.
George Lawrence; dead.
Thomas Massie; dead.
Silas M. Hart; dead.
James P. Morris; dead.
B. F. Parrish.
Isaac Curd.
E. S. Pendleton.
C. R. Pendleton.
Thomas Pemberton; dead.
Richard Pemberton; dead.
Charles H. Powell.
Thomas J. Rutherford; dead.
S. D. Ragland.
W. R. Rock.

J. S. Swift; dead.
Oscar Shultice; dead.
John M. Toler; dead.
A. V. Taylor.
H. T. Wight; dead.
P. D. Woodson.
James Walden.
James Pleasants; dead.
T. J. Perkins; dead.
R. A. Trice.
R. F. Vaughan.

The following were the members and those who subsequently joined the company:

Samuel R. Guy; recruit.
Hancock Hamilton; recruit.
Edward Haden; killed.
Douglass Haden; killed.
Julien Henderson; wounded.
Tommie Herndon; dead.
E. T. Hughes; recruit.
Samuel Mosby; recruit.
Branch Bell; recruit.
James Argyle; transferred to.
E. H. Argyle; transferred to.
R. H. Trice; recruit.
T. A. Curd; transferred from.
William Morris; recruit.
James Houchins; recruit.
Thomas Houchins, recruit.
John Baugh; substitute.
B. S. Dandridge; substitute.
Mat. G. Anderson; recruit.
A. C. Brooking; recruit.
R. L. Brooking; recruit.
William Pleasants; substitute.
John C. Ragland; recruit.
John S. Garthright; transferred from.
John R. Garthright; transferred from.
S. H. Garthright.
John Ladden (Shepherdstown); killed.

Marcellus Shelton; killed.
James Foster; substitute.
Richard Missenger; transferred from.
——— Terrell; transferred from.
P. O. Nichol; transferred from.
——— Webster; substitute.
——— Scott; transferred from.

Julien Armstrong; recruit.
Philip Taylor; recruit.
Powhatan Ayres; transferred.
John Talley; transferred from Guy's Battery.
John Palmore; transferred from Leak's Battery.
John W. Randolph.
Nat Ragland; recruit (dead).
R. J. Loving; recruit.
Hiter Loving; recruit (dead).
John Quigley; substitute (dead).
Mike McPhalin; substitute ("Tiger").
John Pleasants; transferred from Guy's Battery.
Mathew Lloyd, Jr.; recruit.
Pat Brannon; substitute (killed Cedar Run in Valley).
W. H. Jennings; transferred from Leak's Battery.
Obadiah Johnson; recruit.
Reverdy Johnson; recruit.
Carter Johnson; recruit.
Charles Lacy; recruit.
John Eades; recruit.
John Black; recruit.
W. H. Parrish.
Richard Trice (Pottsville).
George W. Fleming.
Napoleon Perkins; recruit.
Isaac Williams.
George Logan.

Richard A. Wise; died December 21, 1900, 12:40 A. M., at Williamsburg, Va.; congressman from the Norfolk and Williamsburg District.

Deaths indicated far as known to date.

Respectfully submitted, with high regards, for all concerned.

E. H. Lively.

Spokane, Washington, 14th of December, A. D., 1901.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, December, 1901.]

A STRIKING WAR INCIDENT.

How General "Jeb." Stuart Lost His Life In Recapturing a Borrowed Maryland Battery.

General Bradley T. Johnson, the distinguished Maryland ex-Confederate, writes to the *Sun* as follows, giving some hitherto unpublished military dispatches connected with the operations of Maryland troops in the battles around Richmond in 1864:

Among your collection of unpublished military dispatches you may include these two, which have never been printed. In October, 1863, I was ordered by General Lee to assemble the Maryland Line, then in separate commands in the Army of Northern Virginia—except the Latrobe Battery, which was with the Army of the Southwest—at Hanover Junction, to guard the five long, high bridges there, over the North Anna, the South Anna, and the Middle river, all within a mile or two of each other, and which were vital for Lee's communication with the Valley, with Richmond, and thence the whole South.

I there collected the Second Maryland Infantry, First Maryland Cavalry, First Maryland Artillery, Captain Dement; Second Maryland Artillery, Captain Griffin (the Baltimore Light), and the Fourth Maryland Artillery, Captain W. Scott Chew; the Third Maryland Artillery. Latrobe's Battery served in the west, and was never in my command.

The Maryland Line, thus gotten together, was the largest collection of Marylanders who ever fought under the gold and black. Our duty was very important, and we picketed the country all to the east and down the Pamunkey to New Kent.

Shortly after midnight I received the following from General Jeb Stuart, who was then at Taylorsville, a mile and a half distant, with the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia:

MILITARY DISPATCH.

MAY 11th, 2:30 o'clock A. M., 1864.

To Colonel B. T. Johnson:

COLONEL,—General Stuart directs me to say that he would be glad to obtain one of your light batteries to assist him to-day, as he

is short of artillery. Our cavalry is interposed between the enemy and Hanover Junction. General Stuart will return the battery as soon as the present emergency has passed. The enemy encamped last night at Ground Squirrel bridge. They had orders to start at 12 o'clock to-night (over). General Stuart is now moving down the Telegraph road, and desires you to send the battery by the same route.

Very respectfully, your old sergeant,

H. B. M'Clellan,
Major and Adjutant.

On receiving this request I rode at once to Taylorsville to see General Stuart. He was lying flat on his back, his head on a saddle, and so fast asleep that McClellan and I turned him over without being able to waken him.

I explained to McClellan that my orders were to protect those bridges, and therefore I couldn't join him in his race after Sheridan; that I had spent the winter in horsing and harnessing my batteries, and that they were now the very finest batteries in the army in guns, horses, harness, and men, and that I wanted Stuart to be very careful of the one I sent him, which was the pick of the command, and, above all things, I wanted it returned as soon as possible and intact.

McClellan made all the necessary promises for his chief, and I went about my business of guarding the bridges.

During the morning I received the following from General Stuart, which was, I think, the last word he ever wrote, for he was killed that afternoon at Yellow Tavern in a charge to protect my battery:

"Headquarters Sixth Cavalry Corps,

"May 11, 9 A. M.

"Colonel,—As the enemy may double back from this direction to Verdon, as above, you will oblige me very much by so arranging it as that I may get the information in time to turn upon them before they get away. Be sure to barricade the roads with felled trees, in case they start in that direction, and also send information to our wagon trains, in rear of General Lee's army.

"Communicate with me by way of the Telegraph road.

"I left a small picket at Ashland, which, however, may run in at

any moment. I have not yet learned whether the enemy has passed Yellow Tavern or passed near James river.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"J. E. B. STUART,
"*Major-General.*"

With the intuition of a great soldier Stuart threw himself on Sheridan's rear, and thus drew him away from Richmond to give time for troops to get into the city to defend it. In the ensuing fight Griffin, of course, had his battery well out of the fighting line, and it was captured by the enemy. Stuart instantly charged with a regiment and recaptured the guns. In a moment they were retaken by the Federals, and Stuart again retook them.

After the charge was over a dismounted Federal cavalryman, trotting back on foot, shot him with a revolver, striking him in the side, which killed him.

So Stuart lost his life in defense of the banner battery of the Marylanders.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 8, 1901.]

IN A FEDERAL PRISON.

Interesting Career of Lieutenant W. W. George, of Echols' Brigade.

HIS ESCAPE FROM FORT PULASKI.

With Several Companions he cut Through the Casemates With an Oyster-Knife and an Iron Clevis—A Cat for Dinner.

The following incidents in the prison life of Lieutenant W. W. George, one of the 800 (Morris Island), is a unique, interesting and truthful narrative of a Confederate soldier.

Lieutenant George is a descendant of a long line of ancestry, who were among the first settlers of the southwestern part of this State, where their early days were spent in continuous war with the Red

Men. Lieutenant George—a worthy son of a worthy sire, reared in the seclusion of the mountains, an athlete by nature, and a soldier by birth—responded promptly to his country's call, and followed the fortunes of his brigade (Echols') from the Kanawha to the Blue Ridge, and until he was finally thrown into the vortex of battle which tried men's souls and made heroes in an hour's time. His battle was short but glorious.

But for my positive and persistent insistence, this record of his valor never would have been known outside of the circle of his immediate friends, and it is with the greatest pleasure I chronicle these facts:

W. W. George was second lieutenant in Company H, Twenty-sixth (Edgar's) Battalion, Echols' Brigade, Breckinridge's Division. This command arrived at Cold Harbor from Monroe Draft (now Ronceverte, West Va.) They had been on the road one month and three days and had fought Sigel at New Market, May 15th. From there they went to Staunton, and thence by train to Hanover Junction, and joined Lee's immortals.

Hard fighting commenced at once and continued all along the line to the Patawet river. We fell back from this point to Cold Harbor (June 2d) and relieved General Lomax's division of cavalry. General Grant had consolidated his forces at and around this position, and Lee had gathered his invincibles to oppose him.

On the afternoon of the 2d the enemy obtained an advantage by capturing our picket line, but this was of short duration. With the alacrity only known to the southern soldier, we recaptured the line, and were fully established in our first position, where we remained, soldier-like, oblivious to the coming storm. On the morning of June 3d, just at dawn, the artillery pealed forth its death melody, and in an incredibly short time, division after division, and corps after corps, of blue-coats came thundering in their mighty charge upon us, broke through our lines, and captured our breastworks at this point.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

And here was enacted one of those awful scenes so seldom known in wars. The fighting was at close range, and hand to hand. The Yankees who succeeded in getting over the works were literally tossed back by the stalwart Confederates.

For fully thirty minutes this frightful struggle lasted, and during that time a minie ball cut its channel through Lieutenant George's neck, and then a bayonet pierced his left side, but woe unto him who

had caused these wounds; for in an instant he lay a corpse, having been brained by one of the Lieutenant's company with the butt end of his gun.

At last the Yankees got possession of the works, and the prisoners were hurried to the rear. A dearly bought advantage was theirs, for in a short time the position was retaken by the Confederates, and in thirty minutes some 13,000 Federals had been killed, while a number of Confederates had been taken prisoners.

The latter, I among them, were taken two miles to the rear and guarded near General Grant's headquarters. Later we were moved further to the rear, and after the expiration of several days were marched to Whitehouse Landing, and were afterwards taken to prison at Point Lookout, Md.

After a few days at this place we were removed to Fort Delaware. Here we remained until August 20th.

UNDER FIRE OF THEIR OWN MEN.

Among the prisoners their were 600 commissioned officers. We were called out, placed on the steamer *Crescent*, and after a stay of eighteen days on the vessel were landed at the lower end of Morris Island, S. C. We were under the impression that we were to be exchanged, but were marched to the upper end and put in the stockade. Here we were placed under the fire of our own guns. The Confederates occupied Charleston and the Federals Fort Wagner. The stockade was between the two armies, hence we were exposed to the fire of both. Our men knew where we were, and they cut their fuse so that their balls would not explode over us, and thus it chanced that only a few of us were wounded.

We were divided into eight detachments, seventy-five in each, and placed in small "A tents," four men in each. We were guarded by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (negro) Regiment, commanded by Colonel Patton, of Philadelphia. I was told by Captain James Dunlap, a fellow prisoner, that this Colonel Patton's father was a silk merchant of Philadelphia, of whom Captain Dunlap had bought goods before the war.

THE STOCKADE.

The stockade was built of rows of pine poles, twelve or fifteen feet long, placed with the small end in the ground, and these were closely bolted together. On top was a parapet two or three feet

wide, forming the pathway of the sentinels. Ten or twelve feet in front of the stockade was a row of pine poles. Through each of these an auger hole was bored and a strong two-inch rope passed. This was called the dead line. If the prisoners touched it, or came too near it, the negro sentinels were instructed to fire upon them. Frequently they would cry out: "Look a-here, white man, the bullet in this nigger's gun is getting mighty hot, and he will fling it into some of you directly, if you don't mind!"

NEGROES IN CHARGE.

A negro corporal or sergeant, as the case might be, was in charge of each detachment. We were formed in line three times each day—morning, noon, and afternoon—in regular order, and the roll was called, when the negro could read; when he could not, we were counted. We remained in ranks until the officer of the day came 'round, when the corporal, or sergeant, saluted. The salute was returned, when the officer made his report—so many in ranks and so many sick in the tents. After this was done, we were dismissed and went to our quarters.

One of these negro corporals was formerly a slave who had run away from his master in South Carolina fourteen years before. He was a kind-hearted negro, coal-black, and weighed about 200 pounds. He went by the name of Hill Harris.

For rations we were furnished with three army crackers per day, and a half-pint of soup. The crackers were issued in the morning, and in the following manner: Two poles, eight or ten feet long, were attached one to either side of a cracker-box, forming a kind of hand-litter, which was borne by two negroes—one walking in front, the other behind. As the box passed our tents, if no one was ready to receive the crackers, the corporal in charge would throw them to us, giving each his daily allowance.

About noon the half-pint of soup was passed. It was called bean soup, but we could never discover any traces of that vegetable in the mixture. In this way we were fed during the forty-four days of our imprisonment in the stockade at Morris Island.

BEANS AND TOBACCO.

While we remained here, a flag of truce was held, and since it was contrary to the rules of war to keep prisoners under fire at such a time, we were placed in the hold of a lumber-boat, while the truce remained. During our stay in the hold of the boat the ladies of

Charleston sent blankets to the sick and a quantity of tobacco for distribution among the prisoners. This came in very well, since there were hardly one hundred chews in all our number of six hundred.

One of our number was very fond of the weed. He had come into possession, on one occasion, of some fine navy tobacco, which he felt obliged to use economically. After chewing a mouthful all day he would put it away carefully at night and chew it again the next day. On the third day the wad was dried and smoked by another one of our number.

In the hold of the boat I discovered a quantity of beans. The sight of them made me hungry. I at once determined to carry some back to the stockade. Fortunately, I had with me a carpet-bag, which I secretly filled with the beans and managed to convey to our tents unobserved.

HOW THE BEANS WERE COOKED.

When we were removed to the stockade, after the flag of truce disappeared, I was asked how I expected to cook these beans. That soon became evident. I dug a hole or flue in the sand under one of our tents. To secure fuel was the next stept. That was not difficult. As I walked near the pine poles forming the stockade, I picked up the bark which lay around. By carrying in frequently a small quantity at a time and concealing it under my coat or in my pockets, a supply soon accumulated. The beans were put to soak overnight in an old coffee-pot that we had managed to get in some way. In the morning, when it was foggy and when I thought a little smoke coming from our tent would not be noticed, I built a fire in the hole prepared for it and put on the beans in the coffee-pot. Having soaked them the night before, little time was required to cook them.

In the meantime, I lay close to the dirt floor of the tent so that as little smoke as possible might get into my eyes. This plan was followed every day as long as the beans lasted. Every man in our mess greatly enjoyed the new dish.

AT FORT PULASKI.

The rest of our stay at the stockade was short. The latter part of November we were divided, and a part of us sent to Hilton Head, S. C., and the rest to Fort Pulaski, Ga. I was sent to the latter place.

Fort Pulaski was sixteen miles from the city of Savannah, at the mouth of the Savannah river. General Mullineaux was in command. This fort was divided into casemates, each twenty-four feet square. In one corner of each casemate was a slat trap-door, leading down into a basement below, which was about six feet deep. There was a basement under each casemate, and every basement was the size of the casemate above. These were divided by solid brick walls laid in cement, and the walls were twenty-two inches thick.

On one side of the fort there was a moat seventy-five feet wide, the opposite side being of brick laid in cement. The bottom was also laid in brick and cemented, and thus held the water.

Some five or six feet from the bottom of the moat there were bricks left out at intervals in the wall of the fort, so as to let the water into the basements. When the moat would fill up to these openings, the water would pass into the basements below the casemates. It generally stood to the depth of four or five feet in the basements.

UNPALATABLE FOOD.

Our rations, while confined in this prison, were ten ounces of corn-meal per day for each prisoner. The meal was kiln-dried and had been put up in 1861; so it was four years old. It had turned very dark, and was not suitable food for animals—certainly not for human beings.

When taken out of the barrels it was a cemented mass, and would come out in chunks and blocks as large as a half bushel.

Before using it, we would have to rub it in our hands, and sift it through tin cans perforated with a nail. This was done to separate the bugs from the meal, when we felt that we could spare the bugs and have meal enough left. One can imagine what our condition was with no food but this for forty-four days, except sour pickle made of onions, cabbage, and other vegetables. The pickle was given us to prevent scurvy. Some of our number were already suffering from this trouble.

MESS-MATES.

There were twenty-four prisoners in each casemate. For every four casemates there was one small cooking-stove—that is, one stove served for ninety-six men. The quantity of fuel was very small indeed. We cooked by detail until we got 'round. There were six in our mess—Captain James Dunlap, Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion, Echols' Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, captured at Cold

Harbor, June 3, 1864; residence, Red Sulphur Springs, Va. Major Richard Woodrum, Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion, Echols' Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, captured at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; residence, Union, Va. Lieutenant W. H. Kennell, Morgan's command, captured at Cheshire, O.; residence, near Fort Worth, Tex. Lieutenant D. N. Prewett, Morgan's command, captured at Cheshire, O., and W. W. George, Company H, Twenty-sixth Virginia Battalion, Echols' Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, captured at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; residence, Princeton, Va. One other completed the list.

FACE TO FACE WITH STARVATION.

The troops holding the prison occupied the casemates beyond No. 24, and the commissary was also in this end of the fort.

With the scant rations we have described, starvation was looking us in the face, and our mess put their heads together to contrive a plan whereby we might secure something more to eat. We remembered the trap-door in one corner of our casemate, raised it, and went into the basement underneath, thinking we could pass to the basement under the commissary beyond casemate No. 24. We found this basement was divided from the next by a wall twenty-two inches thick, made of brick laid in cement, and had to devise some means of breaking through.

Searching the prison for tools with which to work, we found an oyster knife five or six inches long, and an iron belt some ten inches long, in the shape of an old fashioned clevis pin. Some one had to begin the work, so Lieutenant Prewett and myself made the first attempt at what proved a long and tiresome undertaking.

A TIRESOME UNDERTAKING.

The plan was to make a hole in the cement between the bricks with the oyster knife, then prize out the bricks with the iron pin. In this way we made an opening in the cement large enough to pass into the next basement, and found the same situation in that basement, the water standing four or four and a half feet.

In the meantime, our friend Prewett, got sick and could not work longer than one day. He was succeeded by Lieutenant W. H. Kennell, who worked about the same length of time, and found he was unable to continue. Lieutenant W. W. George then addressed himself to the task, and found his strength sufficient, and continued

the removal of the bricks until all the walls had been opened. Lights were needed, since it was totally dark below the casemates. Candles were secured through a fellow prisoner, whose home was in Savannah, Ga. These were thrust through with a stick, which was placed in openings made in the cement, and moved forward as the work progressed.

A CAT FOR DINNER.

One night after taps, feeling weary and hungry after returning from my arduous task, as I entered the casemate from the basement below, my eye caught sight of a large cat that seemed to be enjoying itself under the stove. There were, perhaps, as many as forty-seven or fifty of these cats making their home in the fort. The thought came quickly—"I will prepare one of these for dinner tomorrow." I had never tasted cat's flesh, but I fancied it might be palatable, especially to hungry men.

Immediately I caught the cat, held it in my left hand by the back of its neck, and with a stick held in the right hand, soon dispatched it with a few strong blows. It was carefully dressed, parboiled, and baked in a pan in our stove. While I was thus engaged, the officer of the day made his appearance, and asked me what I was doing. I suppose his astonishment prompted the question. I replied I was killing a cat, and when he inquired what I intended to do with it, I said: "Eat it," and invited him to dine with our mess next day.

He declined with thanks, and at the same time expressed his sympathy, and regretted that the prisoners had to resort to such means to satisfy hunger.

The next day, while we were in the midst of our feast, an envelope, without address, was brought to our casemate and handed to one of the mess, who promptly said: "This is not intended for me; Lieutenant George killed the cat." Receiving the envelope from his hands, I had evidence that the communication was meant for me, as it bore the picture of a man holding a cat by the neck in his left hand, with a stick of wood raised in the right, as if with the purpose of slaying his victim. All laughed and enjoyed the joke, though not more than they enjoyed the savory roast.

HOPE OF ESCAPE.

To go back to the story of the work, six weeks passed before an opening was made through all the walls to the basement just under

the commissary. We had long since ceased to think simply of the provisions in the commissary. The idea of making our escape had taken possession of our minds and souls, and nerved my arm with new strength and energy day by day.

I worked through twenty-two of these walls, which let us below the guards and out of sight of the sentinels.

When I reached the trap-door opening into the commissary above, I found it covered with barrels of pork, flour, etc., which barred the entrance just then. In order to carry out our plan, as the work progressed, money was necessary, and to secure it, we had to take others into our secret, until our party numbered eight.

We watched the trap-door until we found that most of the heavy articles had been removed, and those that remained were worked off by pushing a piece of scantling against their bottom through the slats of the floor.

HOPES OF LIBERTY.

The whole of our party was now notified that after taps, which occurried at 9 o'clock every night, we would raise the door and enter the commissary. In each casemate there was a porthole about seven feet above the water in the moat.

We had planned to let ourselves down through the one in the commissary to the water by means of a rope fastened on the inside to a barrel of pork. All of the party except myself could swim. A rope nearly a hundred feet long was to be fastened around my waist and under my arms. We had secured these helps by means known to prisoners of war. I was to be the last man to crawl through the port-hole, and the seventh, or the one just ahead of me, was to hold on to the rope attached to me, and thus assist me over the moat.

Entering the commissary, we found a Federal soldier asleep in his bunk. He proved to be the commissary sergeant.

Everything having been arranged, I stood guard over the sergeant, while the others passed out at the port-hole. Fortunately, the soldier did not awake. I passed quickly through the hole when my turn came, and found that the man who was to hold the rope attached to me had let it slip from his hand, and I was left to get across as best I could.

I can hardly tell how I managed, but I seemed to wade a short distance under water, then spring to the surface for breath, let myself down again, go forward, and again come to the surface, and in this way was soon across.

THE ESCAPE REPORTED.

Sometime previous we had bribed a sentinel to tell us where we might find a yawl. Securing the yawl, we carried it to the wharf at the mouth of the Savannah, and, having no oars, were waiting for the tide to carry us up the river. It was only eight miles to the Confederate picket lines.

Before we were able to get away, one of the prisoners in the fort reported to the authorities that some of the prisoners had escaped. This we found afterward to be a fact. We knew we were pursued, because we could hear the noise of the well-known tramp of the Federal infantry as we lay prone upon the ground, as close as possible to the water's edge. The night was dark and rainy. Two-thirds of the pursuing party had passed us, when one of our number, becoming frightened, cried out: "We surrender!"

CAPTURED!

So ended our drama of escape. We could not submit to our fare—were recaptured and taken back into the fort, and placed in a dungeon eight feet square (eight of us) in our wet clothes. The next day, while trying to find out how we made our escape, they saw the rope attached to the barrel of pork hanging from the port-hole in the commissary. Entering, the whole situation was taken in at once and our way traced back through the twenty-two walls.

The commissary-sergeant was arrested at once and taken to General Mullineaux's headquarters. Men were sent to our cell, and I was taken out.

When I reached the General's office, he asked me if I knew the commissary-sergeant under arrest. I said that I did not. He then asked me what time we made our escape. I replied: "About 10 o'clock."

The general then said that the sergeant told him he had retired at 8 o'clock. I stated further: "If this sergeant is the man that was in the commissary last night, I have seen him before; armed with a piece of scantling three feet long, two inches thick and three inches wide, I stood guard over him while the rest escaped. Fortunately for the sleeper he did not awake, for dead men tell no tales, and I did not raise any disturbance with him."

IN A DUNGEON.

Upon this evidence the sergeant was released and I was taken back to the dungeon. We remained in the dungeon eight days, then one

of the casements was planked up and we were put inside and a special guard looked after us, until we were sent to Fort Delaware, March 8, 1865.

On that day all the prisoners were taken out and placed on a steamer. The eight who had escaped and were recaptured were held back and afterwards taken out and placed on the bow of a boat in front of the pilot-house.

It was stormy weather, and we were very much exposed to the waves. Wave after wave four days repeatedly broke over us. We were guarded there until we reached Fort Delaware, March 12th.

The other prisoners were taken off and given other quarters in the barracks at Fort Delaware, but we, the eight, were taken to General Scheoff's headquarters and turned over with instructions to be kept in close confinement. The General inquired what were the charges against us. We told him we had tried to make our escape at Fort Pulaski. He said we had done nothing more than any prisoner of war had a perfect right to do, and told the officer in charge to take us to the barracks and give us the best quarters there. General Scheoff was from Almador, Va.

Nothing more than is common to prisoner's life occurred while we were confined at Fort Delaware, until the 17th of June, 1865, when all the line officers were called out and formed in a hollow square to take the oath.

My name was the first called. I was ordered to go to the barracks, get my baggage, and report to General Scheoff's headquarters. General Scheoff met me at the door and asked me if my name was George. I replied that it was. He remarked that he hated to give up, but that my brother had come for me, and he supposed I must go. My brother was Captain A. G. P. George, in the Sixtieth Virgina Regiment, and was with Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox. He had gone home to Princeton, Va., and did not know when I would get out of prison. From Princeton, he went to Washington and got a special release for me. I did not know he was present at General Scheoff's headquarters; had heard nothing from him since long before the surrender, and did not know but what he might be dead. My brother and I went from Fort Delaware to Baltimore. He went on to California, while I returned home.

W. T. Baldwin.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 26, 1901.]

COMPANY G, TWENTY-SIXTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

The following is a muster-roll of the above company:

Captain Robert H. Spencer; living.
First Lieutenant Robert B. Roy; died at home.
Second Lieutenant M. B. Davis; killed at Hatcher's Run.
Third Lieutenant A. P. Bird; wounded at Johns Island; died at home.
First Sergeant Jacob W. Turner; living.
Second Sergeant William J. Jackson; died at home.
Third Sergeant William J. Eubank; living.
Fourth Sergeant Frank A. Marshall; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
Fifth Sergeant James M. Bew; died at home.
First Corporal George T. Hart; living.
Second Corporal George W. Turner; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
Third Corporal James H. Turner; died at home.
Fourth Corporal George W. Hays; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
Private Horace Acree; living.
William N. Acree; killed at the Howlett House, May 20, 1864.
Dr. James E. Bland; living.
George Brown; died at hospital.
James L. Brown; died at home.
William T. Bray; died at home.
Hezekiah Bew; died at home.
John Bew; died at home.
William G. Brooks; died at home.
Richard C. Burton; living.
Robert B. Burton; died at home.
Richard E. Burton; died at home.
Samuel S. Crittendon; died at home.
George W. Cardwell; wounded at Johns Island; living.
James M. Cardwell; died at Plarisburg, June 15, 1864.
George W. Cawthorn; living.

John Colly; died at home.
James Colly; living.
Charles Collier; died at home.
Frank Carter; died at home.
Robert Carter; died at home.
W. S. Courtney, captured at Petersburg, June 15, 1864; living.
Levi Carlton; died at home.
William B. Carlton; living.
Ira Carlton; died at hospital.
Junius A. Davis; died at home.
Joseph A. Davis; living.
Albert Davis; died at home.
Robert D. Diggs; living.
John Donavan; living.
Joseph S. Estis; dead.
Frank B. Estis; died at Elmira, N. Y.
Archy H. Eubank; living.
Dunbar Edwards; died at hospital.
Alfred Edwards; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
John H. Eager; living.
Richard Garrett; died at Elmira, N. Y.
Thomas C. Garrett, captured at Petersburg, June 15, 1864; died at home.
Augustus Garrett; living.
John Gaines; died at home.
Ben. Groom; died at hospital.
George Gibson; killed at Howlett House, May 18, 1864.
John C. Gibson; living.
Adolphus Gibson; killed at Petersburg, May 18, 1864.
B. E. Guthrie; died at home.
Charles H. Huckstep; died at hospital.
Allen Hilliard; died at home.
William H. Hurtt; died at Elmira, N. Y.
William Hogg; died at home.
Joseph N. Knapp; living.
Joseph Landrum; died at Soldiers' Home.
Myrick Newcomb; died at Elmira, N. Y.
William A. Murphy; died at hospital.
John Marshall; died at Elmira, N. Y.
Joseph G. Norman; living.
Richard Ogleby; died at Elmira, N. Y.

George Ogleby; died at Elmira, N. Y.
William Ogleby; died at hospital.
Simon P. Parker; died at home.
Albert Parker; living.
James R. Spencer; died at home.
Gideon L. Spencer; living.
Tell B. Spencer; died at home.
John Seward; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
Edward Seward; died at hospital.
Robert B. Seward; died at Elmira, N. Y.
Lewis W. Smith; living.
Frank A. Thurston; died at Elmira, N. Y.
William Thurston; died at home.
Edward D. Tuttle; living.
Jerome Tuttle; died at home.
Baylor Wheeler; died at hospital.
Levi Wyatt; living.
Thomas W. Wyatt; died at home.
John Wyatt; living.
Andrew Wyatt; died on James river.
William M. Wyatt; died at Elmira, N. Y.
Robert S. Wyatt; died at home.
Lemuel R. Walton; living.
Reuben Walton; wounded at the Howlett House, May 20, 1864; died at home.
James Yarrington; killed at Petersburg, June 15, 1864.
R. H. T. Yarrington; living.
Andrew Yarrington; killed at Howlett House, May 20, 1864.

A MARYLAND WARRIOR AND HERO.

Death of Major William W. Goldsborough, of the Famous Maryland Line, C. S. A.

MILITARY FUNERAL IN BALTIMORE—SKETCH OF HIS EVENTFUL LIFE AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES—SOLDIER, JOURNALIST, HISTORIAN.

By Winfield Peters, Lieutenant-Colonel, etc., U. C. V., Maryland Member Historical Committee, etc., United Confederate Veterans.

On Christmas afternoon last the startling information was telegraphed to Baltimore of the unexpected death in Philadelphia of Major William Worthington Goldsborough, to Captain George W. Booth, acting President of the Society of the Confederate States Army and Navy in Maryland, to the writer and to Sergeant Richard T. Knox, a famous soldier, who accompanied the Major when reconnoitering. A telegram was sent to his widow, Mrs. Louise Goldsborough, to forward the remains to Baltimore, to be buried with military honors in the Confederate burial plot, Loudoun Park Cemetery. Also, General Bradley T. Johnson, former commander and kinsman of Major Goldsborough, was telegraphed to in Virginia, but he was unable to attend the funeral. And word failed to reach General George H. Steuart in time, to whom, when Colonel First Maryland regiment infantry, C. S. A., Major Goldsborough was indebted for the instruction, training and example which helped to develop his superb soldierly qualities.

Major Goldsborough underwent a surgical operation some weeks before his death, *refusing* an anesthetic, hence he suffered agony, the shock from which it is believed shattered his system beyond repair. About five years ago his thigh bone was shattered from being struck down by a bicycle, after which he never walked without crutches. While in the hospital in Philadelphia he met and married his wife, who faithfully nursed him to the end. He hated to die, and fought death with his tremendous will-power. Once he said to his wife: "Should the end come, don't bury me among the — Yankees here; send my body to Broad-street station, and ship it to Winfield Peters, Baltimore." His command was obeyed.

Major Goldsborough's remains reached Baltimore Friday, December 27th, and the funeral took place Saturday afternoon. The cortege formed at the main entrance to Loudoun Park Cemetery and moved to the Confederate plot. In front was a drum-and-fife corps, followed by a volunteer battalion from the Fifth regiment infantry, M. N. G., under Captain N. Lee Goldsborough. Then came the honorary pall-bearers and Rev. William M. Dame, D. D., chaplain. The hearse and carriages came next, with the active pall-bearers beside the hearse, then followed delegations from the Society of the Confederate States Army and Navy in Maryland, under Captain George W. Booth, the James R. Herbert Camp, U. C. V., survivors of the Baltimore City Guard battalion and the Union Veterans' Association, who were proud to honor their war-time valiant antagonist. Mrs. Goldsborough was escorted from Philadelphia by Mr. Fred. L. Pitts, an associate with Major Goldsborough on the Philadelphia *Record*, and a member of Captain William H. Murray's company in the First Maryland regiment, as also was the writer.

The honorary pall-bearers (appointed and who were nearly all present) were: Brigadier-General George H. Steuart, Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson, Captain Wilson C. Nicholas, Major Frank A. Bond; Lieutenants Clapham Murray, McHenry Howard, Frank Markoe, Andrew C. Trippe, and Winfield Peters; Sergeants Richard T. Knox and Daniel A. Fenton; Privates N. Lee Goldsborough, Lamar Holliday, J. McKenny White, Sommerville Sollers, D. Ridgely Howard, Thomas D. Harrison, and Daniel L. Thomas. The active pall-bearers were six members of James R. Herbert Camp, in uniform, of which Major Goldsborough was a member.

Despite the inclement weather, many gallant old soldiers were present to testify their love and respect for the beloved old Major. At the grave the service of the Episcopal Church was conducted by Rev. Dr. Dame, a typical soldier; three volleys were fired over the grave; a bugler sounded "taps," and all that was mortal of the grand old soldier-patriot were left to await the trump of the resurrection morn. And it is comforting to know that in life much of his thoughts and hopes were heavenward.

Major Goldsborough's grave is beside that of Major John B. Brockenbrough, lately deceased, the organizer and distinguished commander of the Baltimore Light Artillery. Almost abreast of them lies Colonel Harry Gilmor, the dashing Maryland partisan, while fifty yards away lies brave General James R. Herbert, and in-

termediate is the monument to the lamented Captain Wm. H. Murray and his men, and surrounding all these are five hundred men and officers of the invincible armies of the glorious Confederacy.

"Ah! realm of tombs! but let her bear,
This blazon to the last of times:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes."

From early manhood the career of Major Goldsborough was replete with the stress and storm of arms. As a lad he ran away from home to enlist for the war against Mexico, but was overtaken in Baltimore and taken back home. During the war between the States his life was full of adventures, perils, battles, wounds and prison hardships. By nature he was, he admitted, "a man who loved fighting," and was always in the thick of battle.

Among the many brave, daring and skillful line officers of the Maryland line in the Confederate army, Major Goldsborough stood in the forefront, surpassed by none, if indeed he was wholly equalled. Descended from a distinguished lineage in Maryland, he inherited all the best faculties that typify the true Maryland soldier, added to a fine, cultivated intellect, a charming, magnetic personality, with a romantic, sanguine temperament, ever alert and ripe for perilous service, he commanded the admiration and confidence of all within reach of his voice or example. His superior officers were impressed with his exceptional worth, and he received less promotion than he deserved; but his fame will descend through generations following those who were his comrades in arms.

The genealogy of the Goldsboroughs appears in "Old Kent." The grandfather of Major Goldsborough was a native of Dorchester county, Maryland. He removed to Frederick county in 1800, where the father of Major Goldsborough, Leander W. Goldsborough, was born and spent part of his life, removing to Hanover, Pa., in 1845. His son, William Worthington, was born at Graceham, Frederick county, Md., October 6, 1831; was educated at Hanover, Pa., and learned the trade of a printer, afterward becoming foreman of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, but he went to Baltimore about 1850 and found employment on newspapers until May, 1861. As a compositor and proof-reader he atttained great proficiency. In politics he was always an old school Democrat.

In 1857 he joined Captain D. E. Woodburn's company in the

Baltimore City Guard Battalion, one of the best known military commands in the United States, and after four years' drilling and instruction he was well fitted for the duties of a soldier and an officer in field service. His company, with others, having been sent to Harper's Ferry, Va., to aid in subduing John Brown's murderous raid, in October, 1859, they closed upon the United States Marines who battered down the door of Brown's "Fort" and rushed in, Goldsborough and another of his company were the first militiamen to enter with the marines.

In May, 1861, Goldsborough, in his thirtieth year, enlisted as a private in Captain E. R. Dorsey's company in the First Maryland Infantry. In June following he was elected captain of Company "A" to succeed Captain Bradley T. Johnson, promoted to Major, serving thus until the muster out of the regiment, August 17, 1862, participating in both the campaigns in the Valley of Virginia, *i. e.*, in 1861 under General Joseph E. Johnston, and in 1862 under Stonewall Jackson; also in the First Manassas battle and campaign in 1861 and in the Seven Days Battles below Richmond, in June and July, 1862. Near Front Royal, Va., during the battle on May 23d, 1862, he had the singular privilege of capturing his brother Charles and sending him to the rear with the other prisoners. The fight was between First Maryland Confederate and First Maryland Federal, and the latter was badly defeated, most of them were captured, although outnumbering their antagonist nearly three to one. So much for the genuine article versus the spurious.

Stonewall Jackson on his march to Pope's rear at Manassas, in August, 1862, placed Colonel Bradley T. Johnson in command of Jones' brigade in the Stonewall division (General Jones being disabled.) Colonel Johnson put Captain Goldsborough in command of the 48th Virginia Regiment (the ranking officer present for duty being a captain) and made Captain G. W. Booth his brigade-adjutant. Booth was a typical young officer and had been adjutant of the First Maryland. At Second Manassas this brigade, reduced to about 800 effectives, for nearly two days fought desperately and heroically at the railroad cut against Fitz John Porter's Corps, holding its ground to the end, repulsing many attacks in heavy force and often making counter charges. It was truthfully said that the air was thick with leaden hail. When physical endurance and cartridges alike were nearly exhausted, Captain Booth providentially discovered General Pender's brigade moving to the firing, when that gallant officer promptly reinforced Colonel Johnson's decimated but invinci-

ble line (in much the same way that the First Maryland and Third Tennessee advanced upon, drove the enemy and saved Jackson's flank at First Manassas.) In this bloody battle of Second Manassas, Captain Goldsborough was severely and it was then thought mortally wounded; but careful nursing by hospitable Virginians in the Bull Run mountains restored him in time (in the latter part of 1862) to take the captaincy of Company "G," Second Maryland Infantry (which succeeded the First Maryland), being shortly afterward elected major, under Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert, who had been Captain of Company "D," in the First Maryland.

Under these brave veterans as field officers, with much active service, the new Maryland battalion soon became a magnificent fighting phalanx. This regiment was in the flank attack upon the Federal General Milroy's force at Winchester, in June, 1863, which resulted in their total defeat and the capture of about four thousand in all. Milroy, *outlawed* by President Davis, escaping with a few hundred cavalry. Major Goldsborough, reconnoitering, was one of the first officers with a detachment to enter the town.

In the battle of Gettysburg, the Second Maryland, in General George H. Steuart's brigade, Johnson's division, participated with conspicuous valor and suffered dreadfully. They helped carry the enemy's advanced works on Culp's Hill on the evening of the second day—July 2, 1863—the ascent being over huge rocks and other serious obstructions; yet while breaking the alignments and delaying the advance, the large boulders served in a measure to shield the men from the bullets of the enemy. Nightfall came, yet the brave band pushed on, directed by the continuous flash from the rifles behind the breastworks. When close upon the enemy, Major Goldsborough sought Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, commanding the Twenty-third Virginia—next on the left of the Second Maryland—who in the desperate situation proposed a combined assault, to which Goldsborough cheerfully assented, and promptly getting his three left companies in line, on the right of the Virginians, both advanced as rapidly as possible, executed a right half-wheel, enabling them to take the enemy in flank and reverse, and rushed upon the works. The Yankees "skeedaddled" to the rear and took refuge behind a supporting entrenched line. The remaining companies of the Second Maryland charged up to the works. The loss in killed and wounded was heavy, and among those very dangerously wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, who was left in the enemy's hands when the

army retired, having Major Goldsborough for his companion, as will presently appear.

The next morning Major Goldsborough, now in command of the battalion, took companies "B" and "G" and advanced as sharpshooters to reconnoiter, but being met with a terrific fire, front and flank, from infantry and artillery, they retired. But the last act of the bloody drama was about to be enacted. The Second Maryland moved forward from the captured works into the open, changed front into line, formed with the brigade and advanced upon the enemy, who in heavy force were behind impregnable works. Major Goldsborough protested against this charge as being mere murder, but General Steuart replied that he, also, had protested. Goldsborough, seeing the charge would be desperate, said to the chivalric Captain Murray: "Take command of the right wing; I prefer to lead the left." Two more valiant leaders never found glory on a field of carnage. Within ten or fifteen minutes about two-thirds of the Second Maryland were killed or wounded, the remnant retiring sullenly, unpursued, and reoccupied the captured works.

Captain Murray was killed late in the charge, his body being covered with earth thrown up by countless bullets. Goldsborough was wounded, it was believed unto death; a minie bullet bored a terrible hole through his left lung, coming out at the back; yet, raising himself on his elbow he watched his gallant men being mowed down. General Steuart, with tears coursing down his cheeks, said: "Some one else must be responsible for the loss of those brave men. I obeyed orders." Steuart, a typical soldier, a Marylander and a West Pointer, idolized the Maryland infantry, most of whom he had taught, trained and inspirited.

Major Goldsborough writing, historically, said: "The devoted little brigade—already reduced to about nine hundred men—made their way slowly from the captured works, sometimes crawling to the spot where they were to be senselessly slaughtered. Nine hundred brave men to storm a mountain, upon whose sides bristled the bayonets of ten thousand foemen, and artillery innumerable. Some one's hands are stained with the blood of these gallant men."

As in Pickett's charge, made a few hours later, Steuart's brigade advancing, received, front and flank, a withering fire from infantry and artillery, at enormous odds and entrenched, but the command from brave Steuart was, "Fix bayonets; forward, double-quick!" And, like Pickett's men, they charged into defeat and death. The analogy is plainer, because the respective charges of Pickett's divis-

ion and Steuart's brigade, in directions about opposite, moving toward each other, would, if successful, have cut Meade's army in twain. His superior numbers and his earthworks saved him. Were Stonewall Jackson alive, Gettysburg would have been Meade's Waterloo.

Colonel Herbert and Major Goldsborough were among five or six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war, who were placed within range of the Confederate batteries at Charleston, S. C., during the fierce Federal assault on that city; suffering many hardships and privations, having often killed and eaten cats and other animals! What could have been more cowardly and despicable than such treatment to such heroes! Colonel Herbert's exchange was effected, but Major Goldsborough remained a prisoner until the war was over.

Soon after the war Major Goldsborough established the Winchester, Va., *Times*, which he afterward sold and went to Philadelphia to reside.

Major Goldsborough was with the Philadelphia *Record* from 1870 to 1890. In 1890 he migrated to the far Northwest, settling at Tacoma in Washington State. Here he came in contact with what was regarded as the roughest gang of printers on the Pacific Coast. Prior to his arrival no one had dared to run counter to them; but as foreman of the Tacoma *Daily Globe* he cleared out the gang, unionized the office and made it one of the best on the slope. This feat gained for him the title "Fighting Foreman." Upon the sale of the *Globe*, Major Goldsborough removed to Everett, Washington, where he had invested in real estate. He worked for a time on the Everett *Herald*, and later started the Everett *Sun*. About 1894 he returned to Philadelphia, contributing war articles to the *Record* and annotating for the war collection of D. Parish, Esq., in the New York Historical Society.

About two years ago Major Goldsborough was engaged by Mr. Parish to write a history of the famous Maryland Line in the Confederate army in MS., inlaid, and to contain portraits and illustrations by a well known Philadelphia artist, the workmanship and finishing to be the very best and durable, one volume only to be made, for perpetual preservation. The cost to be about $2,000. The work was nearing completion when death overtook the author, but it is the aim of his widow to have finished this task of the distinguished soldier and author, with a guarantee of the sterling quality designed by him.

Major Goldsborough wrote for the *Record* many historical sketches of incidents and engagements, in which Marylanders and Maryland troops were conspicuous. Those war articles, always terse, picturesque and spirited, evincing the writer's characteristic zeal and aptitude, were delightful, and were extensively reproduced in other newspapers. They are unique and nothing to compare with them has ever appeared. Doubtless they will be published in a volume.

Major Goldsborough was the author of *The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army*, published in 1869. About 1896 he partially rewrote this volume, but being unable to quite complete it, it was with other help finished and published. While thus engaged, he was entertained as a guest at the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., the superintendent being Sergeant Wm. H. Pope, of his company, "A," First Maryland Regiment. Still being desirous to do full justice to the Maryland Confederates, he was at his death engaged in gathering materials for a third volume, which it is probable will ultimately appear. With this end in view he spent much of last summer with his brother, Charles E. Goldsborough, at Hunterstown, Pa., near Gettysburg and the battlefield. No one but Major Goldsborough has ever attempted to chronicle completely and historically the deeds and incidents connected with the Maryland Confederates.

The Maryland Line, C. S. A., was created by Act of the Confederate Congress, and consisted of infantry, cavalry and artillery, under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, whom General R. E. Lee declared, with diffuse compliments, most worthy to command Marylanders. A grandson of Colonel Baker Johnson of the "Rebellion" of 1776–'83; he had under him some fifty cousins, and not one conscript or substitute!

"These are my jewels."

The widow of Major Goldsborough was Miss Louise Page, of Virginia, connected with the distinguished Lee and Page families, her father being a cousin of General R. E. Lee.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, July 24, 25, 1901.]

APRIL 19th, 1861.

A Record of the Events in Baltimore, Md., on that Day.

CONFLICT OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT WITH CITIZENS.

Of the 215,000 people who resided in Baltimore on April 19, 1861, there are perhaps not 50,000 remaining here to this day. Of the thousands who took part in the attack upon the Massachusetts troops as they passed through the city on that eventful day, or who witnessed the attack, but few remain. To the great mass of our people the riot of April 19 is simply an event of history. Men who were born here since it occurred have arrived at middle age, and those who were in the melee can now look back upon that time of intense excitement as calmly and dispassionately as upon the assault upon the British troops at Lexington, on April 19, 1775.

Much has been said and written about the strange coincidence in the date of the first bloodshed in the two most momentous conflicts of modern times. But the coincidence of dates is the only similarity between the two events. The minute men of Massachusetts who attacked the British soldiers April 19, 1775, had long looked forward to the event, and were prepared and armed for it. The people of Baltimore were suddenly confronted with an army of armed men whom they regarded as enemies and invaders, and upon the impulse and fury of the moment, made an assault upon them. This attack was entirely unpremeditated.

On April 18, when the rumor reached the city that troops would arrive during the afternoon by the Northern Central road, a meeting of "Southern Rights" men, of which Albert Ritchie and G. Harlan Williams, were secretaries, was held at the Taylor building, on Fayette street, near Calvert, and while it was not determed to offer resistance to the passage of the troops through the city, yet a resolution offered by Mr. Ross Winans was of a bold and somewhat threatening character.

ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS.

A battery of artillery and several hundred Pennsylvania recruits arrived at Bolton Station about 2 o'clock on April 18. The recruits were without uniforms and some of them almost without clothing. A few carried flint-lock rifles, but most of them were unarmed. A great crowd of people was at the station to meet them. The regulars marched to Fort McHenry, and the volunteers went down Howard street to Camden Station. Not finding a train there, they continued on to Mount Clare, where a train was made up to carry them to Washington. Several thousand people, all laboring under intense excitement, met the troops at Bolton Station and followed them to Mount Clare. All the way there was a riotous demonstration. Marshal Kane was there with 120 policemen, and while he succeeded in preventing any serious breaches of the peace, he could not stop the mouths of the people, who hissed, jerred and ridiculed the volunteers. The march through the city was rapid, and the troops were protected on either flank by files of policemen. The mob sang "Dixie," cheered for "Jeff." Davis and the Confederacy, and while the troops were getting into the cars at Mount Clare, there was pandemonium, and two bricks were hurled at them. But the train pulled out at 4 o'clock without any really serious trouble.

OPPOSING SENTIMENT.

In the meantime the population of Baltimore was in a very feverish condition. The Southern rights men raised a large Confederate flag at the intersection of Greenmount avenue and Chase street and fired a salute of 100 guns in its honor. But the sympathy of the people was not as yet entirely with the Confederate cause. A party of young men carried a swivel to the top of Federal Hill to fire a salute of fifteen guns in honor of the secession of Virginia. After a few shots had been fired a party of workingmen from the neighboring shops charged upon them and tumbled the gun into the river. At the corner of Baltimore and North streets several young men appeared wearing badges representing the Confederate flag. They were quickly surrounded by a crowd, who demanded that they should remove them. The crowd followed the young men down South and Lombard streets. Marshal Kane came to their protection. They appealed to him to know whether they had a right to wear those badges. The Marshal replied that they had a perfect right to do so

as long as they were orderly. The crowd then left them and went up Baltimore street cheering for the Stars and Stripes.

These incidents serve to indicate the condition of the public mind upon the eve of April 19. The fever heat had not been reached suddenly. The news of the attack on Fort Sumter and its surrender had produced a high state of excitement. Men gathered in great numbers around the newspaper offices, and almost continuously the sidewalks of Baltimore street, between Calvert and Holliday, were impassable. The appearance of a man in public—and such things were not infrequent—with Confederate or Union colors would be the signal for the assembling of a mob. Politicians and intemperate advocates of the North or of the South would harangue the crowds on the street and add fuel to the flame.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

On April 16 the news that Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers "to redress wrongs already long enough endured" was published to the country, and the effect of that momentus news it is hard now to understand. In the North it was received with wild enthusiasm; in the South with sullen anger or with derision; and it was said that when the troops came they would "be welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

In Baltimore the people were wild with excitement and indignation. It is difficult for men of this generation, who have grown up under different political conditions, to understand how the men of that generation viewed the prospect of coercing the Southern States to remain in the Union. The idea of permitting Northern troops to march through Maryland to make war on the South was regarded pretty much as we would now regard a proposal that troops from Canada should come through here for the same purpose, or that troops from Germany or England should be permitted to land at Locust Point.. George William Brown, Mayor of Baltimore, who risked his life to protect the Massachusetts troops, telegraphed to the Governor of Massachusetts on April 20: "Our people viewed the passage of armed troops of another State through the streets as an invasion of our soil and could not be restrained." Governor Hicks, of Maryland, an ardent Union man, said in a public speech in Baltimore on the evening of April 19, after the riot and after the President's proclamation calling for troops had been made: "I am a Marylander. I love my State and I love the Union; but I will

suffer my right arm to be torn from my body before I will raise it to strike a sister State." He had already assured the people that no troops should be sent from Maryland unless it might be for the defense of the national capital. These expressions will give some idea of public sentiment in those days, when a sovereign State counted for much more and the Federal Government for much less than they do to-day.

Everything, therefore, was ripe for the events of the 19th of April. The mayor and the police commissioners knew the danger of sending troops through the city. It was believed they would come that day, and the city authorities made every effort to learn the hour of their arrival, so that they might be protected. But all information was denied them by the military authorities and by the railroad officials.

THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS.

The Sixth Massachusetts regiment was the first regiment fully equipped and organized to respond to the President's call for troops. It had a full band and a regimental staff. It was mustered at Lowell on the morning of the 16th of April. Four companies were from that city, four were added from other cities, and when the regiment reached Boston, about midday, a company from that city was added, bringing up the strength of the regiment to about 700 men. They were drawn up before the Governor of Massachusetts, who addressed them, and then they left for the South, their whole journey until they had left Philadelphia behind being an ovation. On the 18th the regiment marched down Broadway, New York, from the railroad station to the upper part of the city to the Jersey City ferry. The march was like a holiday parade, and the troops were cheered by thousands of citizens who filled the sidewalks. In passing through New Jersey towns and through Philadelphia there was the same enthusiasm. At or near Philadelphia an unarmed and ununiformed Pennsylvania regiment was added to the force, bringing the total number of the troops up to about 1,700 men. After leaving Philadelphia the cheering ceased and the atmosphere changed. It was no longer a holiday trip, for there was every evidence that the troops were approaching the enemy's country. Soon after leaving Philadelphia the commander of the regiment received an intimation that the passage of his men through Baltimore might be resisted.

AMMUNITION SERVED OUT.

Thereupon he caused ammunition to be distributed and the arms loaded. He went through the cars composing the long train and issued an order as follows: "The regiment will march through Baltimore in columns of sections, arms at will. You will undoubtedly be insulted, abused and perhaps assaulted, to which you must pay no attention whatever, but march with your faces square to the front and pay no attention to the mob, even if they throw stones, bricks or other missiles; but if you are fired upon any of you are hit your officers will order you to fire. Do not fire into any promiscuous crowds, but select any man whom you see aiming at you and be sure you drop him." If this order had been carried out and the troops had marched through in a body the trouble might not have occurred. At that time the only railroad from Baltimore to Washington was the Baltimore and Ohio. Trains coming from the East for Washington were hauled by horses, one car at a time, from President Street Station up to Pratt, along Pratt to Howard street, and thence to Camden Station. Along this route was the scene of the riot. Instead of disembarking at President street and marching in a body to Camden, the regular course was attempted, and this gave the mob the opportunity to attack the troops in detail. The train bringing the soldiers consisted of thirty-five cars. It arrived at President Street Station about 11 o'clock on the morning of Friday, 19th of April. Six cars, drawn rapidly by horses, reached Camden Station, the first carload being received with jeers and hisses, but the last car was thrown from the track and delayed, the windows broken with paving stones, which had also struck some of the men. Colonel Jones was in one of the cars which got through. After the stones had been thrown at the sixth car the riot began in earnest, and among those who opposed the troops were some of the substantial men of the city. As carload after carload passed by the excitement grew more and more intense and the crowd on the street increased rapidly and the passage of nine cars was obstructed by a cartload of sand which was dumped on the track by a party of merchants and clerks on Pratt street. At the head of Gay street dock some anchors were lying, and these were also dragged upon the track. One of the wealthy merchants of the town was afterward indicted by the Federal grand jury for participation in this act. But he was not tried. At the corner of Pratt and Gay streets pavers had been at

work and large pile of paving stones—the cobble stones such as were used at that time—furnished the mob with the weapons for their attack. Policemen undertook to drag the anchors from the track, but the crowd would not permit them to do so until Mayor Brown came along and ordered the obstruction removed. His authority was not resisted. But in the meantime the seventh car having come up to the obstruction, the driver hitched the horses to the other end and returned rapidly to President street, the cars following of course reversing and also returning amid a shower of stones and other missles and hoots and yells of defiance.

MARCH TO CAMDEN STATION.

There were now at President Street Station four companies of the Massachusetts Regiment, C, D, I and L, under Captains Follonsbee, Hart, Pickering and Dike. They were cut off from their colonel and the rest of the command. In these four companies were 220 men, who were confronted by a dense and angry crowd, cheering for Jeff. Davis and the Confederacy, and denouncing Lincoln and the North. The unarmed Pennsylvanians and the regimental band remained in the railroad station, but the four Massachusetts companies formed on President street and began their famous march to Camden Station. As they marched up President street the commotion increased. A man went for some distance in advance of the soldiers carrying a Confederate flag, but this was taken away from him by other citizens. The march had hardly begun when the stones began to fly, increasing as the soldiers advanced. It was remarked that many of the stones were thrown by negroes. At the corner of Fawn street two soldiers were knocked down, seriously injured. In crossing Pratt street bridge obstructions were encountered, over which the soldiers had to pick their way. Very soon the soldiers became utterly frightened and demoralized and broke into a run, or a double-quick as it was called, firing at random as they ran. They killed and wounded a number of citizens, but invariably those who were taking no part in the attack. Those who were engaged in the attack were behind, in pursuit, and the soldiers, instead of facing about to defend themselves, fired generally to the front. At the corner of South street several citizens who were standing in a group fell, killed or wounded by the reckless firing of the soldiers. Near the corner of Light street a soldier was mortally wounded and a boy on a vessel lying in the dock at that place was killed. Near the

same place three soldiers at the head of the column fired into a group of spectaters standing on the sidewalk and killed Philip Thomas Miles, of West Fayette street, and wounded others.

The first shot was fired by the soldiers at Pratt street bridge, and at the corner of Gay street the first round was fired by the soldiers, and a number of citizens fell. When it became evident that the troops were firing with ball cartridges there was a mad rush for arms. The crowd first went to the armory, but that was closely guarded, and then there was a rush for the gun shops. The store of J. C. J. Meyer, on Pratt street, and that of Alexander McComas, on South Calvert street, were invaded and the guns, pistols and ammunition were taken. At the first of the collison the people were entirely unarmed.

MAYOR BROWN.

Mayor Brown received the news of the arrival of the Northern troops at his law office, on St. Paul street. Marshal Kane sent word to him that the troops were about to arrive and that he expected a disturbance. The Mayor, accompanied by the counselor of the city, Mr. George M. Gill, rode rapidly to Camden Station in a carriage. It was thought that the disturbance would be at that place, and Marshal Kane was already there and policemen were coming in by squads. There was a large and angry crowd assembled. After a while eleven companies of the Massachusetts troops arrived in cars, the windows of the last car being badly broken. Thinking that the danger was over, the Mayor and Police Commissioner John W. Davis were about to leave, when news came of the collision on the march. The Mayor hurried toward President Street Station, and when he reached Pratt street bridge he met the battalion of four companies of troops running toward him. In his account of the events of the day, narrated in a volume published in 1887, from which and from the columns of *The Sun* this article is compiled, Judge Brown said the troops "were firing wildly, sometimes backward over their shoulders. The mob, which was not very large, as it seemed to me, was pursuing with shouts and stones, and, I think, an occasional pistol shot. The uproar was furious. I ran at once to the head of the column, some persons in the crowd shouting: 'Here comes the Mayor.' I shook hands with the officer in command, Captain Follansbee, saying as I did so: 'I am the Mayor of Baltimore.' The Captain greeted me cordially. I at once objected to the double-quick, which was immediately stopped. I placed myself by his side and marched

with him. * * * There was neither concert of action nor organization among the rioters. They were armed only with such stones or missiles as they could pick up, and a few pistols. My presence for a short time had some effect, but very soon the attack was renewed with greater violence. The mob grew bolder. Stones flew thick and fast. Rioters rushed at the soldiers and attempted to snatch their muskets, and at least on two occasions succeeded. With one of these muskets a soldier was killed."

CAPTAIN WARD WOUNDED.

"Men fell on both sides. A young lawyer then and now known as a quiet citizen, seized the flag of one of the companies and nearly tore it from its staff. He was shot through the thigh and was carried home apparently a dying man, but he survived to enter the army of the Confederacy, where he rose to the rank of captain, and he afterward returned to Baltimore." This bold young lawyer was Captain Frank X. Ward. As the column of soldiers reached a point between Charles and Light streets Marshal Kane, by a bold and skillful movement, interposed a squad of policemen between the fleeing soldiers and their pursuers. This nearly ended the fight at this point, and the soldiers, under police protection, reached Camden Station without further damage. In the battle four soldiers had been killed and thirty-six wounded. Twelve citizens, including Robert W. Davis, who was shot by the soldiers from the cars as they were leaving for Washington, were killed. The number of citizens wounded was never known. The embarkation of the troops in the cars in Camden Station was attended by an angry demonstration, and only the presence of Marshal Kane with a police force prevented further bloodshed. The railroad tracks were obstructed, but the police removed the obstructions as fast as they were placed. The conduct of Mayor Brown in risking his life to defend the Northern troops was heroic, and his heroism was recognized in statements made by the officers of the Massachusetts regiment. Colonel Jones, in a letter to Marshal Kane, thanked him "for the Christian conduct of the authorities of Baltimore." Nothing could exceed the courage and skill with which Marshal Kane met the emergency with the small force under his command. When the troops reached Camden Station 130 were missing.

ROBERT W. DAVIS KILLED.

The killing of Robert W. Davis, who was shot by the soldiers from

the car windows, was an atrocious act, and tended more than any one incident to intensify the feeling of bitterness against the Northern troops. Mr. Davis was a member of the wholesale firm of Pegram, Paynter & Davis, of Baltimore street. He was an Irishman by birth and had married in Virginia. One of his brothers was an officer in the British Army. He was a gentleman of high character and great popularity. Upon the announcement of his death all the wholesale dry goods stores of the city closed in respect to his memory and in testimony of his worth. The *Sun* the next day in an editorial denounced the killing of Mr. Davis as a wanton and deliberate murder. The story of the event, as told at the coroner's inquest by the late Major Thomas W. Hall, who had his hand on Mr. Davis' shoulder when he fell, is as follows:

Mr. Hall said: "I was on Pratt street, attending to some business, about 11:30 o'clock A. M., when I saw the first car containing troops from President Street Station pass through. Hearing that the troops were the Seventh Regiment, from New York, and wishing to verify that fact by personal observation, I started for the Camden Street Station to see the soldiers change cars. On the way I was overtaken by Mr. Davis, who joined me, and with him passed through the station on to the track beyond. Being told by a reporter that a crowd of people had gone up the road to destroy the track, Mr. Davis and I determined to walk out a short distance in advance of the train to see if such was really the case. We went out as far as the intersection of the Washington turnpike, and finding but few people and little excitement on the road, started to return. On the way back we overtook Mr. Buckler, of the firm of Buckler, Shipley & Co., and two others, also returning to the city. We just turned up the first paved street on the outskirts of the city when we saw the train approaching, and unhappily stopped to gratify our curiosity by seeing the troops pass. We took a position for the purpose by the roadside on some crossties thrown across a ditch. The windows of the first cars were closed, and Mr. Davis and I were speculating as to whether the troops were really on the train, when we observed the windows of the rear cars open and several muskets protruded through them and pointed at us. In reply to what we considered a mere piece of bravado on the part of the troops, being ignorant at the time of any bloodshed or that any collision with the people had taken place, the party raised a cheer for Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy. Instantly several shots were fired,

five or six in all, I think, though there may not have been more than three or four. The group scattered instantly—Mr. Davis falling. I, thinking that he had slipped across the ties, which were wet and afforded a very insecure footing, asked him if he was hurt. His reply was: 'I am killed.' I called to Colonel Shutt, whom I recognized standing on the rear platform of the train, to stop the cars; that there were murderers on board. The others of the party snatched up missles to hurl at the receding train. I helped to raise Mr. Davis, saw the wound in his left shoulder and that he was dead, and placing the body in the hands of the police, who came up at the moment, hastened to town to carry the terrible news to Mr. Davis' partners and friends. There were five in the party. There were no persons nearer to them than another group no larger, and two of whom were policemen, at the corner of the paved street already mentioned, 200 yards off. They were unarmed, had made no demonstration of violence and intended none. No missles were thrown by any of the party, and when they cheered they were in ignorance of the fact that the troops had met with resistance in town and were exasperated by the loss of their comrades."

In the meantime the unarmed Pennsylvania recruits which had been left at President Street Station, were in a deplorable dilemma. They were surrounded by a hostile and very angry crowd and were subjected to indignities and some violence. Some of them, seized with a panic, fled and dispersed through the city. During the night many of them straggled into the police stations and begged for protection. Those who remained in President Street Station were later on put on cars and hauled out of town toward Philadelphia. Some straggled as far as Harford county and were put in jail. Bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore and Northern Central roads were burned by order of the Mayor, with the assent of Governor Hicks, and all communication with the East and North was destroyed. Policemen and members of the Maryland Guard were sent out to do the work. The reason of this action was the conviction that if more troops had come through the city at that time, there would be great disturbances and bloodshed. Judge Bond, G. W. Dobbin and John C. Brune were sent to Washington to beg the President to stop the transmission of troops through Baltimore, but he gave them no satisfaction that day, and the city government took hold of the matter and burned the bridges. The next day a letter was received from the President saying that the troops might march around Baltimore and not through it. Governor Hicks said he had

hoped no more troops would be sent through Maryland, but it could not be helped.

On the afternoon of Friday, April 19, 1861, at 4 o'clock there was a great mass-meeting in Monument Square. Speeches were made by Dr. A. C. Robinson, Mayor Brown, William P. Preston, S. Teackle Wallis, John E. Wethered, Robert L. McLane and Governor Hicks. The people were counseled to rely upon the authorities, which would protect them. The invasion of the city and the slaughter of citizens were denounced. Mr. Wallis said it was not necessary to speak. "If the blood of citizens on the stones in the street does not speak," he said, "it is useless for man to speak." His heart, he said, was with the South, and he was ready to defend Baltimore. The Governor made his famous declaration that he would suffer his right arm to be torn from his body before he would raise it to strike a sister State. That night ex-Governor E. Louis Lowe made a speech to a great gathering in front of Barnum's Hotel. The streets were thronged with people discussing the events of the day and many citizens walked the streets with muskets or guns in their hands.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE.

The condition of Baltimore on Saturday, the 20th of April, the day succeeding the riot, reminded the old inhabitants of similar incidents on the 11th and 12th of September, 1814, many of whom had witnessed those events. The streets were thronged with armed men marching to and fro and with citizens wildly excited. The town seemed to be a part of the Confederacy. A large Confederate flag floated from a building on Fayette street near Calvert. The Minute Men, a Union club, hauled down the United States flag from their headquarters on Baltimore street and raised the flag of Maryland amidst the cheers of a crowd which witnessed it. The Confederate flag was everywhere. It seemed as if nearly every citizen wore a badge which displayed the Confederate colors. It was rumored that the Turner Rifles, a German company, had offered their services to the President, and their armory on West Pratt street was looted. There was a great rush for arms, and a number of muskets belonging to the State were seized. The works of the Messrs. Winans were engaged in making pikes, in casting balls for muskets and cannon and the steam gun which Mr. Winans had invented. A "centrifugal steam gun" invented by Mr. Dickinson was purchased by the city to be used in the public defense. A party of young men took

some field pieces from a military school at Catonsville and brought them to town, but the principal of the school, a clergyman and a strong Union man, had spiked them.

The militia were called out, and 15,000 citizens were enrolled and put under the command of Colonel Isaac R. Trimble. All day long companies of the State militia were arriving from the counties. The first to come was a company of riflemen from Frederick, under command of Captain Bradley T. Johnson. Between 300 and 400 colored men offered their services to the Mayor. Early in the morning the City Council met in special session and appropriated $500,000, to be used under the direction of the Mayor in putting the city in a state of defense. The banks held a meeting, and a committee, consisting of John Hopkins, John Clark and Columbus O'Donnell, all of them Union men, waited on the Mayor and placed the whole sum in advance at his disposal. Considerable money was contributed by individuals, both Southern and Union men, for the same purpose. Later in the day a dispatch was received from the committee which had been sent to Washington giving assurance that troops would be sent around and not through the city. This dispatch gave much comfort; nevertheless the preparations for the defense of the city continued. Another committee, consisting of Senator Anthony Kennedy and J. Morrison Harris, was sent to Washington. They telegraphed back that they had seen the President, members of the Cabinet and General Scott, and that orders would be sent to stop the passage of men through the city. Fort McHenry was at this time under command of Captain John C. Robinson, of the United States army. It was in a defenseless condition, and it was rumored that an attack would be made upon it by a mob on Saturday night. It was feared that if this was done the guns of the fort might be turned on the city, and naturally such an idea caused much disquiet. Police Commissioner John W. Davis visited the commandant and offered a guard of 200 men to be stationed on Whetstone Point to arrest any disorderly persons who might approach. Captain Robinson distrusted such a guard, and said they must not approach nearer the fort than the Catholic chapel or he would fire on them.

Mr. Davis talked with most of the officers and all of them were cordial and courteous except a young subaltern, who threatened, in case of attack, to direct the fire of a cannon at Washington's Monument. To this threat Mr. Davis replied: "If you do that, and if a woman or child is killed, there will be nothing left of you but your

brass buttons to tell who you were." In point of fact no attack upon the fort had ever been meditated.

The climax in the excitement of this memorable period in the history of Baltimore was reached on Sunday, April 21. The town was like a powder magazine, and only needed a spark to produce an explosion. The spark came in the form of news that more troops were approaching the city from the North. Judge Brown, in his book, says: "It was a fearful day in Baltimore. Women and children and men, too, were wild with excitement. A certainty of a fight in the streets if Northern troops should enter was the pressing danger." People were gathering in the churches for the regular morning services. Telegraph communications with the North had been cut off, but a messenger arrived in the morning, saying that a Northern army had reached Cockeysville. At five minutes before eleven the bell of the town clock sounded the call to arms. The congregations which had gathered in the churches were dismissed and a large part of the male population, including boys and old men, thronged to the headquarters. The military proper were under the command of Major-General George H. Steuart, and the ununiformed volunteers were under command of Colonel I. R. Trimble. It was a formidable force. Full preparations were made for a conflict and ammunition for artillery and rifles was distributed. In the afternoon a dispatch came from Mayor Brown, at Washington, saying that the President would order the return of the troops to Harrisburg. The genuineness of this dispatch was doubted and no attention was paid to it.

A TALK WITH LINCOLN.

But it was true. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning the Mayor received a dispatch from President Lincoln asking him to go to Washington by special train in order to consult with Mr. Lincoln for the preservation of the peace of Maryland. The President also desired the Governor, but he was not in the city, and so the Mayor went; George W. Dobbin, John C. Brune and S. T. Wallis accompanying him at his request. The special train left Baltimore at 7:30 and arrived in Washington at 10. At the interview with the President the Cabinet and General Scott were present. The President admitted the excited state of feeling in Baltimore and his desire to avoid a collision, but urged the necessity of a transit through the State for troops to defend Washington. On the cars returning from Washington Mr. Wallis, at the Mayor's request, wrote an account

of the interview, which was afterward published over the Mayor's signature. "The protection of Washington, the President asserted with great earnestness, was the sole object of concentrating troops there, and he protested that none of the troops brought through Maryland were intended for any purposes hostile to the State or aggressive as against the Southern States. Being now unable to bring them up the Potomac in security, the President must either bring them through Maryland or abandon the capital." There was a full discussion of routes by which troops could be carried around Baltimore and the party left with the distinct assurance upon the part of the President that no more troops would be sent through Baltimore unless they should be obstructed in their transit around the city. In the interview with the President reference was made by Mr. Simon Cameron to the injury to a Northern Central bridge. "In reply," Judge Brown says, "I addressed myself to the President and said with much earnestness that the disabling of this bridge and the other bridges had been done by authority, and that it was a measure of protection on a sudden emergency, designed to prevent bloodshed in Baltimore and not an act of hostility toward the general Government; that the people of Maryland had always been deeply attached to the Union, which had been shown on all occasions, but that they, including the citizens of Baltimore, regarded the proclamation calling for 75,000 troops as an act of war on the South and a violation of its Constitutional rights, and that it was not surprising that a high-spirited people, holding such opinions, should resent the passage of Northern troops through their city for such a purpose."

MR. LINCOLN EXCITED.

"Mr. Lincoln was greatly excited, and, springing up from his chair, walked backward and forward through the apartment. He said, with great feeling: 'Mr. Brown, I am not a learned man! I am not a learned man!' that his proclamation had not been correctly understood; that he had no intention of bringing on war, but that his purpose was to defend the Capital, which was in danger of being bombarded from the heights across the Potomac."

On returning to the railroad station to leave for Baltimore, the Mayor received a dispatch from Mr. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, as follows: "Three thousand Northern troops are reported to be at Cockeysville. Intense excitement prevails. Churches have been dismissed and the

people are arming in mass. To prevent terrific bloodshed the result of your interview and arrangement is awaited." The Mayor in reply sent a dispatch to Mr. Garrett saying: "Be calm and do nothing until you hear from me again." Having dispatched this, Messrs. Brown, Brune, Wallis and Dobbin returned in haste to the President and exhibited to him Mr. Garrett's dispatch, which gave the President great surprise. The President summoned the Secretary of War and General Scott, and urged the recall of the troops, saying he had no idea they would be there. Lest there should be the slightest suspicion of bad faith on his part in summoning the Mayor to Washington and allowing the troops to march on the city during his absence, he desired that the troops should, if it were practicable, be sent back at once to York or Harrisburg. General Scott adopted the President's view, and an order was prepared by the Lieutenant-General to that effect and forwarded to Major Belger, who accompanied the Mayor and his colleagues back to Baltimore. The troops were ordered back to Harrisburg, thence to Philadelphia. From that city they were to go to Perryville, and thence as Major-General Patterson should direct.

THE CAMP AT COCKEYSVILLE.

The troops at Cockeysville, numbering 2,400, about half of them unarmed, did not receive their orders to return to Pennsylvania for several days. During the interval they were in sad plight, without food and proper camp equipment. There was some sickness, due to want of food, and Marshal Kane sent wagon loads of bread and meat to them. After the alarm about the invasion had been quieted by the Mayor many citizens of Baltimore went to Cockeysville to visit the camp. The following incident is from *The Sun* of April 22: "In the afternoon Mr. Albert Ritchie and Mr. Samuel Gassaway visited the camp. Many of the soldiers expressed a desire to come through Baltimore, and asked Mr. Ritchie which flag the people of Baltimore were under. He told them a few days ago the people of Baltimore were divided, but they were now a unit for secession. He was then asked which he fought under, and promptly replied that he was a secessionist, and showed his badge. Several voices then cried 'seize him,' and Mr. Ritchie was caught by the throat and surrounded. He told them that would never do, and he was released. Mr. Ritchie told them that they could not pass through Baltimore unless they sacked the city and killed all the inhabitants. Several

of the soldiers asked Mr. Ritchie for his badge, but he declined to give it."

The next troops to reach Maryland were the Eighth Massachusetts, under General B. F. Butler. They went from Perryville to Annapolis on the 21st and landed at the Naval Academy, although Governor Hicks advised the General against it, telegraphed to the same effect to the Secretary of War and addressed a letter to the President asking him to order elsewhere the troops then off Annapolis and to send no more through Maryland. He also suggested to the President that Lord Lyons, the British Minister, be requested to act as mediator between the North and South. General Butler seized the railroad, restored such portions as had been demolished or obstructed and got his troops to Washington without opposition.

During this period of turmoil and excitement the business of Baltimore was almost at a standstill. All communication by rail with the North and East had been stopped by the burning of the bridges, telegraph wires had been cut, and the mails were interrupted. The buoys in the harbor had been removed. Passions after awhile began to cool and merchants demanded that the avenues of trade should be reopened.

On April 24, a special election was held for members of the Legislature. The Governor had called an extra session, and the seats of Baltimore city were vacant because of the expulsion of the delegation at the session of 1860. Only one ticket was nominated, that of the States Rights party, and it was elected without opposition. It was such a delegation as the city never sent the General Assembly before or since. It was composed of John C. Brune, Ross Winans, Henry M. Warfield, J. Hanson Thomas, T. Parkin Scott, H. M. Morfit, S. Teackle Wallis, Charles H. Pitts, William G. Harrison, and Lawrence Sangston.

The Mayor and the police authorities were indefatigable in their efforts to restore quiet. By authority of a special ordinance the Mayor prohibited the display of flags of all kinds except on the Federal Government buildings, as they tended to cause excitement. On May 5, General B. F. Butler occupied, with two regiments, the Relay House, and on the 13th he entered Baltimore, which was then as quiet as it is to-day. He occupied and fortified Federal Hill and issued a proclamation treating the city as conquered territory. For this achievement, which was entirely unopposed, he was made a major-general of volunteers.

From this time began a series of outrages upon the citizens of

Baltimore of unparalleled ferocity and injustice, which continued until the war was over. Even then political persecution did not cease until the Constitutional Convention was called by the Legislature, in January, 1867.

After the subsidence of the acute excitement of April 19 and the following days a reaction set in and the people divided in sentiment, some being for the Union, some for the South. As soon as the belief that the State could or would secede was abandoned thousands of the best young men of the State escaped across the Potomac and joined the Confederate Army. The number of them has been estimated as high as 20,000, and a great many joined the Northern Army.

It was not merely the attack on the Massachusetts regiment which made the North and the Federal Government hostile to the city. Before that event the people of the city had been maligned in the Northern press. A conspicuous instance of this was the story that the assasination of the President-elect as he passed through Baltimore was contemplated. There never was the slightest foundation for any such report, and yet Mr. Lincoln gave credence to it. It was publicly announced that Mr. Lincoln in going to Washington for his inauguration would go from Philadelphia to Harrisburg and thence to Baltimore by the Northern Central. The day fixed for his arrival in this city was Saturday, February 23, at 11:30 A. M.

LINCOLN'S TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

Mayor Brown was at Calvert Station, accompanied by the Police Commissioners and a strong force of policemen, at the appointed hour to meet Mr. Lincoln. The Mayor had a carriage in waiting in which, as he said, he was to have the honor of escorting Mr. Lincoln through the city to the Washington Station and of sharing in any danger which he might encounter. "It is hardly necessary to say I apprehended none," Judge Brown continues in his narrative. "When the train came it appeared, to my great astonishment, that Mrs. Lincoln and her three sons had arrived safely, and without hindrance or molestation of any kind, but that Mr. Lincoln could not be found. It was then announced that he had passed through the city incognito in the night train by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, and had reached Washington in safety at the usual hour in the morning. For this signal deliverance from an imaginary peril those who devised the ingenious plan of escape were, of course, devoutly thankful, and they accordingly took to

themselves no little amount of credit for its success." Of this episode Colonel Lamon, the friend and biographer of Lincoln, said: "Mr. Lincoln soon learned to regret his midnight ride. His friends reproached him, his enemies taunted him. He was convinced that he had made a grave mistake in yielding to the solicitations of a professional spy and of friends too easily alarmed."

A REIGN OF TERROR.

The work of oppressing the citizens of Baltimore began as soon as General Butler had established himself, and a reign of terror began. Spies and informers abounded. One of General Butler's soldiers at the Relay had a case of cholera morbus. He assumed that the man had been poisoned with strychnine and he threatened to put an agent armed with poison in every family in the State. Leading citizens were arrested and dragged from their beds at midnight and sent to prison, without knowing the nature of the charges against them. The Chief Justice of the United States was defied and his authority scoffed at by military underlings. The Mayor of the city, the Marshal of Police and the Police Commissioners were all subjected to arrest, and military rule succeeded in the city government. Gentlemen whose only offense was that they were members of the General Assembly, were hunted down like criminals, and some of them sent to a Massachusetts prison. To secure the arrest of a man no evidence was necessary. Even children and nurse girls on the street were unsafe. If a little girl happened to wear a white apron with a red binding, it was considered a display of Confederate colors and an act of disloyalty. General Dix, who took command July 24, said it required 10,000 men to keep Baltimore in subjection, and he put the city under the heavy guns of three fortifications. All over the State men were arrested upon the information of spies, and subjected to hardships and indignities. Judge Carmichael while sitting in his court at Easton, was assaulted by soldiers and a provost marshal, with his deputies, and dragged bleeding from the bench.

CHRISTIAN EMMERICH.

Christian Emmerich, 1431 West Lombard street, now upward of eighty years of age, and one of the influential members of St. Paul's Methodist Church, South, had about as severe an experience of military rule in Baltimore city during the Civil War as any other citizen in those trying times. Mr. Emmerich was sent to Albany penitentiary on the charge of conveying information to the enemy; his house,

where he resides to-day, was taken possession of, and the ladies and children of his family subjected to gross indignities by brutal hoodlums uniformed as soldiers. His business was broken up and his wife and children were reduced to want. He was undoubtedly a strong Southern sympathizer, and is still so. He had a prosperous business in the manufacture of shoes on South street, near the corner of Lovely lane. Among his customers were many of the leading men of Baltimore in all walks of life. Some of these gentlemen had sons and other kinsmen in the South to whom they wished to send shoes, boots and other supplies, together with letters from home, and it is quite possible that Mr. Emmerich helped them to do so, for he was acquainted with the "underground" agencies so operating. If so, he paid dearly for his service. He was kept in the penitentiary until some time after the war was over, and when he was released had to begin life over again. His oldest son, John, who had gone South, died in Camp Chase as a prisoner of war. His wife, who is still living, held on to her home pluckily, and kept her younger children about her in spite of the rough soldiery, who exercised upon them all the petty tyranny characteristic of that period in the treatment of "rebels" and "traitors." The story of the privations of this family, told in detail, falls little short of the reports of some later Boer experiences in South Africa.

[From the Baltimore *Sun*, August, 1901.]

THE SWORD OF LEE.

It Was Not Offered to General Grant at Appomattox.

COLONEL MARSHALL'S TESTIMONY.

He Corrects an Oft-Repeated Misstatement That is Without the Slightest Foundation—What General Grant Wrote About the Matter.

The following correspondence between Mr. Spotswood Bird, of Baltimore, a member of Company F, Twenty-fourth Regiment Virginia Cavalry, Confederate States Army, and Colonel Charles Marshall, of this city, corrects a frequently-repeated misstatement

connected with General Lee's surrender to General Grant at Appomattox. The correspondence was elicited by an interesting sketch written by Mrs. Jefferson Davis for the New York *World*, in which Mrs. Davis inadvertently gave the error a fresh lease of life by her distinguished endorsement, the statement being that General Lee offered his sword to General Grant when he surrendered, which the latter, in the language of Mrs. Davis, "did not keep as a trophy, but respectfully returned to the hand which had made its fame as deathless at that of Excalibur."

To clear up a point of great historical interest and to correct finally and authoritatively an error that was gaining popular currency, Mr. Bird, in May last, addressed the following letter to Colonel Marshall, who was on General Lee's staff and was present during the interview between Lee and Grant:

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

"I know that I simply voice the sentiments of our comrades when I say it is time that this miserable perversion of the truth, this outrageous error, should be exploded and settled for all time; and it is our opinion that no one living is so well qualified to do this, and let the plain and simple facts go down to history, as yourself. You, who wrote the articles of agreement as General Lee's secretary, and were personally present during the whole time of his interview with General Grant on that memorable occasion, can, with authority which will compel acceptance, even from our late enemies, refute the myth which has been so often repeated that it is now being accepted as truth, that General Lee tendered his sword to General Grant, which the latter refused to accept.

"As a matter of fact it should be known to the world that General Lee was careful in arranging the terms of surrender with General Grant to avoid any humiliation, but on the contrary, to protect the dignity of himself and every officer in the Army of Northern Virginia with the express provision that they should retain their sidearms. It follows, of course, that neither General Lee himself, nor a single one of the Confederate officers ever thought for a moment of surrendering, or offering to surrender, his sidearms, but after receiving their paroles, marched out of the Federal lines with their sidearms buckled on, which the writer knows to be a fact from personal observation at the time.

"In justice to the peerless Lee and the noble men who were

'steadfast to the last,' I feel that you will appreciate the duty you owe them to place your unqualified statement of the facts on record, so that our children and children's children can, whenever necessary, in the future, appeal to your statement to vindicate and establish the truth. Our Confederate camps can spread your statement on their records and thus make it accessible to their history committees and the survivors of our comrades when their voices shall all be still. I have been requested to appeal to you for your written statement concerning this matter so dear to our hearts, thus verifying the facts herein stated, which we feel confident will be to you a 'labor of love.' The sword of Lee was drawn from motives as noble and lofty as ever inspired human breast; it was wielded in a cause as righteous as ever enlisted patriot zeal; by reason of having been 'compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources' it was sheathed in defeat—not surrendered in humiliation.

"With sentiments of highest esteem, believe me, dear sir,

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"SPOTSWOOD BIRD,

"Late private, Company F, 24th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, Gary's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia."

COLONEL MARSHALL'S REPLY.

"BALTIMORE, June 5, 1901.

"*Spotswood Bird, Esq., Late Private, Company F, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry:*

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your communication of May 23d, and herewith return, as requested, my reply.

"The subject of your letter is one that is entirely covered, I think, by my address delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland on January 19, 1894, which I inclose to you and of which you may make such use as you deem proper. You will perceive from the address that the circumstances attending the meeting between General Grant and General Lee on April 9, 1865, did not call for any demand on the part of General Grant for the surrender of General Lee's sword on that occasion and that any statement, however made and by whomsoever made to the effect that General Lee made the tender of the surrender of his sword to General Grant must be entirely in conflict

with the views of either. Neither of them, I am sure, was influenced by any theatrical ideas of the surrender.

"You will observe that by the very terms of the surrender demanded by General Grant, it was expressly provided that the officers of the Confederate army should retain their sidearms. To have offered to surrender his sword would have been an offer on General Lee's part to do more than had been demanded of him. I cannot, therefore, understand how Mrs. Davis, or any one else, could have supposed that General Lee made that offer, or how General Grant could have made such a demand.

This subject has been so much dwelt upon by those who pretend to write about the circumstances of the surrender that it has become fatiguing. All the facts are, I think, fully set forth in the address I send you. This statement has been prepared with great care and has never been contradicted by any officer on either side to my knowledge.

"Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"CHARLES MARSHALL.'

GENERAL GRANT'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Bird also writes the *Sun* as follows:

"General Grant himself fully corroborates Colonel Marshall's statement in his book, *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, Volume II, Chapter xxv, pages 344–346. I quote General Grant's own words:

"'No conversation—not a word—passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, sidearms or kindred subjects. The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this, and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word "sword" or "sidearms" was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.'

"This brief extract should be conclusive as to this question. Additional extracts show that the terms of surrender contained specific provision for retention of sidearms by the officers, and private property by both officers and men of General Lee's army.

"It is highly creditable to General Grant, and in keeping with his courtly and knightly bearing toward General Lee, that in this matter he was unwilling to have ascribed to him a degree of magnanimity as purely sentimental and romantic as it was baseless. Any one who in the future may be bold enough to repeat the mythical story that General Lee offered his sword to General Grant, which the latter refused to accept, with the unqualified testimony of both Colonel Marshall and General Grant to the contrary, will be guilty of either palpable ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation.

"SPOTSWOOD BIRD.

"*Baltimore, August 5, 1901.*"

(It may be added as a matter of local interest, that the magnificent uniform and splendid sword which General Lee wore on the occasion of his interview with General Grant at Appomattox, were the gifts of Baltimore sympathizers and admirers.)

[From the *Southern Practitioner*, August, 1901.]

DR. SAMUEL P. MOORE.

The Surgeon-General of the Confederate States.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Record of His Services in the U. S. and Confederate States Armies.

[By SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M. D., Washington, D. C., late Assistant Surgeon, Confederate States Army; First Vice-President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.]

After the Memphis reunion, General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Records Office, Washington, D. C., was requested to furnish a biographical sketch of the late Surgeon-General of the Confederate States, Samuel Preston Moore, M. D., and he initiated correspondence to that end; but being very much occupied with other literary work, and long aware of the interest which the writer takes in whatever relates to the medical and surgical history of the Confederacy,

and the personnel of the medical department, and considering it fitting that the sketch requested should preferably come from a medical officer, turned the accumulated correspondence over to him with the request that he take charge of the subject. The following is mainly a digest of that correspondence, together with such other information as has been obtained from the references hereinafter given and other sources.

Owing to the lamentable fire which occurred on the night of the evacuation of Richmond, April 2, 1865, the records of the office of the surgeon-general were almost completely destroyed or lost; and at the same time, also, the private books and papers of the family of Dr. Moore, which had been moved from his residence to a supposed place of safety in the district of the city afterwards burned, so that it is very difficult to obtain even a meagre account of his life prior to that time.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Samuel Preston Moore, physician and surgeon, was born in Charleston, S. C., ———, 1813; the son of Stephen West and Eleanor Screven (Gilbert) Moore, and grandson of Samuel Preston and Susanna (Pearson) Moore, and was the lineal descendant of Dr. Mordecai Moore, who accompanied, as his physician, Lord Baltimore when he came to this country. By marriage and descent he was intimately connected with the families of Thomas Lloyd, the first Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania under William Penn, and in West Virginia with the Moore, Jackson, Lowndes, and Goff families. He had two brothers in the old United States army—Colonel West Moore, for many years Adjutant-General of Louisiana, and Dr. Charles Lloyd Moore, surgeon.

In June, 1845, he married Mary Augusta Brown, one of the daughters of Major Jacob Brown, United States army, who was killed in the Mexican war in 1846, at the place on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, which has since been known, in honor of him, as Fort Brown, or Brownsville. General Stewart Van Vliet, United States army, married the only other daughter (and child) of Major Brown.

Dr. Moore was educated in Charleston, S. C.; graduated in medicine in 1834; became assistant surgeon in the United States army, March 14, 1835; surgeon (rank of major), April 30, 1849, and resigned February 25, 1861. From the date of his appointment as assistant surgeon he was on active duty at Fort Leavenworth, Fort

Des Moines, Fort Gibson, Mo., Fort Coffee, Kan., and numerous forts in Florida, until in 1843 he was stationed at camp Barrancas, Pensacola harbor, where he became acquainted with his future wife, her father being in command of a detail of the Seventh Regiment of United States Infantry, occupying the harbor defences—Forts Pickens and McRae. In the August after his marriage he accompanied his command to Aransas and Corpus Christi, on the Texas boundary, the Neuces river, preparatory to the movement to the Rio Grande, and commencement of the Mexican war. For two years he was at Carmago, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

Having attained his promotion as surgeon at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., he was ordered to duty with the troops which went as advance guard across the plains before the great emigration of 1849, and was en route to, and on duty at, Fort Laramie, Ore., now Wyoming Territory, until August, 1851. In January, 1852, he was again ordered to Texas, under Division Commander General Persifer F. Smith; remaining a few months in San Antonio; thence to duty at Brownsville 'till November, 1854; then to Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, New York harbor, until July, 1855, and thence to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he remained 'till April, 1860; subsequent to which, 'till his resignation, he was the medical purveyor at New Orleans, La.

Though a great lover of his country and his State, he was not a politician, and was greatly distressed in mind as to where his duty called, at the same time and in like manner with the agitation of the then Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States army; but when his State seceded he determined to resign his commission. He retired to Little Rock, Ark., with some intention of making that place his home, but the times were not conducive to repose, and trained officers were urgently required in all departments of the army and navy. Therefore, in response to the persistent appeals of his dearest friends, and from a high sense of duty, he concluded to answer the call made upon him as an officer of recognized merit, by President Davis, and to accept appointment as the surgeon-general, in June, 1861.

He immediately devoted himself with great energy, patience and ability to the enormous work which he saw before him. The medical men of that day in the South were fully the equals in knowledge and skill of their brothers in the other parts of the country, but all were untrained in military practice. They were physicians in civil life, unskilled in surgery and the conduct of hospitals, save to very

limited extent. To organize an efficient medical corps in such great emergency from unknown and scattered elements, became his first care. In this he found much difficulty from the fact that many of the most capable of the younger physicians, in the ardor of the time and from various causes, sought distinction in the ranks, and as officers of commands, in the hope of more rapidly acquiring military fame. And as was the case in the other departments, there was in this one, great lack of the requisite stores, raw and manufactured, for field and hospital. Severed in every direction from the rest of the world of supplies by powerful armies and fleets, and by the early proclamations of the enemy declaring all medicines and surgical instruments, books and appliances contraband of war, the medical department was constrained to seek in its own forests and fields such substitutes as could be found for the more reliable medicines, and to build and establish laboratories for converting them into pharmaceutical preparations in large quantities, and arrange them in convenient packages for wide distribution and use; to improvise and manufacture by unskilled artisans, and the scanty means at hand, such surgical instruments and appliances as their necessity required and ingenuity could invent, which could not be procured from the so-called underground railroad of the time, the occasional blockade runners, and the success of our brave soldiers in the field in capturing stores from the enemy, and to select appropriate sites and organize hospitals, etc. Such, in part, were the problems which fell to him to solve.

THE CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

It has been reliably stated that there were in the scantily-clothed and foorly-fed Confederate army and navy about 1,000 surgeons and 2,000 assistant surgeons, without proper medicines and surgical instruments and appliances to care for an army consisting, from first to last, of 600,000 troops, in deadly warfare with 2,859,132 troops of the United States army, supplied with the most modern equipments and arms, the most abundant clothing and food, and all that science and art could furnish in medicine and surgery.

It is estimated that more than 3,000,000 cases of wounds and disease was cared for by the medical corps of the Confederate army and navy during the war. It is also reliably stated that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates and held in southern prisons from the first to the last was in round numbers 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held

in the Federal prisons was in like round numbers but 220,000; that of the former there were 22,570 deaths, and of the latter 26,436 deaths; a difference in favor of the Confederates of 3,866, notwithstanding the 50,000 excess in our hands. Thus the percentage of deaths in Confederate prisons was about 8 3-10, while that in the Federal prisons was 12, a difference of about 3 7-10 per cent. in favor of the Confederates.

Such, in brief, was the work to which Dr. Moore gave anxious thought and ceaseless labor, and developed and conducted under the most embarrassing and discouraging circumstances to marvelous discipline, efficiency, and resourcefulness.

ASSOCIATION FORMED.

Under the auspices of the surgeon-general, in August, 1863, a large number of surgeons assembled in the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond, and organized the "Association of Army and Navy Surgeons of the Confederate States," by the adoption of a constitution and the election of the following officers:

Samuel P. Moore, M. D., president; J. B. McCaw, M. D., first vice-president; D. Conrad, M. D., Confederate States navy, second vice-president; W. A. Davis, M. D., first recording secretary; W. A. Thom, M. D., second recording secretary; M. Michel, M. D., first corresponding secretary; S. Jenkins, M. D., second corresponding secretary, and J. S. Wilson, M. D., treasurer.

It was also through his aid and encouragement that the most excellent "Confederate States Medical and Surgical Journal" came into existence, and was conducted to the end of the war; and he directed the preparation of a collection of papers entitled "A Manual of Military Surgery," intended more especially for officers in the field, and to treat of but few of the diseases incident to the camp and hospital, reserving only such as are more intimately connected with gunshot wounds and operations, as Shock, Tetanus, Hospital Gangrene, Pyaemia, etc. It is accompanied by a careful selection of lithographs of amputations, ligations, resections, etc.

He continued to reside in Richmond after the war, not actively engaged in the practice of his profession, but giving the benefit of his extensive knowledge and experience to educational and other institutions, having the welfare of the community in view.

He was a member of the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Richmond; of the Executive Board of the Virginia Agricul-

tural Society, and of the Richmond School Board; was chosen president of the Association of Medical and Surgical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, at Atlanta, Ga., May 25, 1874, and was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Section of Military and Naval Surgery in the ninth International Congress, 1887.

He died at his residence, No. 202 West Grace street, Richmond, Va., May 31, 1889, and was buried in Hollywood cemetery.

In person he was above medium stature. well formed, erect, and of soldierly bearing; regular, handsome features, not austere, but subdued by thought and studious habits. With acquaintances he was genial, having a pleasant brightness and a keen, but harmless, wit. In official life a strict disciplinarian, but appreciative of faithful service. He was always extremely modest in referring to his own work, and only alluded to it at comparatively long intervals and upon the most intimate occasions.

That he spared not himself the best testimony is the high renown he won for himself and his faithful corps with the medical world, which has justified the wisdom of his selection for the duties imposed upon him, and also by the loving regard felt for him in recognition and appreciation of his services, by all the people of his beloved Southland.

HIS FAMILY.

His widow, Mary Augusta (Brown) Moore, survives him, residing (June 17, 1901) with her son-in-law, Howard R. Bayne, a prominent counsellor at law, in New York city.

The children are as follows:

Preston Brown Moore (deceased) married Maria Pendleton Steger, of Richmond, Va. Issue: I. Mary Preston Moore, married Galloupe Morton (deceased); issue: Charles I. Morton. Issue II: Dr. Charles Lloyd Moore, unmarried.

Lizzie Strong Moore, married (April 27, 1886) Howard R. Bayne, Issue: I. Samuel Preston Moore Bayne, died October 7, 1887; II. Mary Ashby Moore Bayne; III. Lloyd Moore Bayne.

REFERENCES.—The reports of the surgeon-generals of the United Confederate Veterans—viz: Joseph Jones, M. D., of New Orleans, La., and C. H. Tebault, M. D., of New Orleans, La.; the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. II, page 125; Vol. XVII, page 12; Vol. XX, page 109; the *Medical and Surgical Journal of the Con-*

federate States; the *Rise and fall of the Confederate States Government,* Vol. I, page 310; the Richmond *Dispatch*, June 1, 1889; the Surgeon-General's office, Washington, D. C.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 19, 1901.]

A MEMORY OF MAY 5, 1865.

Orders Published in a Paper Announcing Cessation of Hostilities.

CONTRIBUTED BY D. H. LITTLEJOHN.

A very interesting newspaper "extra," published by the Greensville (S. C.) *Southern Enterprise*, on May 5, 1865, announcing the cessation of armed hostilities east of the Chattahoochee, is in possession of a citizen of Charlotte.

The extra covers only one side of a small sheet about 6x14 inches. The head is only one column wide. The story is as follows:

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

EXTRA.

GREENVILLE, S. C.,

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1865.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Cessation of Armed Hostilities East of the Chattahoochee River.

JOHNSTON AND SHERMAN'S ORDERS.

We have been furnished with a copy of the following important and interesting orders, which we give to the public in this shape. We hope soon to resume the regular issues of our paper. All are aware of the cause of the present suspension. The raiders, however, have done our establishment no very great or serious injury,

and if no further molestation occur, we can give them our usual weekly greeting.

GREENSBORO', April 29, 1865.

Commanding Officer of Chester, S. C.

General Johnston desires you to make public the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
NEAR GREENSBORO', N. C.,
April 27, 1865.

General Orders No. 18.—

By the terms of the military convention, made on the 26th, by Major-General W. T. Sherman, United States Army, the officers and men of this army bind themselves not to take up arms against the United States, until properly relieved from their obligations, and shall receive guarantees from the United States against molestation by the United States authorities, so long as they observe that obligation and the law is enforced where they reside.

For these objects muster rolls will be made immediately, and after the distribution of the necessary papers the troops will march under their officers to their respective States, and then be disbanded, all retaining personal property.

The objects of this convention is pacification to the extent of the authority of the commanders who make it.

Events in Virginia, which broke every hope of our success by war, imposed on its general the duty of sparing the blood of the gallant army, and saving our country from further devastation and our people from ruin.

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON.

P. S.—Unattached officers of army and navy, within the country of the Chattahooche, may also accept the terms of the convention.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C.,
April 27, 1865.

Special Field Order, No. 15.

The general commanding commands a further suspension of hostilities, and a final agreement with General Johnston, which terminates the war as to the army under his command and the country east of the Chattahooche. Copies of the terms of the convention will be furnished Major-Generals Schofield, Gilmore and Wilson,

who are especially charged with the execution of its details in North Carolina, the Department of the South, and at Macon and Western Georgia. Captain Jasper Myer, United States army, is hereby designated to receive the arms at Greensboro, N. C., and any commanding officer of the East may receive arms of any detachments, and see that they are properly stored and accounted for. General Schofield will procure at once necessary blanks and supply the other army commanders, that uniformity may prevail, and great care must be taken that the terms and stipulations on our part be fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity, whilst those imposed on the hitherto enemies be received in a spirit becoming a brave and generous army.

Army commanders may at once loan to the inhabitants such of the captured mules and horses, wagon and vehicles, as can be spared from immediate use, and the commanding generals of armies may issue provisions, animals and any public supplies that can be spared, to relieve present wants, and encourage the inhabitants to renew peaceful pursuits, and to restore the relation of friendship among our fellow-citizens and countrymen.

Foraging will forthwith cease, and when necessity or long marches compel the taking of forage and provisions, or any kind of private property, compensation will be made on the spot; or when the disbursing officers are not provided with funds, vouchers will be given in proper form, payable at the nearest military depot.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

(Signed) L. M. Levton, *A. A. G.*
(Signed) Archer Anderson, *Lt. Col. and A. A. G.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 17, 1901.]

EDWIN LA FAYETTE HOBSON.

A Glowing Tribute from an Old Commander.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The *Dispatch* of the 10th of November announced the sudden death in your city of Colonel Edwin L. Hobson. Having been intimately associated with him during the war between the States, I

ask leave to speak of him through the columns of your most excellent paper.

The Fifth Alabama Regiment was organized in the spring of 1861, with Robert E. Rodes, late Captain of the Warrior Guards, of Tuscaloosa, as its Colonel, and Edwin L. Hobson one of its subordinate officers. Very soon it was sent to Centreville, near Manassas, where it was organized into a brigade with the Sixth, Twelfth and Twenty-sixth Alabama regiments, and the Twelfth Mississippi, under the command of Robert E. Rodes, who had just been made a brigadier-general.

The brigade, thus constituted, did effective service in the vicinity of Manassas, was conspicuous for gallantry at Williamsburg, and greatly distinguished at Seven Pines. Soon afterwards, about the time General Lee assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Twelfth Mississippi was transferred from Rodes' brigade, and its place taken by the Third Alabama, a splended regiment that had formerly belonged to Mahone's brigade. During the Seven Days' battle around Richmond, the brigade was organized as follows, the commanders ranking in the order named: Twenty-sixth Alabama, Colonel E. A. O'Neal; Sixth Alabama, Colonel John B. Gordon; Fifth Alabama, Colonel J. M. Hall; Twelfth Alabama, Colonel B. B. Gale; Third Alabama, Colonel C. A. Battle. General Rodes and Colonel O'Neal having been wounded at Seven Pines, the command of the brigade in the Seven Days' battles devolved on Colonel Gordon, and then and there he laid the foundation of his world-wide fame. In his report of these battles Colonel Gordon, while paying merited compliment to Rodes' entire brigade, especially made honorable mention of Major Hobson, of the Fifth Alabama.

At Boonesboro and Sharpsburg General Rodes was upon the field, and in his report of these engagements says: "While all the troops did well, I especially commend Colonel Gordon, Sixth Alabama, Major Hobson, Fifth Alabama, and Colonel Battle, Third Alabama, for highly meritorious conduct throughout the campaign." Very soon after the battle of Sharpsburg Gordon was promoted to brigadier-general, and assigned to a Georgia brigade.

A little later Major-General D. H. Hill, who had commanded the division, was made lieutenant-general, and sent West, and Brigadier-General Rodes was assigned to the command of Hill's division, while E. A. O'Neal, as senior colonel, commanded Rodes' brigade. With the brigade thus organized, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, and it was here that Hobson was shot down while gallantly leading

his regiment. At Gettysburg Colonel Battle was promoted to brigadier-general, and Rodes' brigade became Battle's brigade, the only change in its constitution being the transfer of the Twenty-sixth Alabama to the West, and the substitution of the Sixty-first Alabama in its stead.

From this time forward Hobson was constantly under the eye of the writer. He was distinguished in the Wilderness campaign—especially so at the "Bloody Angle" and second Cold Harbor.

Battle's brigade was a part of Early's forces in the Valley, and participated in all the engagements of that memorable campaign. General Early gave it the honor of having saved the day in the enemy's first attack at Winchester on the 19th of September, when General Rodes was killed, and was succeeded by Major-General Ramseur. General Grimes, who assumed command of the division after the gallant Ramseur fell at Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, in his report of that engagement, says: * * * "The order of march was as follows: Battle, Cook, Cox, Grimes. On arriving within half a mile of the Valley pike, Battle's brigade was formed parallel with the same, and moved forward in line of battle. The other brigades continued moving by the flank for about 300 yards, when they were faced to the left and ordered forward, changing direction to the right. Battle soon struck the Eighth corps of the enemy, and, charging gallantly, drove them in great confusion, but was himself seriously wounded while nobly leading his brigade, the command of which then devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson, Fifth Alabama. Cook and Cox continued to advance, swinging to the right, driving the enemy in their front, with but little resistance, for upward of half a mile. Cook captured several cannon, caissons, ammunition, wagons, etc. This movement left a wide interval between Cook's right and Battle's left, which was subsequently filled by Pegram's division. In the mean time, Grimes' brigade was recalled from the left and moved by the right flank through the abandoned camp of the Eighth corps, which had been completely routed, faced to the front and advanced to the pike, connecting with Battle's right. This projection was perfected about sunrise, the enemy being then in position on a small creek to the left of the pike, with their artillery on a high ridge in their rear, and firing into our line of battle, but the smoke and fog obscured the troops so that their fire was inaccurate. Here Major-General Ramseur had skirmishers thrown to the front and to the right, driving the sharpshooters of the enemy from Middletown. The division remained here perhaps

half an hour, until a battery was brought into position on the right of the pike, when General Ramseur again ordered an advance, which was made in good order and with a gallantry never exceeded. In this advance Battle's brigade charged a battery in its front, capturing, in addition to six guns, many prisoners and a flag."

General Battle never sufficiently recovered from his wounds to enable him to return to the field, and Colonel Hobson remained in command of the brigade until the end, and surrendered it at Appomattox.

I have known many men of character and renown, but I have never known one who more admirably combined the officer and the gentleman than did Edwin LaFayette Hobson. He was the flower of chivalry and the soul of honor.

CULLEN A. BATTLE.

Petersburg, Va., November 11, 1901.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 17, 1901.]

DREWRY'S BLUFF FIGHT.

A Letter from the Late Major A. H. Drewry on the Subject.

The following letter, written by the late Major Drewry, of "Westover," was only delivered to us a few days ago, and hence the delay in its publication. It will doubtless be read with interest, not only because it refers to an important event, but because it will revive memories of one of the most useful, enterprising and hospitable citizens ever reared in Virginia:

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In your issue of the 1st,* I observe your mistake in saying the position was held by the heroic men of the *Virginia* in the engagement at Drewry's Bluff on the 15th of May, 1862. The guns in the fort were in charge of soldiers for the most part drawn from the county of Chesterfield, who had been stationed there from the breaking of the first ground, contributing much from their own means and drawing largely upon their friends to assist in the work, and were under my command, as may be attested by the order of Gen-

*We do not know what date he refers to.—EDITOR DISPATCH.

eral Randolph, then Secretary of War, now in my possession, promoting me to major of artillery, and in the body of my appointment directing me to remain in command of Fort Drewry. It cannot be shown that the crew of the *Virginia* fired a shot from this fort on that occasion. It is true that the gallant Jackson, of the *Patrick Henry*, had casemated near the entrance to the fort an 8-inch gun, but much rain having fallen the previous night the ground became very soft and its whole superstructure fell in at the onset of the fight, so that the engagement was far advanced before any help could be rendered us. It is also true that Lieutenant Jones had a 9-inch Dalgren gun in position, but the sudden turn in the river at this point placed him out of view of the enemy, and he could not help us. With all due respect to the well-earned reputation of the *Virginia* crew and the remainder of our navy who had landed on our shore above the fort after the retreat before the Federal fleet from Norfolk, I have never understood that they had been able to render us any particular help on that occasion. The men who bore the brunt of that fight were substantial farmers from the surrounding country, not caring for the attainment of military glory, but well satisfied to know that they had rendered important service to their country, and stood for their friends and firesides against our common enemy; and this statement is made in justice to them, whilst yet they have the evidences to substantiate the facts.

A. H. Drewry.

[From the Philadelphia *Record*, April 7, 1901.]

GRANT'S CHANGE OF BASE.

The Horrors of the Battle of Cold Harbor.

FROM A SOLDIER'S NOTE BOOK.

Sights Which Filled Even Veterans With Horror—Why McClellan Failed—A Mistake That Cost Many Lives.

Cold Harbor was one of the most desperately contested battles of the Civil War, and more men were killed and wounded there in a shorter space of time than in any other of the many bloody engage-

ments of the war, for the battle proper did not last over ten minutes, and that was when the grand charge of Grant's troops was made on the Confederate works at early dawn of June 3, 1864. The loss was confined principally to the Federal army, in comparison to which that of the Confederates was insignificant, as they fought from behind well constructed breastworks. Indeed, I think the loss of the First Maryland Battalion was proportionately greater than that of any other Confederate regiment, and that because of their desperate efforts to recover the works from which Echols was driven, of which I wrote in my last article.

This was the only point along the whole Confederate line where the enemy gained a lodgment, but from which they were quickly driven back through the combined efforts of the Marylanders and Finnegan's Floridians.

A SIGHT DREADFUL EVEN TO VETERANS.

The sight that was presented to the Confederates after this repulse was one more dreadful than they had ever before witnessed, accustomed as they were to scenes of carnage and bloodshed. All along their line the intervening space between the contending forces was covered with the Federal dead and wounded. The day passed and night came on, and yet there was no succor for those poor bleeding men, as the fire from both sides continued without intermission. That night the cries and groans and appeals for help appalled the sternest. And yet another day and night passed, and still a third, and the fallen lay where they had been stricken down. The cries of hundreds had ceased, as death had mercifully come to their relief.

On the third day after his bloody repulse, General Grant, that man of iron will, was constrained to ask for an armistice to enable him to remove what wounded yet remained alive, and bury his dead. This he did reluctantly, as such a request was indicative of defeat.

For twelve days and nights the two armies confronted each other, and both were during that time busily engaged in strengthening their works, all the while keeping up an incessant artillery and musketry fire. General Lee confidently expected a renewal of Grant's desperate effort to carry his works, and was fully prepared to meet his attack. A Federal officer, who lost an arm in the assault on the 3d, not long after told me that General Grant did wish to make another assault, but was informed by his corps commanders that their men would not respond to the order.

GRANT'S CROSSING OF THE RAPIDAN.

The campaign was as yet but a month old. General Grant crossed the Rapidan on the night of May 4 at the head of an army of 120,000 men of all arms, feeling confident that with this mighty force he could beat down all opposition to his straight march on Richmond. General Lee met him in the Wilderness with but 60,000 men, and that straight line was deflected to the left, and still again at Spotsylvania, where he had hoped to resume his direct march, and this left-flank "forward" movement was continued until Cold Harbor was reached, but a few miles from Richmond, and here again he found the Confederate army disputing his further progress.

In these series of battles General Grant lost 55,000 men, or within 5,000 of as many as Lee had when the two armies met in the first battle of the campaign. These figures seem startling, but they are nevertheless official.

During the twelve days the two armies stood face to face at Cold Harbor, Lee was sparing no pains to strengthen his position in anticipation of another attack. But General Grant had changed his plans, and in the mean time was making preparations to extricate his army from the terrible predicament in which he had placed it.

WHY M'CLELLAN FAILED.

There was but one thing for him to do—change his base to the James river, and that everlasting "forward" move by the left flank had to be performed once more. That great soldier, McClellan, always insisted that the proper route to Richmond was by the James, and that McClellan was right was here demonstrated. Had that able commander been given what he called for in men and munitions of war, and at the same time as free a rein as had been given General Grant, Richmond would have fallen two years before Grant began his advance by this new road. But re-enforcements had been denied him, and he was, moreover, embarrassed by arbitrary orders from Washington.

Grant could have gone to City Point by another route in less time without the loss of a man, much less 55,000. Many another general had before him suffered from having taken the wrong road, but I doubt if any other had paid so dearly for his mistake.

But the war of attrition Grant had inaugurated was bearing fruit. The grind was to go on, and it was only a question of time when the

Confederacy would send its last grist to the mill. No one knew this fact better than General Grant, and it was all he now hoped for.

And where was the doughty Ben Butler all this time, from whom General Grant had expected such valuable aid? Beauregard, with an insignificant force, had "bottled him up" on a narrow strip of land at Bermuda Hundred, and where he kept him as long as he desired, and then withdrew the cork and allowed Butler to go to Drewry's Bluff and dig the Dutch Gap Canal, which since has been of inestimable value to the commerce of the James.

GRANT'S WITHDRAWAL FROM COLD HARBOR.

By the 15th of June General Grant had perfected his arrangements to withdraw from Lee's front at Cold Harbor. On that day he successfully and skillfully accomplished his purpose, and crossed to the south bank of the James without molestation from his adversary, which he greatly feared. Well might General Grant say in after years: "Cold Harbor is, I think, the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again under the circumstances."

While Grant was crossing the James on the 14th and 15th of June, Smith's corps assaulted the outer defenses of Petersburg and carried them for a considerable distance, as they were feebly manned, Beauregard not having yet been able to concentrate any considerable force at that point, and Lee was on his way from Cold Harbor, which place he left immediately upon the withdrawal of Grant well knowing his next objective point.

On the 18th Lee arrived, and the assaults upon his line made that day by Hancock were repulsed with great loss to the assailants.

After these preliminary engagements to a siege both armies began entrenching in all directions, and it at once became evident that the lines then held by the Confederates would be stubbornly defended for a long while to come.

Extracts from the diary of a private in the First Maryland Battalion will give the reader a fair idea of what happened within the Confederate lines during the many weary months that followed.

FROM A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

July 10—We have been transferred from Breckinridge to McComb, and are strongly entrenched, as is all the army; but our line is a long one, too long for the number of men we have to man the works;

but all are in good spirits. We have had several skirmishes, and the battalion lost twelve men.

August 18—Mahone made a desperate assault upon the enemy to-day, and dislodged him from a strong position at Ream's Station, on the Weldon railroad. The fight was very severe, but we achieved a complete victory, driving the Federals before us with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners.

August 19—The tables were turned on us to-day, for the Yanks came down upon us thick as the locusts of Egypt. We made a hard fight, but were compelled to fall back, leaving the enemy in possession of the railroad. The loss on both sides was dreadful. Our little battalion did its duty, and we have to mourn the loss of many of our best and bravest, among them Adjutant Winder Laird.

September 30—We again encountered the enemy to-day at Pegram's farm, and after a desperate battle achieved a signal victory, but at a fearful cost, As usual, our little battalion was badly cut up, losing forty-three men out of 149. If this thing continues there will be none of us left to tell the tale.

October 1—Another fight to-day on the Squirrel Level road, in which the enemy were repulsed. The battalion lost 10 men.

January 1—The battalion has been reduced to about 100 men, and yet we are expected to do the work of a full command. So numerous have been the desertions in our brigade that it is necessary to keep us almost constantly on picket; for as sure as this duty is entrusted to some regiments of the brigade, just so sure were the posts found deserted in the morning. It is bitter cold, and we are in tatters. I have the waist of my pantaloons left, and my only pair of cotton drawers are not of the thickest material. However, as long as my blanket holds out I am all right, for I wear it wrapped around me day and night. I often wonder what my little Baltimore girl would say if she saw me in this plight. Guess she'd look for some other fellow.

January 8—Had a genuine surprise this morning while on picket. Soon after day broke I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a Yank crawl out of a rifle pit about 200 yards in our front, and walk deliberately toward us. There were three of us in our pit, and I told the boys that he must be a deserter. He had no gun, and I noticed when he got quite close that his pockets bulged. When he came within speaking distance he said: "Boys, don't shoot; I only want to have a few words with you," and then he pulled out two

little bags from his pockets. "I thought maybe you rebs would like to have a little coffee," he continued, "and my mess in that pit over there just clubbed in and sent you this," and he handed over the coffee. Coffee! Why, I hadn't had a smell of it for months. We invited the Yank into our parlor (rifle pit), made him sit down, and then we filled his pipe, and that made his eyes sparkle. He had coffee and we had tobacco, and little else besides; and when that Yank returned to his chums he carried some with him. It's pretty tough to have to shoot such good fellows. There are a good many of us who believe this shooting match has been carried on long enough. A government that has run out of rations can't expect to do much more fighting, and to keep on is a reckless and wanton expenditure of human life. Our rations are all the way from a pint to a quart of cornmeal a day, and occasionally a piece of bacon large enough to grease your palate.

February 5—About 10 o'clock to-day the brigade received marching orders, and moving to the right, was joined by heavy bodies of troops, when the whole crossed the breastworks and marched quietly along between the two picket lines for some distance, when the Federal skirmishers were attacked and driven in, and an assault made upon their works; and, although maintained with great vigor, was repulsed with heavy loss. The two other assaults by fresh troops met with no better success. We then retired, leaving most of our dead and wounded on the field. In this engagement, among others of our battalion who fell, was poor Lieutenant Charles Hodges, commanding Company C. He halted for a moment in the charge to unbuckle the belt of one of his boys who had fallen wounded, when he was shot through the head.

February 24—Desertions from our brigade and division are very numerous, the men leaving their posts in squads. Much dissatisfaction prevails, and not without cause. For months we have been in the trenches with scarcely food enough to sustain life, and we are in a state of nudity, while the weather has been intensely cold. If I wasn't one of them my heart would bleed for the gaunt, shivering wretches all around me; but misery loves company. As yet there has been but one desertion from our battalion, a fellow named Porter, and there will not be another.

March 27—Fighting has been going on for the past two days along our front south of Petersburg, and it is evident the crisis is approaching. In the series of engagements the enemy has been successful,

attacking our thin line with heavy columns, and all our rifle pits between Hatcher's Run and the Weldon railroad are in his possession. They are now within seventy-five yards of the position this division occupies, and an attack is momentarily expected.

April 3—About dark last night Captain Torsch, in command of the battalion, received orders from General McComb to prepare to assault the trenches in our front, in conjunction with three other battalions. We failed to carry them, and what were left of us had a devil of a time in getting out of an ugly predicament.

April 5—This is the last entry I will ever make in my diary. At daylight the enemy made two spirited attacks about a mile on our left, both of which were repulsed, but a third succeeded. Moving then to the right and left, they carried everything before them. Down they came like the waves of the ocean. We fought our best, but it was no use, and McComb, finding himself almost surrounded gave orders for the whole brigade to fall back on Hatcher's Run. This was no easy matter so far as we were concerned, for the enemy were all around us, and, therefore, but a small part of the battalion under Captain Torsch succeeded in extricating itself, although the boys fought like devils. When Torsch reached Hatcher's Run he found the Boydton plank road bridge in the hands of the enemy, when he and his few followers plunged into the stream and swam to the opposite bank, and joined the forces on that side. Torsch had but one officer left, Adjutant McCullough.

The rest is soon told. In the retreat we assisted in bringing up the rear. What we suffered until we reached the vicinity of Appomattox Courthouse can never be known, because words cannot express it. On the 9th, in obedience to the last command we were ever to receive from our beloved leader, Captain Torsch surrendered his command of sixty-three men, all that was left of our once splendid battalion. The end had come.

W. W. Goldsborough.

[Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, August, 1901.]

OUR TORPEDO BOAT.

The Original David, Constructed for the Confederate Navy.

SOLD FOR JUNK.

Its Counterpart Sunk the Housatonic off Charleston Harbor in 1864—Fatal Experiments With the Queen Craft—How It Was Submerged.

A relic of great historical value was recently allowed to fall to pieces under the junk dealer's hammer and was carted away like so much scrap iron from the old Spanish fort, a few miles back of New Orleans, where it had stood for years a reminder of one of the forlornest hopes upon which man ever ventured.

It was the original *David*, a counterpart of the one that sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston harbor February 17, 1864. It was being secretly constructed out at the fort when New Orleans fell, and upon the occupation of the city by the Federal forces, to save the design, it was rolled into a canal near by. There it remained for years after the war, for its builders and all who knew of it went down with its successor. Years after, when the canal was being dredged, the hulk was found, raised, and set upon the fort.

A QUEER CRAFT.

Although this queer craft never itself played any part in the war, it was the first of a type which, in the Holland submarines, now gathered by the government into a little fleet, bids fair to revolutionize modern naval warfare. From the plans tested in its construction was built the *David* that immolated its own crew in destroying its enemy. There was not in naval history another example of career so disastrous and tragic as that of the *David*. Four crews went down with it in trial trips, and it lost its fifth when it was itself involved in the destruction of its first and last intended victim.

When the original submarine was tipped into the canal in 1862, her designers already had in mind the construction of a duplicate craft. Working from plans of the sunken ship, they built in Mobile in 1863 the famous and ill-fated *David*. This name was given to it because

it was expected to destroy the Goliaths of the Union fleet. The original *David*, from which its successor differed only in minor details, was cigar shaped, and resembled in general design the Holland submarines of the twentieth century. It had a conning tower, which, when the boat floated, was about all that appeared. The boat was about thirty-five feet long and built of sheet iron. Its principal differences from the modern submarine, those which made it imperfect and manageable only under the most favorable circumstances, were these:

HOW IT WAS SUBMERGED.

The *Holland* is always buoyant; it is submerged by deflecting a horizontal rudder when the boat is under way, not by filling it to a weight a little more than that of the displaced water. The *David* was submerged by filling, and possessed only an upright rudder. In case of an accident to the *Holland's* machinery the boat will float to the top. It was vice versa with the *David*. The *Holland* is run by gasoline when on the surface and electricity when beneath. The propeller wheel of the *David* was turned by eight men. The *Holland* lies steady in the water. It is perfect ballasted when water is taken into the tanks, because they hold just the required amount to bring the boat to "fighting weight" or "diving trim" and it cannot shift. The *David* was unstable in this respect. The *Holland* fires the torpedoes after a moment's rise to the surface, when within range, to sight the vessel to be destroyed and get a direct line upon her. The *David* dragged her torpedo after her under the keel of the vessel, and it was exploded by the knock, when it struck.

The original *David* was designed for coast and river work in the gulf and Mississippi river. When it was put out of commission and the second boat was finished the ships of the North were blockading the principal Southern ports, and there was a brilliant opportunity for a submarine torpedo-boat to do the most effective kind of work, if she proved manageable. This she did not do. On her trial trip she sank before her proper time, and did not come up again. Her crew of ten men were suffocated. She was raised, and Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate navy, volunteered to take command of her. In 1864 he took her to Charleston to undertake operations against the powerful blockading fleet. As she was nearing Charleston, a passing steamer sent its swells over her. Too heavy to rise to the waves, she rolled like a waterlogged tree trunk, and the wash went over her, pouring down her open hatch and quickly carrying

her to the bottom, with her crew, Lieutenant Payne, who was in the conning tower, crawled out and swam until a boat from the steamer which had caused the disaster rescued him. Again she was raised and again Lieutenant Payne took command. With his crew of ten men he made ready one evening to set out from Fort Sumpter upon an offensive expedition against the Union fleet, when, for some unknown reason, the *David* "turned turtle," taking to the bottom this time eight of her ten men, two of the seamen escaping with the commander. That was enough for Lieutenant Payne; he gave up submarine naval manoeuvres.

In spite of the disastrous succession of accidents, one man maintained his faith in the *David*. That man was one of the designers, Mr. Aunley. He had the vessel raised, collected a crew, not without difficulty, and taking his craft up the Stone river, made several trials which seemed to justify his confidence. Then there came a day when the *David* went out and did not come back. Divers found her with her nose stuck in the mud. Mr. Aunley and his ten men were suffocated. For some time she lay at the bottom of the river, but another daring experimenter was found who undertook to navigate her successfully if she were raised. Raised she was, and the new commander might have made good his promises had he not attempted to show that he could take her under a schooner and up on the other side, in which experiment she fouled the cable and suffocated another crew.

A "WATER COFFIN."

It speaks volumes for the daring of the southern naval men that any could be found to venture upon the forlorn hope after this. Captain J. F. Carlson and Lieutenant George E. Dixon persuaded the authorities to raise the "water coffin," as the *David* had been gloomily nicknamed, and to let them take it out with the purpose of torpedoing the *Housatonic* of the union fleet. Only five men could be found who were willing to take so desperate a chance. At dusk of a still evening, February 17, 1864, the man-propelled craft made her way out of the harbor. She successfully passed the lines of picket craft around the inner squadron and made for the *Housatonic*, the Goliath of the outer line of the blockade. She was sighted at 8:45 by the officer of the deck on the *Housatonic* and hailed. She was running on the top of the water and burning no lights, and when discovered was but 200 yards away. She did not reply, but came on. A call to quarters was sounded. It was too late; the

David was inside the range of the *Housatonic's* guns. The men opened fire with pistols and rifles, but on came the curious little cylinder unaffected. She dove and passed nearly under the vessel's stern, drawing her torpedo after her. It struck the big ship almost amidships. Simultaneously came the explosion. The *Housatonic* reeled and in a few moments lunged forward and sank bow first. Most of the officers and crew saved themselves by climbing into the rigging, from which they were taken by the small boats of the other vessels. The *David* had dived her last. She never came to the surface. After the war, when the wrecks off Charleston were being removed, the *David* was discovered at the bottom, not 100 feet away from her victim. All of her men were at their stations.

No other submarines were attempted by the Confederacy. The original *David*, just destroyed, was, therefore, unique, the only existing specimen of a type which has developed into such wonder-working craft as the modern submarines. All the maritime world is reckoning with them now. France is building a flotilla of them. Italy and Greece have some under construction. Germany, Russia, and Japan are experimenting with them, England has five; we have seven. Soon every navy in the world will have them. It might have been worth while for our navy to preserve this first effective type as a historical memento, rather than let it be sold for old iron.

[Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*]

NUMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS IN THE C. S. ARMY.

To the Editor:

Some one has recently started on the rounds a statement attributed to Major J. B. Neathery, private secretary to Governor Caldwell, that North Carolina furnished only 80,000 men to the Confederate Army. This statement has disturbed some of our editors. Among these, that venerable editor whom all true North Carolinians delight to honor, Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, of the Wilmington *Messenger*, has called for its refutation. Now, Dr. Kingsbury has done so much for the truth of North Carolina history that he cannot remember all that he has done. Fortunately much of his good work has been printed. Twenty-seven years ago he first published Major

Neathery's figures, but he published what Major Neathery did say, not what some one reported him as saying.

I find in "Our Living and Our Dead" for June, 1875, an editorial signed by Dr. Kingsbury, in which the Doctor uses these words:

"When we were connected with the Raleigh *Sentinel*, we stated that we had heard it estimated that North Carolina had furnished as many as 103,000 troops (independent of the Home Guards and Reserves) and then asked if any one could supply us with the exact number. This inquiry brought us an answer the next day from John B. Neathery, Esq. We avail ourselves of the statistics kindly furnished, as we wish to place them among permanent records of our magazine."

"On November 19, 1864, General R. C. Gatlin, Adjutant-General of the State, made an official report to Hon. Z. B. Vance, then Governor, in which the following numbers are given:

Number of troops transferred to Confederate States according to original rolls on file in this office		64,636
Number of conscripts as per report of commandant of conscripts, dated September 30, 1864		18,585
Estimated number of recruits that have volunteered in the different companies since the date of the original rolls		21,608
Number of troops in the State service for the war		3,203
Total number of troops		108,032
To these must be added:		
Number of Junior Reserves	4,217	
Number of Senior Reserves	5,686	9,903
		117,935
Number of troops in unattached companies and serving in regiments from other States		3,103
		121,038
Home Guards and militia		3,962
		125,000

This official report from so accurate an officer as General Gatlin, ought to settle this matter for all time.

D. H. Hill.

Raleigh, N. C., August 6, 1901.

[From the Dallas *Morning News*, July, 1901.]

GENERAL HOOD'S BRIGADE.

Address of Judge Don. E. Henderson at the Galveston Reunion.

REVIEW OF ITS GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS.

Brave Texans Left Their Native State and Achieved Undying Fame in Virginia.

On the occasion of the thirty-first annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade at Galveston, Judge Don. E. Henderson, of Bryan, a former member of Company E, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade, made the response to the address of welcome of Major Hume. He spoke as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades,—The survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, at the behest of the citizens of Galveston, have met in annual reunion to do honor to their dead comrades and to the memory of the Lost Cause. A year ago your city was selected for this reunion. Your condition at that time was far different from the present. Then you numbered a population of more than 40,000 souls. This was the beautiful "Oleander City;" the commercial emporium of Texas; industry stimulated trade and enterprises; faith in the future girded your loins, and hope smiled and waved her golden wand. Since that time your Island city has been devasted by the most disastrous storm in the annals of time. Your homes have been swept away, and nearly one-fourth of your population has been destroyed. It does not need to say that on receipt of the sad intelligence of your condition, we hesitated to accept your courtesy, not that we believed it would not be graciously extended, but the fear was less we should become a burden and trespass on your hospitality. But I beg to state that this hesitation was only momentary, for we reflected that this had been the home of many of our dead comrades, who had gone forth with us to battle; that here lived, both before and after the war, the gallant Sellers, of whom General Hood said: "He was the bravest of the brave," and who, though only a lieutenant-colonel and a staff officer, led the brigade to one of

the most brilliant victories of the war; and when we remembered that this was still the residence of Rogers, Hume, the Settles, Gorec, Vidor, and others of our surviving comrades, we knew that you would take it ill should we change our resolution; and we are here to-day to accept of your hospitality and to mingle together in social reunion. We are glad to find your city not prostrate and despairing, but still strong and self-reliant. Like Neptune, you have taken your bath in the sea; and though your locks may be dishevelled, you are full of hope and faith in the future; and with such determination as is yours, you will yet scale the walls of adversity, and, like the Venice of old, the city of the Adriatic, Galveston, the metropolis of the new Mediterranean, will receive into her lap the riches of the Orient and rival in wealth and splendor the most renowned cities of ancient or modern times.

Forty years have passed since the three regiments of Texans, who subsequently became known as "Hood's Brigade," left their native State and went forth to meet the invader and to do battle for the cause they believed to be just, on the historic fields of the Old Dominion—years full of events; some of sorrow, some of joy, but all filled with hope as our country forged forward in the race of progress. So rapid has been the advance of the achievements of civilization, such the rush and hurry incident to a money-making age, while the old generation has been passing away, and new men, who knew not our fathers of 1861, have taken their places, it is to be feared that we are unmindful of much that added glory to our Commonwealth; we are forgetting much that contributed lustre to the name and fame of the Texas soldier. But amid all this change, to us, the survivors of the Lost Cause, nothing has occurred to diminish our pride or dim our eyes to the prowess and splendor of the noble heroes who offered their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country. I trust I shall be pardoned if I recall on this occasion, at the risk of being considered prosaic and perhaps boastful, some of the events which made the name of the Texas soldier the synonym of heroism throughout the world. And to-day my theme shall be, How Hood's Brigade Won Its Spurs in Virginia. To tell all of its achievements would make a book, and would worry your patience. I shall, therefore, undertake a glimpse of the campaign of 1862—the first real campaign of the war, and one in which that band of heroes carved for themselves and their State immortal fame. Had I the gift of genius or the skill of the literary artist, I might weave a romance that would set at naught the march of Xenophon

and his Grecian band into the heart of Asia, or that would pale into insignificance the deeds of chivalry and valor which characterized the days of knight errantry, when Richard the Lion Hearted led the chivalry of Europe against Salladin and his hordes of Moslems in the Holy Land. But, as it is, I must content myself with cold facts, and let history speak for itself.

TEXAS IN 1861.

Some of you here remember the Texas of 1861. The Lone Star State was then a marvel of beauty, interspersed here and there with farms and hamlets, and towns and villages, the cheerful homes of men. The hand of civilization had as yet scarce marred the fair face of this Empire State. Only one or two short lines of railway were then in existence. Beyond these the stage coach was the public conveyance between places, while in all our borders we only had 600,000 or 700,000 people, one-fourth of whom were negroes. But our white population constituted a robust and vigorous race—an honest yeomanry, the sons of pioneers, the progeny of the early settlers of this vast domain. But to-day how changed! The beauty of the wilderness has given place to the wonders of civilization. The whole country is dotted with farms and ranches, towns and cities have sprung up on every hand, and more than 10,000 miles of railway form a network of travel and communication between our most distant points, while an enterprising population of three and a half million souls indicate the material progress we have accomplished.

When the call to arms was sounded the authorities at Richmond were appealed to, and Texas was grudgingly allowed to send three regiments to Virginia, the anticipated arena of the contending armies. These were raised in an incredibly short space of time, the counties vieing with each other in an effort to get into the regiments. As fast as they were ready they were sent forward to the front. In the early fall of 1861 all three of the regiments, comprising about 3,000 troops, had arrived at Richmond, were organized and armed, and afterwards went into winter quarters along the Potomac in the neighborhood of Dumfries, some thirty miles below Washington. Shall I pause to describe to you this splendid body of men, as they stood for the first time on dress parade on the banks of the Potomac? Wigfall, McLeod and Rainey, of the First; Hood, Marshall and Warwick, of the Fourth, and Archer, Robertson and Botts, of the Fifth, composed the field officers of the regiments, and thirty as gal-

lant captains as ere commission bore commanded the thirty companies. As far as the eye could reach was a long line of gray. Three thousand bright Texas boys, mostly from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, with Enfield rifles and bayonets glittering in the sun, they presented a spectacle for the admiration of all beholders. The farm, the ranch, the storehouse, the school-room, and the cottage, throughout the length and breadth of our Empire State, had all contributed their quota to swell the ranks of this remarkable body of men. Do you doubt for a moment that as they stood there, a solid phalanx, a thousand miles from home, surrounded by the troops from every State of the Confederacy, as the sole representatives of the Lone Star State, they realized Texas had committed to their care and keeping her fair fame, and they were determined to bear aloft the sacred honor of their State upon the points of their bayonets to victory or to death? Their lips were yet warm with mother's, or wife's, or sweetheart's kiss, and with the parting benediction to come home with their shields or on them, they were inspired by the deeds of the illustrious heroes of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto, and they pledged their faith to carve a name for themselves and for Texas equal to the Tenth Legion of Cæsar or the Old Guard of Napoleon.

HOW THE FEARFUL DRAMA BEGAN.

But enough of this. The fearful drama of 1862 is about to begin. In the early spring the Federal army, some 200,000 men, under McClellan, changed its base from the Potomac to the Peninsula at Yorktown, of historic memory. They were confronted by Magruder with some 10,000 or 15,000 troops, who held the vast horde of Federal troops at bay until the arrival of General Johnston, who rapidly marched from the line of the Rappahannock to reinforce Magruder. After confronting him for several days, our army began its retreat toward Richmond—Hood's brigade, then belonging to Whiting's division, covering the retreat to Williamsburg, passing through that town, while the battle of Williamsburg was in progress. The division was moved rapidly to Eltham's Landing, on York river, in order to cover an anticipated movement calculated to intercept the retreat of the army. Here, for the first time in the campaign, the Texas troops engaged the enemy, in a densely wooded country along the York river. The Fourth and Fifth did but little fighting, but the First Texas encountered the enemy in strong force and a severe engagement ensued, in which that regiment drove at least double their

number of Federal troops under cover of their gunboats. The entire brigade lost some forty or fifty killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was at least twice that number. Here it was that Captain Denny, of the Fifth, and Lieutenant-Colonel Black, of the First, were killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey, of the First, was severely wounded. I mention this battle, not so much on account of its importance as compared with others which ensued, but because it was the first contact the Texas troops as a brigade had with the enemy, and in that engagement it performed its part so well as to receive the encomium of General Gustavus W. Smith, the commanding officer. Hear what he says in his official report: "The brunt of the contest was borne by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the honors of the day at Eltham." And again, he says: "Had I 40,000 such troops I would undertake a successful invasion of the North."

AN AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN.

I pass by the battle of Seven Pines, as the Texas brigade were merely passive spectators in that engagement. Shortly thereafter General Robert E. Lee took command of the Confederate forces in Virginia, and thenceforward that army ceased to retreat from the foe, and began an aggressive campaign which crowned our cause with victory after victory, until the name of the Confederate soldier became illustrious wherever heroism is admired. As soon as General Lee assumed command of the army he undertook a campaign for the relief of Richmond and for the purpose of driving the Federal invaders from the soil of Virginia. I shall not stop here to relate the splendid strategy which re-enforced Jackson, who was operating in the Valley, with the division of Whiting, to which the Texas brigade then belonged; and how all these troops were immediately transferred from the Valley to the rear of McClellan's right flank at Mechanicsville. Suffice it, the battle of the 26th of June at Mechanicsville ensued, in which the Federals were driven from their works, and the two wings of our army, that on the north bank of the Chickahominy under Jackson, and that on the south bank under Lee, were reunited.

On the morning of the 27th of June, to-day thirty-nine years ago, at early dawn, the Confederates began seeking the enemy; Longstreet and A. P. Hill pursued the routes on our right nearest the Chickahominy, and came soonest on their lines, while the troops under Jackson, composed of the divisions of Whiting, Ewell and D.

H. Hill, having to make a detour further to our left, came later upon the field, approaching the enemy in the neighborhood of Cold Harbor. Our lines on the right were formed about 12 o'clock, and later, on the left, and conformed to the enemy's in shape, but our position, aside from their fortifications, was far inferior to theirs. Our line of battle, as formed, extending from right to left, was as follows: Longstreet on the right, A. P. Hill to his left, then the divisions of Ewell and D. H. Hill to his left in the order stated. Whiting's division, composed of Hood's and Law's brigades, did not form in line, but were held in reserve near Cold Harbor. The battle began in earnest a little past 12 o'clock, and soon raged with fury on our right where Longstreet was posted. About 3 o'clock our left became engaged, and in the still, hot evening air the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery was fearful all along our lines. We knew, from our position of safety, that a terrible conflict was going on, in which the blood of the best and bravest on both sides was being poured out like water. Still, we were being held in leash, and the Texas brigade, like the bed-ridden knight in "Ivanhoe," felt that they were destined to stay where they were while the game was being played which should bring us victory or defeat. At this juncture the Texas brigade was ordered to the front, and never did men obey such order with more alacrity.

At about 4:30 o'clock on that hot June afternoon the Texas brigade, under the eye of Lee, led by the gallant Hood, swept forward to storm the centre of the enemy's position. The Fourth Texas on the right, to its left the Eighteenth Georgia (then forming a part of the brigade), then the First and Fifth Texas, and on the extreme left of the brigade Hampton's legion, then also a part of the command. From the nature of the ground the Fourth Texas had far more difficult task of any regiment in the brigade, for in addition to the fortified position of the enemy across the branch, which they were to storm, they were to make the attack across an open field in front of the Federal position, while the balance of the command moved to the assault under cover of the thick woods in their front.

As we moved into the fight each soldier of the brigade felt that the crisis of the battle had come; that the hour of destiny had struck. We knew that assault after assault had been made all along our lines from 2 to 4 o'clock, only to be repulsed with terrible loss, and around and before us were evidences of a fearful struggle, for the dead and dying of the commands which had preceded us lay thick upon the ground, while the remnant of that advance column, demoralized and

beaten, was retiring through our ranks in disorder and confusion, telling the soldiers of the brigade, as we neared the enemy, "not to go in there; that it was death; that the enemy's position could not be taken." But this only added to our determination to break the lines of the enemy or perish in the attempt. And undismayed the citizen soldiery of Texas moved steadily forward with the majestic tread of trained veterans. The First and Fifth regiments, with the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's legion, as stated before, charged the enemy through the woods, and their task was not as severe as that of the Fourth, which charged across another field under a murderous fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery for near half a mile. But led as they were, by the immortal Hood, they did it beautifully, grandly.

In the language of General Hood himself: "Onward we marched under a constantly increasing shower of shot and shell, whilst to our right could be seen some of our troops making their way to the rear, and others lying down beneath a galling fire. Our ranks were thinned at almost every step forward, and proportionately to the growing fury of the storm of projectiles. Soon we attained the crest of the bald ridge, within about 150 yards of the breastworks. Here was concentrated upon us from batteries in front and flank a fire of shell and canister, which ploughed through our ranks with deadly effect. Already the gallant Colonel Marshall, together with many other brave men, had fallen victims in this bloody onset. At a quickened pace we continued to advance without firing a shot, down the slope over a body of our soldiers lying on the ground and across Powhite creek, when amid the fearful roar of musketry and artillery, I gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abattis and over the breastworks upon the very heads of the enemy. The Federals, panic-stricken, rushed precipitately to the rear upon the infantry in support of the artillery. Suddenly the whole joined in flight toward the valley beyond."

While the Fourth was making this glorious charge, equal to any in the annals of war, the First and Fifth, with the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's Legion, were nobly fighting and charging in their front, and simultaneously with the breach made by the Fourth they swept the Federals from their front, and the enemy's centre once pierced, they soon gave way all along their line, and as our victorious troops emerged upon the high plateau lately held by the enemy, as the shades of evening were gathering fast, we beheld the

Federal army, broken in every part, in full retreat towards its bridges on the Chickahominy. The coming night alone saved that wing of McClellan's army from utter ruin. As it was, our victory was complete, and although our own losses were heavy, they were not heavier than the enemy's.

As stated before, night put an end to the battle and to our pursuit, and the remnant of Fitz John Porter's corps, under cover of darkness, escaped across the bridges of the Chickahominy and joined McClellan's forces south of that stream, whence they retreated to the James. General McClellan calls this a meditated change of base. Be that as it may, the truth remains that if such was his previous intention, the result of the battle of Gaines' Mill greatly expedited that change.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

The battle of Gaines' Mill was the battle of all others which inspired our troops with confidence in themselves and their great commander, General Lee. It was the battle which taught the Confederate troops in Virginia how to win victory, and was the forerunner of the series of splendid achievements which henceforth attended Lee's army.

Others have claimed the credit of being the first to break the Federal lines at Gaines' Mill, notably General D. H. Hill, who commanded the extreme left of the Confederate army. Fortunately, the claim of the Texas Brigade to this honor does not depend solely on the testimony of themselves, for in addition we have as witnesses General Lee, who commanded the Confederate army, and General Jackson, who commanded on our part of the field; and, besides, we have the evidence of the Federal commander, General Porter. Here is what General Lee says: About 4:30, when General Hood was preparing to lead the Fourth Texas to storm the enemy's works, he met General Lee, who announced to him that our troops had been fighting gallantly, but had not succeeded in dislodging the enemy. He added this must be done, and asked General Hood if he could do it. To which General Hood replied he would try. General Jackson, with reference to this charge of the Fourth Texas, says officially: "In this charge, in which upward of 1,000 men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, in which ten pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment was captured, the Fourth Texas, under the command of General Hood, was the first to pierce their strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defences

by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance." And he further remarked, "that the men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

General Fitz John Porter, the Federal commander, says: "As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us and the woods were filled with smoke limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and reformed regiments, and turned them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. The attacks, though coming like a series of irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance near the centre of Morrell's line, where, by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle, our line was penetrated and broken." Morrell's line of battle was opposite the position carried by the Texas Brigade.

AT SECOND MANASSAS.

I pass hurriedly to the second battle of Manassas, where the Texas brigade was again destined to turn the tide of war. It is not necessary to recount how we arrived upon that field, further than to state that the seven days' battles around Richmond had driven McClellan to seek a new base, and he had taken boat and gone to the neighborhood of Washington, and Lee was merely seeking him out. Meantime, McClellan had been superceded, and Pope was in command of the army. On the same battle-field which had witnessed the first great shock of arms between the Federal and Confederate forces in 1861, on the 29th of August, 1862, General Pope, with about 150,000 Federal troops, confronted General Lee, in command of about 75,000 Confederates. During the greater part of the 29th a fierce conflict raged between the forces of Jackson, on the Confederate left, and the Federal troops opposite him, but nothing appears to have been gained on either side, except the loss of many lives. The morning of the 30th dawned bright and clear, the atmosphere was heavy, and every man felt that to-day the decisive battle would be fought, but somehow the morning passed and the real struggle had not begun. In the evening the fighting again began on the left of our line.

At about 4 o'clock the battle was taken up along our centre and right, and at 4:30 the Texas brigade was ordered to charge. The troops moved at a rapid pace some 300 or 400 yards, before the enemy was encountered, and here a strange scene occurred. The Fifth and Tenth New York Zouaves, clad in their splendid red uniforms, opposed the advance of the Fifth Texas Regiment. They were posted in the edge of a wood, with an open country sloping to a creek some 200 yards in their rear. As the regiment neared the enemy in a rapid charge, they delivered one deadly volley, and then, before they could reload, the Texans were upon them, and the Federals turned and fled, and it is no exaggeration to say that hillside was strewn thick with the flower of those two regiments. An observer said that it was possible to walk on corpses from the edge of the wood to the creek, so thickly were they strewn. Our troops did not pause, but swept forward like a cyclone. They passed the creek pursuing the Federals up the hillside beyond, and when they neared the crest, they found themselves confronted by a line of blue, standing in a declivity, and beyond them and over their heads played upon the Confederates shot and shell from a battery. There was no time to pause, for in such a crisis, he who hesitates is lost, and the regiment pressed boldly forward. Time after time the flag of this regiment went down, but as fast as one standard-bearer fell another seized the colors, and the regiment pressed bravely on until this line of battle was broken and fled incontinently from the field, and the battle was ours And still another line of battle of the enemy was broken, until this regiment, which, as General Hood says, "Slipped the bridle and pierced to the very heart of the enemy," found itself almost surrounded, when it had to make a flank movement in order to shelter itself in the timber. To show how severe and deadly was this conflict, the regiment lost seven standard-bearers killed; the flag-staff was shot in two, and the flag itself was pierced with twenty-seven bullets, and had three bomb scorches on it.

It is not claimed here that the Fifth Texas was the first to breach the enemy's lines, as is claimed for the Fourth at Gaines' Mill, as the movement on our part of the field seemed to have been general, and the enemy gave way all along the line, though if any other regiment accomplished any greater results than the Fifth at the Second Manassas, the annals of war fail to show it.

THE FIGHT AT SHARPSBURG.

At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, seventeen days later, the Texas

brigade materially aided Lee to repulse and hold the enemy at bay, thus winning another victory. At this time, by the long marches of the campaign, and by the casualties of battles, the effective force of the three regiments, all told, was about 850. On our part of the field, which was the left, we constituted both support and reserve.

On this battle-ground about 35,000 Confederate troops confronted about 140,000 Federals, under General McClellan, who had again resumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The conflict on our part of the field began about sunrise, and soon raged fiercely in our immediate front. The word came that the brigades of Lawton, Trimble and Hays were being hard pressed, and Hood's division, composed of an Alabama brigade, under Law, and the Texas brigade, under Colonel Wofford, of the Eighteenth Georgia, were ordered forward. When the troops emerged from the timber and passed the old church and into the open corn-field, a herculean task lay before them. Down the slant of the hill stood the remnant of the divison before-mentioned. They still held their position, but were unable to advance. Beyond them in the open and in the timber stood a solid field of blue, at least three columns deep. To an observer it looked as if the whole of Hooker's corps was there.

As we occupied a position on the hill, and above the Confederate line in front, the fire of the enemy played havoc in the ranks of the supporting column. In vain did the officers in charge of Hays' and Trimble's brigades urge them to charge, and in vain did the Texas brigade add its entreaties to theirs. The line would neither advance nor retreat; its ranks were decimated, and its fire was ineffective. Suddenly, as if moved by a single impulse, the Texans, unable to be restrained longer by their commanding officers, charged over the line of our troops and swept upon the advancing foe like an irresistible avalanche. In the twinkling of an eye the enemy wavered, turned and fled—still the brigade pressed forward until two other lines of the enemy were broken and driven from the field and through the wood, and were routed from behind a stone wall, where they sought shelter. Not receiving an expected support, it was beyond human endurance to advance further; but here the line rested, and was held through that bloody day, resisting assault after assault of the enemy. But for this terrific and successful assault on the part of Hood's division, our left centre would have been broken, the left wing of the army turned, and the fords on the Potomac captured by the enemy, and Lee's army shut in between the Antietam and the Potomac. By members of the brigade who were engaged in nearly

every battle in Virginia and Maryland, Sharpsburg, on account of its sanguinary and protracted character, has been characterized as the hardest-fought battle of the war.

General Hood, who won his rank of major-general for gallantry on that day, speaks of this charge in the following language: "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that has occurred during the war. Two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from their position and forced them to abandon their guns on our left."

This battle completed the campaign of 1862, and established for the Texas brigade a reputation for bravery and courage which was not excelled by that of any troops in General Lee's army, and their noble example was an inspiration, not only in Virginia, but throughout the West, and caused emotions of joy and pride to thrill the hearts of our countrymen throughout the entire South. The brigade had thus won its spurs, but at the cost of the best and bravest in its ranks; and the task henceforth devolved on the survivors to sustain the reputation which they had so heroically won. Though the task was difficult, I am proud to say, they sustained the glory of their achievements on almost every battle-field in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged. At Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, and in the Wilderness they added new lustre to their name, and they kept their fame untarnished until the end of the struggle at Appomattox.

Hitherto I have told of their deeds; but I will here quote what some of the illustrious soldiers, under whose eye they fought, said of them, so that it may be seen in what estimation they were held in that army.

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

Here is what General Hood, who, if he does not stand so high as some others as a tactician or strategist, takes rank with the bravest of the brave as a soldier and a fighter. He says: "So highly wrought were the pride and self-reliance of these troops that they believed they could carve their way through almost any number of the enemy's lines formed in an open field in their front." And again he says: "Long and constant service with this noble brigade must prove a sufficient apology for a brief reference at this juncture to its extraordinary military record. From the hour of its first encounter with the enemy at Eltham's Landing, on York river, in 1862, to the

surrender of Appomattox Courthouse, in almost every battle in Virginia, it bore a conspicuous part. It acted as the advance guard of Jackson when he moved upon McClellan around Richmond, and almost without an exceptional instance it was among the foremost of Longstreet's corps in an attack or pursuit of the enemy. It was also, as a rule, with the rear guard of this corps, whenever falling back before the adversary. If a ditch was to be leaped, or fortified position to be carried, General Lee knew no better troops upon which to rely. In truth, its signal achievements in the war of secession have never been surpassed in the history of nations."

And hear what the greatest military chieftain of modern times, General Robert E. Lee, addressing General Wigfall, on the 21st of September, 1862, just after Sharpsburg, writes: "General, I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments, which you promised to raise for the army. I need them very much. I rely upon those we have in all our tight places, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them on for me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more regiments such as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel more confident of the campaign."

I have thus dwelt on some of the events of the campaign of 1862, in which the Texas brigade participated, not for the purpose of unduly boasting nor of drawing a comparison between the achievements of these troops and those of other Confederate troops, or of other Texas troops who may have fought in Johnston's army or on this side of the Mississippi. They only did their duty as soldiers; and if this little band of Texans was more conspicuous or accomplished greater results than their brothers on other fields, it was, doubtless, because they were better disciplined and better led. In other words, they were afforded a better opportunity to display their courage, and simply demonstrated what, under the same conditions, other Texans would have done. All, no doubt, did their best in the great struggle which taxed the courage and energies of the people of the South. And how near we came to achieving success in the mighty struggle, none but the God of Battles, who shapes the destinies of nations, can ever know. No doubt it was He who, on Shiloh's bloody field, directed the unconscious aim of the Federal soldier who fired the shot which struck down the great commander of the Western army, Albert Sidney Johnston, and thus turned victory for our arms into defeat. Evidently it was the guiding hand

of the great unseen Architect of Nations who brought the *Monitor* into the waters of the Chesapeake to grapple in deadly conflict with the *Merrimac* for the supremacy of the seas. And we concede that it was He who delayed Ewell's coming until the heights of Gettysburg were crowned with the Federal army under General Meade, and thus pitted the impregnable mountains against the fierce assaults of the cohorts of Lee under the gallant and daring Pickett. It was never intended by the Divine Hand that this nation as a nation should perish from the earth. On the contrary, cemented by the blood of its bravest and best, it was foreordained that it should continue to live, to bless and guide the nations of the earth. And I have no doubt that the time will come when this great republic as a nation will feel proud of the courage and achievements of the Southern soldier, and will revere the names of Lee and Jackson as it now reveres the names of Grant and Sheridan.

I am not unmindful that there be those who would rob us of our title to courage and honor—all that remains to us as a result of the war. But of this rest assured, they are not of the soldiers who fought in that struggle. These, if they would, could not afford to disparage our courage or bravery, for on this pedestal rests their own prowess and fame. For, take notice of this fact, no nation will discredit its own deeds of heroism. All men love glory, and all men admire courage, and without courage and love of glory a nation is doomed.

While the harvest of death through four long years of terrible war enriched our soil with the blood of our purest and noblest, it was not shed in vain; for in that martyrdom which tried men's souls our people coined a reputation for courage and duty, for patriotism and love of country, which glorified them, and of which nothing can ever rob or despoil us. That honor and courage henceforth is consecrated to the preservation of the nation, and we will transmit it as a precious legacy to our children. May they not forget the immortal dead; may they emulate their example.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 23, 1902.]

GUY'S BATTERY.

Another Roll of the Company Made From Memory.

Below is the muster-roll of the Goochland Light Artillery, mustered in the Confederate army May 6, 1861. Made from memory by R. N. Allen, one of the first names to be enrolled, and who was with the company from the beginning to the end. The names not marked with an asterisk were on the original roll—108 rank and file. The names with an asterisk are those of recruits after the company returned from Camp Douglas, where they were sent as prisoners of war after the fall of Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862. About eighty of the company were surrendered at Donelson :

John H. Guy, Captain.
Jonathan Talley, First Lieutenant.
John Brown Budwell, Second Lieutenant.
J. H. Guerrant, Third Lieutenant.
Isaac Curd, First Sergeant.
J. D. Massie, Second Sergeant.
T. E. Gathright, Third Sergeant.
John Morris, Fourth Sergeant.
J. T. Ballou, Comissary Sergeant.
T. A. Curd, Quartermaster Sergeant.
H. H. Hoye, First Corporal.
Ned Miller, Second Corporal.
F. M. Woodson, Third Corporal.
F. E. Woodson, Fourth Corporal.
H. R. Sutton, Fifth Corporal.
W. B. Bowles, Sixth Corporal.
J. O. Massie, Seventh Corporal.
N. B. Terry, Eighth Corporal.

Privates.

R. N. Allen,
G. W. Allen, Jr.,
J. J. Atkinson,
Bob Alvis,
R. A. Allen,
W. H. Armstrong,
Spott Atkinson,
J. L. Alvis,

Lunsford Armstrong,
Jeff Branch,
Sam Blankenship,
J. H. Brooks,
* Tucker Cocke,
* R. E. Clough,
* Henry Childress,
J. E. Crouch,
Milton Cragwall,
* Otho Carter,
* W. E. Clark,
* Dr. Duval,
Pryor Drumwright,
* Tom Dunn,
* Henry Davenport,
* Joe Drinker,
* Napoleon Elliott,
* Tom Eads,
Bill Farmer,
* George Fisher,
* J. B. Gathright,
* J. R. Gathright,
* Peter Guerrant,
* Marcellus Gentry,
* Oscar Gilliam,
T. G. Holman,
F. O. Harris,
Jim Hughes,
* Frank Hall,
Ben Johnson,
* Hawton Johnson,
G. G. Johnson,
* George Kasee,
* George Lane,
* Josiah Leake,
Henry Leadbetter,
G. J. Loyall,
* "Parson" Loyall,
* Pat Loving,
"Rat" Long,
W. C. Malone,
Tom Amos,
Julian Branch,
J. H. Bowles,
* J. C. Bowden,
Ed. Clough,
J. H. Childress,
* Luther Childress,
W. M. Crouch,
* George Cardwell,
Robert Clements,
W. E. Dennis,
J. D. Drumwright,
J. H. Dickerson,
* William Davenport,
J. E. Dugings,
William Edwards,
* Daniel Eads,
J. L. Farmer,
Dick Foster,
T. M. Gathright,
* M. H. Gathright,
W. A. Gray,
* William Gentry,
* Ed. Gammon,
Henry Holman,
R. J. Hoye,
Daniel Hughes,
Sam Humphries,
* Newton Hodges,
* G. W. Johnson,
Charlie Johnson,
* Jim Jackson,
* Bob Knibb,
* Dabney Lane,
William Lumsden,
L. B. Laseur,
Thomas Loyall,
* Jim Loving,
* George Loving,
C. E. Massie,
William Macbride,

* Aleck McLaine,
* Jim Miller,
Frank Mathews,
B. J. Nuckols,
J. P. Nicholas,
William Nunnally,
J. E. Perkins,
* N. Perkins,
J. R. Poor,
Charlie Palmer,
Ed. Powers,
J. N. Pleasants,
Sam Pettitt,
Luston Phillips,
* George Radford,
* Tom Rigsby,
William Richardson,
* J. C. Riddell,
* S. J. Rock,
* Beverly Rock,
* William Russell,
* Felix Sharp,
William Sharp,
* Silas Seay,
Marcus Smith,
* Jim Shelburn,
* John Southworth,
* William Tillman,
Tom Turner,
H. C. Thomas,
J. A. Thomas,
* Dick Talley,
R. T. L. Toler,
Newton Thurstan,
* Bob Thomas,
A. V. Taylor,
"Bill" Thompson,
* Jim Via,
Jack Wade,
* Joe Willis,
S. W. Wilson,
* Peter McRae,
* T. R. Miller,
J. W. Nuckols,
T. E. Nuckols,
Henry Newberry,
* Lissia Omohondro,
* Arvin Perkins,
* A. Perkins,
Dewitt Poor,
J. H. Pleasants,
Thad Pledge,
* "Coon" Parrish,
Addison Pleasants,
* Charlie Payne,
* George Rigsby,
* Jim Roberts,
T. J. Riddell,
* Andrew Riddell,
* R. S. Rock,
* Luther Rock,
* Tom Rosser,
* Lucian Shelton,
Garrett Schooler,
Decker Smith,
* John Sheppard,
* Fleming Snead,
* Tom Turner,
* Jim Turner,
I. Thurston,
C. E. Tough,
* John E. Talley,
Sam Tucker,
* Baker Tyler,
Ed. Thurston,
* Bob Terry,
* Tom Valentine,
Ed. Williams,
J. A. Witt,
* L. Willis,
* A. Woodward,
* Dick Ware,

A. A. Woodson,
* Ed. Weekly,
Clay Wooldridge,
* W. O. Watkins,
* W. W. Woodson,
* B. H. Woodson.

NOTE.—This "old roll" has been requested by numbers of members of the company, and it is made from memory; consequently, if there is an omission of any name, I hope some one will correct the mistakes and furnish the omitted names.

R. N. ALLEN,
Goochland Light Artillery.

Doswell Post-office, Hanover County, Va.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 17, 1901.]

SABINE PASS BATTLE.

A Great Achievement in History of Civilized Warfare.

PARTICIPANTS DETAIL THE FACTS.

Paper Read by Mrs. Greer at Convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy—Stirring Story of Gallantry.

The following was read by Mrs. Hal W. Greer, historian of Dick Downing Chapter, before the National Convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy:

In this paper I write little else save the bare facts, thinking my time would be limited, but there is much more that could be written which I feel sure would interest you, and in the beginning I wish to state that most of the data in this paper was given me by Mrs. Margaret L. Watson, President of the "Dick Downing" Chapter, of Beaumont. Mrs. Watson received it direct from two Confederate veterans who participated in the battle, so the authenticity of the facts cannot be doubted.

The most remarkable, and so far as the writer is informed, unrecorded battle of the war between the States was fought at Sabine Pass, Texas, on September 8, 1863.

Those who took part in the battle called themselves the "Davis Guards." The company was organized at Camp Kyle, near Har-

risburg, Texas, with Captain F. H. Odlum in command. They were mustered into service at Galveston by Brigadier-General Paul O. Hebert, in August, 1861. They took the name of the "Davis Guards" in honor of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

To gain an accurate knowledge how the result of this battle was accomplished, it is necessary to briefly describe the general topography of the country and streams. The stream of Sabine Pass flows from Sabine Lake into the Gulf of Mexico. It is about seven miles long, slightly less than one mile wide, and ranges in depth from twenty to forty feet. At the time a bar had formed at the gulf end, and the channel over it was only about ten feet deep, and very tortuous and difficult to navigate. The stream forms a dividing line between Texas and Louisiana, and was once the boundary between the United States and Mexico. Its banks are very low, at the highest places on the Texas side not extending over three feet above low tide, while the Louisiana side is much lower, is an extensive marsh, and is inundated whenever the tide comes in above normal. All the surrounding country is a low marsh, except where the town is located on a ridge about three feet above low tide.

The town is situated on the west or Texas side, about five miles from the gulf end of the stream. On the Texas bank the Confederates had erected a mud fort about one mile from the gulf.

This fort was manned by forty-two men all told, under the command of Lieutenant Richard (commonly known as "Dick") W. Dowling. He was born in Galway, Ireland, and came to America when a child with his parents, who settled in New Orleans, La. He was at the time of this battle very young, but he was a brave soldier, and fully competent to do the work which fate had destined for him.

On the 7th of September, the night previous to the battle, the Federal fleet began arriving from New Orleans. When daylight came the Confederates viewed with consternation the formidable sight. They had not one charge of ammunition, nor even a handbar with which to throw the guns around on their travel bars, inside the fort. Captain Odlum sent immediately to the town of Sabine for ammunition, and soon the little company of men set to work with great energy to prepare for the battle which they knew was imminent.

General Magruder, who had been informed of the enemy's approach, sent word to Captain Odlum to spike the guns, blow up the

fort, and retreat to Taylor's bayou, and there to try to hold the the enemy in check. When these orders were made known to Lieutenant Dowling —Captain Odlum being in command of the post in the town of Sabine, in place of Colonel Griffin, who had charge of the post, but who had gone to Houston to attend a court-martial—asked his men if they wished to do this. They replied: "No; we prefer to fight while there is a detachment to man the guns." About this time the Federals began firing. The guns in the fort consisted of two 32-pounders, two 24-pounders, and two brass-mounted howitzers. The 31-pounders, will here be remarked, were some old guns which the Federals had damaged by spiking and cutting to the trunnions. They were taken to Houston and repaired by the Confederates. These guns proved the most effective in battle of any which were fired, as they crippled the *Sachem*, *Clifton*, and *Arizona*. (A part of the old gunboat *Clifton* is still visible at Sabine Pass.)

The attack from the gunboats continued, the ground around the fort being torn up; still no return of fire from Dowling, he withholding and waiting until the vessels came within easy range to fire his first shot. Meanwhile he spoke with words of courage and good cheer to his men, urging upon them the necessity of making every fire from their guns damage the enemy, and to use their ammunition with the greatest economy. He did not allow his men to put their heads above the parapet, and the Federals had about come to the conclusion that there was no one in the fort and that they had wasted their ammunition. They came nearer and nearer, and when at a point where Dowling, who had been keeping a close watch, knew the shots could take effect, he ordered his men to their places and gave the command "Fire!"

Just here is where Dowling evinced his true judgment of warfare. The shots poured into the gunboats, and soon the *Sachem* and *Clifton* were at the mercy of the Confederates, while the *Arizona* backed and turned seaward, but was crippled in the hull. She managed to get out to sea, where she sunk that night with all on board. It is estimated there were at least 250 men lost, and many bodies were found on the shores of Louisiana and Texas.

After just thirty-eight minutes from the time Dowling ordered his men to fire the first shot, the white flag was seen to go up on the flagship *Clifton*. Lieutenant Dowling went aboard, accompanied by Dr. George H. Bailey, as a signal for a surgeon had been given by the enemy. Commodore Crocker met them and surrendered his sword to Lieutenant Dowling. Dr. Bailey administered to the

wounded and dying. Later, Commodore Crocker came ashore and entered the fort. Imagine his surprise when he realized that there were only forty-two men in the fort. The Confederates took as prisoners 490 men, seventy-two of whom were badly wounded. The exact number of killed is not known, these, as contradistinguished from those who were drowned by the sinking of the *Arizona*, but has been estimated at fifty, most of whom were scalded to death by the explosion of the boiler on the gunboat *Sachem* when the shot struck it. Not a man on the Confederate side received a scratch, and beyond slight injuries to the walls of the little mud fort, and one gun carriage, no damage was done.

The prisoners, who numbered 490, were kept under guns until relief came by steamers from Orange and Beaumont.

Commodore Leon Smith makes honorable mention of Captain Odlum, Lieutenant Dowling, Lieutenant Smith, and Captain Cook, who came down with the *Uncle Ben*, a Confederate transport. He also makes mention of another Lieutenant Smith, of Company B, Spaight's Battalion, and Lieutenant Harrison, of Captain Daly's Company.

Dr. George H. Baily, who is living out in California, volunteered his services and was in the fort during the battle, but, as no one required his attention as a surgeon, he assisted in firing the guns, and valuable assistance he rendered, too. General Magruder presented him with a sword which was taken from one of the prisoners.

Mr. Jefferson Davis in his book on the *Rise and fall of the Confederacy*, says: "There is no parallel in ancient or modern warfare to that of Dowling and his men at Sabine Pass, considering the great odds against which they had to contend."

The Congress of the Confederate States also passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby cordially given to Captain Odlum, Lieutenant Dowling and his forty-two men, comprising the 'Davis Guards,' under their command, for their daring, gallant and successful defence of Sabine Pass against the attack made by the enemy on the 8th of September, 1863, with a fleet of five gunboats and twenty-one steam transports carrying a land force of 15,000 men.

"That the defence, resulting, under the providence of God, in the defeat of the enemy, the capture of two gunboats, with 490 prisoners, including the commander of the fleet, Frederick Crocker;

crippling the gunboats, the dispersion of the transports and preventing the invasion of Texas, constitutes in the opinion of Congress one of the most heroic and brilliant achievements in the history of this war, and entitles the Davis Guards to the gratitude and admiration of their country.

"That the President be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to Captain Odlum, Lieutenant Dowling and the men under his command.

"Approved February 8, 1864."

All the men composing the "Davis Guards" were from Ireland except two, who were born in the United States, and one German. These Irishmen did a brave part by their country of adoption, and well deserve the tribute paid them by the Confederate citizens eulogizing their courageous patriotism. The rations of the "Davis Guards" consisted of what the good citizens of the vicinity gave them. Mrs. Kate Dorman, a most patriotic Southern woman and a native of Georgia, herself cooked beef and sent to them, along with the message, "they must not fight like men, but fight like devils." During the time of the battle she watched its progress through a field glass, while her friend, Mrs. Sarah Vasburg, who was a praying woman, stood beside her with uplifted hand, asking God to direct the shots.

Mr. Sam Watson, of Beaumont, was placed as first engineer on the captured gunboat *Sachem*, which boat kept its name when in possession of the Confederates. Mrs. Margaret Watson made the first Confederate flag which was put upon her.

The attacking Federals, under the command of Captain Frederick Crocker, had nineteen well equipped gunboats, three steamships and three sloops of war. It is presumed the steamships and sloops were transports, as they took no part in the engagement. What the Federal design was in its attack at Sabine Pass is mere conjecture, as the departments at Washington have never revealed it, but there is reason to believe that their intention was to invade Texas, Arkansas and North Louisiana. A plan had been laid by General Banks somewhat to this effect, and judging from the number of troops, 15,000, it is supposed this was the time the scheme was to be accomplished.

When we remember that only forty-two brave men foiled him, too much honor cannot be paid to their memory, and we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Beaumont, have named our chapter

for their leader, Lieutenant Dowling. There are only two survivors of this wonderful battle, but many citizens who remember all the incidents perfectly.

Mrs. Hal W. Greer,
Historian of Dick Dowling Chapter, Beaumont, Texas.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, September, 1901.]

CONFEDERATE ORDNANCE.

The Good Work Done by General Gorgas in His Department.

Mr. Levi S. White thus tells how he became an agent of the Confederate States in Baltimore during the civil war:

"Early in 1861 I became acquainted with General Gorgas, chief of the Confederate States Ordnance Department, one of the ablest men in the Confederate service—and I will say it was marvelous how much was developed under his skillful management. He resigned from his position in the United States Ordnance Department, went to Richmond, and was at once placed at the head of the Confederate States Ordnance Department, which at that time was destitute of almost everything except brains and energy.

"When I first met General Gorgas he said to me: 'Can you get me some chlorate of potassium? We have very few musket caps. I have started a factory for making them, but have no chlorate of potassium, and can't find any in the country. If you can speedily get a few hundred pounds you will render me a great service.' From chlorate of potassium is made the fulminating powder of caps and shells, and it is, therefore, a very necessary article for ordnance.

"I returned at once to Baltimore, but could find none in first hands. I wired a friend in New York, Mr. Joseph D. Evans, formerly of Richmond, and he obtained for me two cases—about 500 pounds—which was all he could obtain. This was shipped at once by canal line to a commission merchant on south Frederick street, and immediately upon delivery was carried to a wharf and sent by boat to Curtis creek—as Mr. Evans had wired me that detectives were after it. They traced it to Frederick street; came there about two hours after it had been hauled away, and it was then being boated to Arundel's hospital shore. A vigorous search was made

for it, but the detectives were baffled, and that night I started with it and other goods for Richmond down the Chesapeake. It was safely delivered in Richmond, and from it began the musket-cap industry of the Confederate States Government, but it was a close shave.

"General Gorgas was so much pleased with this result that he urged me for further assistance, to which I agreed, and from that time to the end of the war I was a special agent of the Confederate States Ordnance Department. Subsequently, to give me the status of a Confederate officer, Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, commissioned me 'Acting Master Confederate States Navy.'

"In connection with the article of potassium I will mention an incident which will show its importance, and how uncertain was its supply, and the difficulties which constantly beset the Confederate States. I had gotten a large supply of potassium as far as Fredericksburg at the time the Government was removing the sick and wounded from the hospitals at that place. Orders had been issued to refuse transportation to all other passengers and freight. I could not get transportation, and vainly endeavored to show the railroad officials the importance of my goods. I wired to Richmond, and immediately came the order to forward me and my goods at once, which was done, and the potassium delivered to the Confederate States' arsenal. General Gorgas then informed me that his cap factory had been closed four days for the want of potassium.

"Gutta percha was another article which was also badly needed. A cable was needed from Charleston to Fort Sumter, and the gutta percha was required for insulating it. Several attempts had been made to bring it from England, but every cargo which contained it had been captured. General Gorgas requested me to get some. I attempted it upon three different occasions, but in each case I lost by capture all my goods, with the gutta percha, the last time within twenty miles of Richmond, near White House, on the York River railroad. That lot of goods also contained 3,000 pounds of block tin. I was surprised by some 1,500 Federal cavalry who had been sent out to capture me. I lost all my goods, and my partner Brown was captured, but I made my escape, and as this was the narrowest escape I ever had I may relate it in a future 'Odd Tale.' It was a very thrilling incident, which I will never forget; indeed, an escape from 1,500 cavalry was an incident not to be forgotten.

"I concluded that there must be some fatality in connection with gutta percha, and 'then and there' drew the line upon it."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 29, 1901.]

REST AT MT. JACKSON.

Confederate Dead in Beautiful Shenandoah Cemetery.

THEY APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE.

Daughters of the Confederacy Would Erect a Monument Over These Fallen Heroes—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama Troops Sleep There.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The Shenandoah river, in the Valley of Virginia—the garden spot of Virginia—was called by the Indians "Minneha-ha," or, laughing waters. Situated on the bank of this beautiful stream is the town of Mount Jackson.

This little town had its numerous experiences during the war between the States, from 1861–'65. It had its joys and sorrows. Around it clusters many sad recollections and the memory of many daring and chivalrous deeds which will never be forgotten by those who survive.

The people in the neighborhood were in the Confederacy heart and soul. The Confederate army established a large hospital here for the Southern soldiers. Many, many, were ministered to by the ladies of Mount Jackson and vicinity, and oft have they heard the sighs heaved by dying soldiers for loved ones at home. Those were trying times.

HUNDREDS SLEEP THERE.

Within a mile of this town is "Our Soldiers' Cemetery," where lie the remains of 500 or 600 Confederate heroes, who sleep their last sleep. Most of the Confederate States are represented by the dead sleeping there—brave men who died in a cause they knew to be right; soldiers who gave up their lives defending their country from an invading foe. They all had homes and friends somewhere, and their names should not be forgotten.

The very cause for which they died is an appeal to us, their survivors, to keep green the turf upon their graves and guard their last resting place from desecration.

Their brave deeds and heroic self-sacrifice will be fresh in our memory as long as life shall last.

This sacred spot is being cared for by a little band of devoted "Daughters of the Confederacy," and now we appeal to the States represented by the brave men who lie in the cemetery to assist us in erecting a memorial to their memory, which will last as long as time endures.

If the eyes of any friends of these dear ones should fall upon these lines, we pray them not to turn a deaf ear to our pleadings, but remember the fallen heroes with a liberal contribution, which can be sent to myself.

Mrs. L. H. RINKER,
Historian of the U. D. C. Chapter, Mt. Jackson. Va.
Mrs. MONROE FUNKHOUSER,
President.
Miss ELIZABETH BROOKE,
Recording Secretary.

LIST OF THE DEAD.

Following is a list of the Confederate soldiers buried in "Our Soldiers Cemetery," at Mount Jackson, Shenandoah county, Va.

VIRGINIANS.

J. D. Brooks, company E, 9th Virginia regiment.
Agustus D. Pasley, company D, 13th Virginia regiment.
Joseph H. White, company F, 24th Virginia regiment.
James A. Woods, company A, 8th Virginia regiment.
A. J. Calven, company E, 24th Virginia regiment.
Robert McFarland, company K, 53d Virginia regiment.
E. M. Evans, company C, 34th Battalion Virginia regiment.
Wesley Fletcher, company B, 8th Virginia regiment.
Isaac Mills, Jr., company K, 13th Virginia regiment.
T. B. Hall, company B, 14th Virginia regiment.
J. W. Dalton, company F, 51st Virginia regiment.
Charles Spencer, company E, 15th Virginia regiment.
J. Baldwin, company D, 36th Virginia regiment.
Addison Whitesel, company H, 7th Virginia cavalry.
Charles Thompson, company I, 19th Virginia regiment.
H. Divers, company D, 16th Virginia regiment.
S. C. Utterbach, company G, 13th Virginia regiment.

B. T. Heatwold, company F, 13th Virginia regiment.
J. W. Woods, company E, 37th Virginia battalion.
Charles B. Glasscock, company B, 20th Virginia battalion.
Thomas F. Scott, company G, 52d Virginia regiment.
John Vaughn, company D, 14th Virginia regiment.
I. C. Perry, company G, 11th Virginia regiment.
Lieutenant R. P. Hefner, company G, 26th Virginia battalion.
Joseph B. Gaines, company L, 53d Virginia regiment.
R. Steele, company G, 60th Virginia regiment.
F. Belton, company F, 23d Virginia battalion.
W. H. Home, company C, 14th Virginia regiment.
J. H. Austin, company D, 5th Virginia regiment.
H. H. Propst, company F, 62d Virginia regiment.
John Rolison, company K, 22d Virginia regiment.
J. W. Kessucker, company E, 2d Virginia regiment.
Jesse Moss, company G, 51st Virginia regiment.
G. Richardson, company E, 4th Virginia regiment.
G. W. Massie, company D, 45th Virginia regiment.
W. H. Battle, company I, 6th Virginia cavalry.
R. Lawson, 14th Virginia cavalry.
C. C. Brown, 16th Virginia cavalry.
Lewis Hammock, Jackson's Horse artillery.
William Barton, Braxton's artillery.
Captain W. L. Hardee.
C. J. Vacas.
J. W. Walton, Fry's battery.

NORTH CAROLINIANS.

R. T. Cruise, company E, 26th regiment.
N. C. Hawis, company C, 23d regiment.
Harry Amos, company L, 21st regiment.
Alfred Brown, company G, 30th regiment.
Wesley Brown, company G, 30th regiment.
John Bowers, company F, 5th regiment.
James L. Hardister, company I, 5th regiment.
J. F. Page, company E, 37th regiment.
Moses Ellen, company D, 23d regiment.
John A. Hollen, company E, 2d regiment.
B. G. Hatcher, (Latham's Artillery).
Lieutenant D——C——company D, 16th regiment.
F. O. White, company A, 20th regiment.

George Maston, 27th regiment.
W. H. Midgett, company F, 33d regiment.
W. H. Hollifield, company F, 18th regiment.
J. O. J. Douglas, company K, 37th regiment.
W. G. Oliver, company E, 23d regiment.
F. Hensley, company K, 5th regiment.
J. Costner, company H, 37th regiment.
Andrew J. Brant, company D, 13th regiment.
John Raper, company I, 2d regiment.
Alfred G. Snipes, company E, 5th regiment.
Preston Lloyd, company E, 4th regiment.
Edward Hewitt, company G, 20th regiment.
J. D. Smith, company I, 35th regiment.
James Johnston, company E, Fourth regiment.
Eli W. Moore, company K, 6th regiment.
Daniel Masais, company E, 7th regiment.
Samuel Jackson, company D, 49th regiment.
Thomas Marron, company K, 16th regiment.
J. W. Edison, company C, 48th regiment.
G. W. Scarlett, company G, 14th regiment.
E. Girdman, company C, 2d regiment.
E. E. Harris, company E, 4th regiment.
W. G. Moore, company B, 5th regiment.
W. H. Holder, company C, 4th regiment.
J. D. Stephenson, company G, 1st regiment.
W. C. Profit, company G, 18th regiment.
David Serge, company C, 5th regiment.
E. W. Burrough, company A, 5th regiment.
G. W. M., company H, 37th regiment.
L. D. Matheson, company D, 25th regiment.
Hezekiah Credle, company F, 23d regiment.
John Dun, company D, 5th regiment.
B. Brown, company E, 28th regiment.
D. Pendergrass, company E, 7th regiment.
David Copeland, company —, 6th regiment.
T. Creasu, company C, 21st regiment.
T. J. Albert, company D, 45th regiment.
Joseph Parmer, company K, 2d regiment.
W. J. Jones, company A, 35th regiment.
Thomas U. Clarkson, company A, 30th regiment.
Harry D. Miller, company I, 5th regiment.

J. F. Cox, company H, 14th regiment.
Wiley Suggs, company F, 14th regiment.
James Snow, company I, 18th regiment.
James Gough, company C, 2d regiment.
R. Doughtry, company F, 2d regiment.
J. C. Rogers, company D, 7th regiment.
William Dunlap, company A, 41st regiment.
Enos Britt, company I, 23d regiment.
H. F. Roberts, company H, 54th regiment.
B. F. Joiner, company H, 12th regiment.
V. Carld, company F, 57th regiment.
William G— B—, company A, 3d regiment.
I. I. Bryant, company G, 5th regiment.
R. Venable, company F, 23d regiment.
L. Smith, company C, 2d regiment.
Daniel Payne, company A, 7th regiment.
D. R. Cadgett, company E, 18th regiment.
J. M. Helly, 57th regiment.
H. C. Greeson, company A, 13th regiment.
J. R. Jones, company G, 14th regiment.
Green B. Little, company H, 1st regiment.
J. Sheffner, company K, 57th regiment.
Solomon Hunt, company K, 6th regiment.
L. Lechman, company F, 4th regiment.
W. A. Vaughan, company F, 53d regiment.
I. Dunn, company D, 1st regiment.
G. Ramsey, 54th regiment.
V. Carle, 57th regiment.

ALABAMIANS.

H. H. Saxin, company E, 10th Alabama regiment.
Wiley M. Hall, company B, 15th Alabama regiment.
Benjamin Rice, company I, 40th Alabama regiment.
B. Bush, company E, 3d Alabama regiment.
P. M. Robertson, company K, 48th Alabama regiment.
I. S. Howard, company H, 48th Alabama regiment.
Jackson Hix, company A, 15th Alabama regiment.
Thaddeus Harper, company B, 15th Alabama regiment.
W. T. Crow, company I, 9th Alabama regiment.
W. H. Weaver, company F, 15th Alabama regiment.

C. C. Johnson, company L, 15th Alabama regiment.
Nathan T. Duke, company I, 15th Alabama regiment.
W. H. Perryman, company G, 47th Alabama regiment.
A. B. Blindly, company E, 12th Alabama regiment.
J. R. Harden, company F, 15th Alabama regiment.
Thomas H. Walden, company H, 15th Alabama regiment.
Thomas F. Luther, company C, 9th Alabama regiment.
S. M. Wiggins, company H, 15th Alabama regiment.
John Rodgers, company B, 61st Alabama regiment.
I. M. Porter, company K, 61st Alabama regiment.
Robert McIntosh, company K, 12th Alabama regiment.
J. B. Vial, company E, 5th Alabama regiment.
James Spencer, company A, 5th Alabama regiment.
A. J. Kehely, company C, 15th Alabama regiment.
Thomas G. Leslie, company K, 10th Alabama regiment.
B. R. Morgan, company A, 10th Alabama regiment.
John J. Riley, company C, 5th Alabama regiment.
William Mines, company F, 12th Alabama regiment.
John Porter, 12th Alabama regiment.
William Carraker, 15th Alabama regiment.
J. W. Bridges, 13th Alabama regiment.
T. S. Bryan, 13th Alabama regiment.
A. J. Gibson, 6th Alabama regiment.

GEORGIANS.

John Hackett, company E, 60th regiment.
Thomas J. Wroten, company K, 21st regiment.
Martin McNain, company I, 12th regiment.
H. M. Thompson, company F, 53d regiment.
J. M. Figgens, company G, 23d regiment.
H. H. Reeves, company G, 31st regiment.
A. Gamble, company K, 60th regiment.
J. B. W. Aligood, company C, 26th regiment.
George W. Crawford, company H, 17th regiment.
H. E. Hunter, company E, 42d regiment.
J. J. Ryals, company D, 61st regiment.
Jesse Vaughn, company H, 20th regiment.
R. P. Prichett, company K, 53d regiment.
Benjamin Pendley, company E, 27th regiment.
James M. Carper, company C, 7th regiment.

Joseph C. Moore, company H, 17th regiment.
Jasper Tavon, company —, 48th regiment.
M. T. Cason, company B, 50th regiment.
William Terry, company B, 15th regiment.
William Scarbor, company K, 28th regiment.
Green Brantly, company A, 28th regiment.
E. M. Smith, company I, 4th regiment.
W. T. Parker, company B, 18th regiment.
W. B. Oglesby, company D, 60th regiment.
G. R. Clayton, company K, 4th regiment.
W. D. T. Dennis, company A, 12th regiment.
J. M. Burkett, company E, 60th regiment.
James Gorden, company D, 51st regiment.
J. J. Castly, company F, 48th regiment.
Lieutenant J. M. Robertson, company C, 27th regiment.
J. A Smith, company H, 30th regiment.
M. Churl, company C, 38th regiment.
T. J. Stewart, company G, 38th regiment.
E. E. Godard, company E, 44th regiment.
Joel D. Cadwell, company G, 49th regiment.
E. Lenard, company B, 49th regiment.
John Ridley, company G, 14th regiment.
R. D. Tompkin, company E, 9th regiment.
J. Whaley, company F, 13th regiment.
T. D. Camerson, company G, 6th regiment.
Francis Mobley, company H, 13th regiment.
A. B. Scotts, company B, 13th regiment.
William R. Patterson, company K, 60th regiment.
S. J. Strickland, company E, 61st regiment.
F. Balls, company K, 10th regiment.
Sergeant J. R. Johns, company D, 21st regiment.
G. R. Clayton, company K, 4th regiment.
W. D. Watley, 21st regiment.

SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

Jordon A. Burnett, company A, 22d regiment.
Jackson Robin, company E, 13th regiment.
A. Randolph, company A, 14th regiment.
James Dunbar, company E, 6th regiment.
G. C. Stillard, company G, 3d regiment.

Daniel Burnett, company E, 27th regiment.
J. W. Adams, 2d regiment.
Charles Bramlett, company G, 3d regiment.
George Ford, company F, 23d regiment.
Benjamin Freeman, 13th regiment.
H. D. Hodell, company C.
George W. Ford, company F, 23d regiment.
F. J. Hancock, company H, 20th regiment.
A. B. Bigger, company A, 1st regiment.
J. T. Cront, company K, 20th regiment.
Mathew Jones, company D, 2nd regiment.
J. W. Frank, company E, 3rd regiment.
Samuel Grodrey, company E, 15th regiment.
J. G. Haltewanger, company C, 20th regiment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. W. Snider, Texas.
Josiah N. Martin, Louisiana.
William Vicker, Baltimore, Md.
J. Smith, Maryland.
P. M. Koonce, Tennessee.
Thomas P. Grey, Rockbridge artillery.
Moses Jenkins, company B, 8th artillery.
Godfrey Estlow, company K, 6th artillery.
D. O. Rawhn, 8th Louisiana artillery.
John L. Moise, company H, 17th artillery.
L. M. Atkins, company H, 5th artillery.
William C. Braddock, company I, 8th artillery.
C. Boatner, Phillips' Legion.

There are 112 graves unknown.

CHANCELLORSVILLE*.

The Flank Movement that Routed the Yankees.

GENERAL JACKSON'S MORTAL WOUND.

Description of How He Received It, by Captain W. F. Randolph, of his Body-Guard—Under a Terrific Fire.

The following, written by Captain W. F. Randolph, of "Stonewall" Jackson's body-guard, is taken from the Greeneville *News-Times*, March, 1901:

It is not the purpose of the writer of this article to give a detailed account of the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, which has been so often described by pens more felicitous than mine, but only to give some few incidents of the first two days leading up to the terrible catastrophe, which was the closing scene of one of the most brilliant and successful movements recorded in the history of any war.

The writer was, during these two days, attached to the person of General Jackson, and only left his side occasionally as the bearer of orders to his division commanders.

During the winter of '62 and '63, the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped near and around Fredericksburg, and the writer was in command of a company of cavalry and attached to the headquarters of General Stonewall Jackson, then located near Hamilton's Crossing, about three miles below the town.

The battle of Fredericksburg, which took place the 13th of December, resulted in the defeat of Burnside, and his retreat across the river ended all active operations for the winter. So we settled down in quiet observation, awaiting with anxious expectation the advance of General Hooker, whose artillery crowned the heights of the other side of the river, where the white tents of the Federal army could be seen here dotting the same hills.

The spring was well advanced, the country all around us was covered with verdure, and the roads had become dry and hard, when

* NOTE.—See *ante*, pp. 166–172, article by Colonel C. C. Sanders.

we were awakened from our long holiday by the welcome announcement that the Federal commander's long-expected advance had at last commenced, and that a portion of his army had crossed the Rapidan at Gorman's Ford, and were marching upon Fredericksburg. General Lee at once put his whole army in motion, with Jackson's corps in the front, leaving one division, under General Early, to prevent the enemy from crossing at Fredericksburg and attacking his rear.

It will be remembered that two of the best divisions of Longstreet's corps had been detached and sent to Southeastern Virginia, leaving General Lee with scarcely fifty thousand infantry with which to meet that well-equipped and splendidly-appointed army of Hooker's, consisting of more than one hundred thousand men. After an arduous and exciting march, without rest, the army, frequently advancing in line of battle, was expecting every moment to meet the enemy. The advance column, consisting of a portion of Hill's division, halted about sunset within less than a mile of the Chancellorsville house, in the vicinity of which the enemy was evidently concentrated, awaiting our attack. But the impenetrable nature of the thickets, which separated us, prevented any further advance in that direction, and the whole army was forced to bivouac for the night. At this point a road, which was then known as the Bun road, intersected about at right angles the plank road, along which we had been moving, and here, with no other protection than the spreading arms of an immense oak, and without camp equippage of any kind, the two generals—Lee and Jackson—slept for the night, myself and a few of my troops lying within a few feet of them.

I was awakened next morning by a light touch on my shoulder, and on jumping up had the mortification to find that the sun had already risen and General Lee had gone. General Jackson, who was just mounting his horse, turned to me with a kindly word and smile, telling me to follow as soon as possible, and dashed off at a furious gallop down the Mine Run road, along which his troops had been rapidly marching since daylight. I did not succeed in overtaking the General again for several hours, and when at last I came up with him, he was far in advance of his columns, standing talking to General Fitzhugh Lee in the old turnpike road, at a point about five miles distant from Chancellorsville, having made a circuit of fifteen miles, thus putting the whole Federal army between himself and General Lee, and the two divisions of Longstreet's corps which were with him. As the several divisions of the corps came up they

were formed in line of battle, and about 4 o'clock in the evening everything was in readiness for the attack.

While Fitzhugh was talking to the General a half-dozen troopers rode up, bringing with them a Yankee lieutenant, whom they had just captured. Lee turned to the officer and asked him smilingly what would Hooker think if old Stonewall were to suddenly fall upon his rear. "Ah," said the Federal officer, "Hooker has both Jackson and your great Lee in the hollow of his hand, and it is only a matter of a very short time when your whole army will be bagged." Jackson's lips closed in a grim smile, but he said nothing, and Lee and his troopers rode away, laughing, leaving us alone.

The General turned to me and asked how far behind was the advance of his army. I replied that the leading division ought to be up in an hour. We both dismounted. Jackson seating himself on a log by the road, studying a map, which he spread out before him. After tying our horses I took my seat not far from him, and, being somewhat fatigued from the long ride, I fell asleep. Waking with a start, I turned and saw the General kneeling, with his arms resting on the log, in earnest prayer. I was profoundly impressed, and a feeling of great security came over me. Surely this great soldier, who held such close and constant communion with his Maker, must certainly succeed in whatever he undertook!

Presently the General, who was still seated on the log, called me to his side, and ordered me to ride down the turnpike as far as possible in the direction of the enemy, and ascertain if any of his pickets were stationed in the direction facing our advance, and to gather any other information it was possible to obtain.

Taking one man with me, I mounted my horse and galloped rapidly down the road until I came within sight of the camp fires of the enemy. Dismounting, I tied my horse in a thicket near the road, advanced cautiously, expecting every moment to come in contact with some outlying picket, but met no enemy until I came to an opening in the woods, overlooking a large field, where I saw a sight most amazing and unexpected. No less than a vast force of Federals in every conceivable state of disorder, without any formation; several batteries of artillery unlimbered; hundreds gathered around the camp fires cooking, some lying sunning themselves in the bright May sunshine, as apparently unconscious of danger as if they had been encamped around the environs of Washington city—no sentinels, no pickets, no line of battle anywhere. My heart bounded with exultation, and I could have shouted for joy. "Verily," I said

to myself, "the God of battles has this day delivered these people into our hands." But I had time only for a brief glance. Hurrying to where I had tied my horse, I mounted and rode with all possible speed back to where I had left the General. I made my report. Not a word escaped his lips. He raised his eyes to heaven, and his lips seemed to murmur a prayer, and then turning to General Hill said:

"Order the whole line to advance, General Hill; but slowly, with great caution, and without noise."

And so the movement commenced slowly, silently, with no sound save the occasional cracking of a stick beneath the feet of the men; those long grey lines stretching far into the gloom of the forest, pressed on; twenty-five thousand veterans of many a hard fought field, who had never moved save in the path of victory; on and on in the gathering evening, the sinking sun casting long shadows behind them, the frightened birds twittering and chirping as they flew from tree to tree, and an occasional bark of a squirrel as he looked out, startled at the unwonted scene, were the only sounds that interrupted the stillness, solemn and oppressive; a strange calm preceding a storm, the light of which has rarely been chronicled in the annals of war.

When our line of battle debouched from the dense wood which effectually concealed the advance, it came immediately upon the Federal encampment and directly in the rear of their whole line. The first intimation the enemy had of our approach was the characteristic Confederate yell, which rolled along the line, and rung out clear and loud above the thunderous clash of musketry and re-echoed through the forest, which had until then been as silent as the grave. Never was surprise so complete, never was a victory more easily won. As our lines swept like an avalanche over the Federal camps, they were overwhelmed and outnumbered at every point, resistance was paralyzed, and the panic which ensued is indescribable. On the part of the enemy it was not a retreat, but the wildest flight—a race for life.

At one time during the evening a young officer, wild with enthusiasm, dashed up to the General, crying: "General, they are running too fast for us; we can't come up with them." "They never run too fast for me, sir," was the immediate response. And thus onward rushed pursuers and pursued down the road toward Chancellorsville. Now and then Jackson would press his horse to a gal-

lop and dash to the front, and whenever he appeared the troops would break ranks and rush around him with the wildest cheers I ever heard from human throats. When night closed upon the scene the victory seemed to be complete. The infantry of the enemy had disappeared from our immediate front, falling back under cover of several batteries of artillery, which, halting upon every eminence, poured a furious fire of shot and shell down the road upon our advancing columns. In order to avoid this furious fire as much as possible, our men were formed in columns and made to march up the edges of the dense wood, and parallel with the road. This they were able to do by the aid of the moon, which shone very brightly, rendering all objects in our immediate vicinity clearly distinct. About this time General A. P. Hill rode up, and Jackson and himself had a conference of some length. I did not hear all that was said, but both were deeply absorbed, for shells from the battery of the enemy were bursting all around us and ploughing up the ground under our horses' feet without either of them taking the slightest notice of the little incident. As for myself, I cared but little either, as I was then impressed with the idea that the bullet had not been moulded which was to kill our General. The firing soon ceased and Hill rode away.

LANE'S BRIGADE.

At this juncture the General had no officer with him, except Lieutenant Keith Boswell, an officer belonging to his signal corps, and myself, together with a dozen of my own men, who were riding behind. A Confederate brigade was marching slowly in column on the left of the road and close to the woods, Keith Boswell was riding on the right of the General, and myself on the left, between him and our lines. The General turned to me and asked: "Whose brigade is that?" "I don't know, sir," I replied, "but will find out in a moment." I at once rode up to our line and asked the first officer I met whose brigade it was. He replied: "Lane's North Carolina." I rode back to Jackson, giving him the reply. "Go and tell the officer in command," he said, "to halt his brigade." I rode up to the same officer, gave the command, and told him that it came from General Jackson in person. The order was passed along the line, and the whole brigade halted at once, making a half-wheel to the right, facing the road, and rested upon their arms. We continued our movement in the same order, walking our horses very slowly towards the front of the brigade. Suddenly the General asked:

"Captain, is there a road near our present position leading to the Rappahannock?" I replied that not far from where we stood there was a road which led into the woods in the direction of the Rappahannock river.

"This road must be found, then, at once," he said. He had hardly uttered these words when a few scattering random shots were heard in the woods to our right. The men in line on our left, excited apparently by this fire, commenced firing across the road into the woods beyond, not in regular volleys, but in a desultory way, without order, here and there along the line.

General Jackson turned to me and said: "Order those men to stop that fire, and tell the officers not to allow another shot fired without orders."

I rode up and down the line and gave the order to both men and officers, telling them also that they were endangering the lives of General Jackson and his escort, but in vain. Those immediately in my front would cease as I gave the order, but the firing would break out above or below me, and instead of decreasing the shots increased in frequency, I rode back to Jackson and said: "General, it is impossible to stop these men. I think we had best pass through their line and get into the woods behind them." "Very well said," was the reply. So, making a half whirl to the left, thus presenting a front of, say, sixty yards, our little company commenced the movement to pass through the line, and thus put ourselves beyond the range of the fire.

A few more seconds would have placed us in safety, for we were not over three yards from the line, but as we turned, looking up and down as far as my eye could reach, I saw that long line of shining bayonets rise and concentrate upon us. I felt what was coming, and driving spurs into my horse's flanks, a powerful animal and full of spirit, he rose high in the air, and as we passed over the line the thunder crash from hundreds of rifles burst in full in our very faces. I looked back as my horse made the leap, and everything had gone down like leaves before the blast of a hurricane. The only living thing besides myself that passed through that stream of fire was Boswell's black stallion, my attention being called to him by the rattle of a chain-halter that swung loose from his neck, as he passed out of sight in the darkness of the wood. But his saddle was empty. Boswell, too, an old comrade of many a perilous scout, had gone down with all the rest before that inexcusable and unwarranted fire. My own horse was wounded in several places, my clothes and saddle

were perforated with bullets, yet I escaped without a wound, the only living man to tell the fearful story.

As soon as I could control my horse, rendered frantic by his wounds, I rode among our men, who were falling back into the woods, and from behind the trees were still continuing that reckless and insane fire, and urging them to form their line and come back to the road, telling them that they had fired not upon the enemy, but upon General Jackson and his escort.

Then sick at heart I dashed back to the road, and there the saddest tragedy of the war was revealed in its fullest horror.

I saw the General's horse, which I recognized at once, standing close to the edge of the road, with his head bent low, and a stream of blood running from a wound in his neck. Jumping from my horse I hastened to the spot and saw the General himself lying in the edge of the woods. He seemed to be dead, and I wished all the bullets had passed through my own body rather than such a happening as this. I threw myself on the ground by his side and raised his head and shoulders on my arm. He groaned heavily.

"Are you much hurt, General?" I asked, as soon as I could find voice and utterance.

"Wild fire, that sir; wild fire," he replied, in his usual rapid way. This was all he said. I found that his left arm was shattered by a bullet just below the elbow, and his right hand was lacerated by a minie ball that passed through the palm. Not a living soul was in sight then, but in a few moments A. P. Hill rode up, and then Lieutenant Smith, one of his aids. General Hill ordered me to mount my horse and bring an ambulance as quickly as possible. "But don't tell the men that it is General Jackson who is wounded," he said. I soon found two of the ambulance corps with a stretcher, and ordered them to the front, saying that a wounded officer needed their services. Then I rode further on to find an ambulance. Before coming up with one I met Sandy Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general, told him what had occurred, and he ordered me to go and find General J. E. B. Stuart and tell him to come up at once.

"Where shall I find him?" I asked.

"Somewhere near the Rappahannock," he replied, "not more than four or five miles away."

I rode off through the woods in the direction of the river, and by a piece of good luck soon struck a well-defined road, which seemed to lead in the right direction. After riding along that road for a few miles I had the good fortune to meet General Stuart himself with a

small escort of cavalry. I stated that General Jackson had been badly wounded, and that Pendleton had ordered me to tell him to come to the army at once. Without making any comment, he dashed off at full speed. I tried to follow, but by this time my horse was much weakened by the loss of blood, and began to stagger under me. I was obliged to dismount, and found that he was shot through both thighs, and slightly wounded in several other places, so I was forced to walk, leading the wounded animal slowly behind me.

This ended my connection with the tragic incident of this most memorable night. I did not reach headquarters until 2 o'clock that night. I saw Dr. McGuire, and, asking him about the General's condition, he told me that his arm had been amputated below the elbow, his wounded hand had been dressed, and that he was resting quietly. The wounds were serious and very painful, he said, but not necessarily fatal, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not recover.

* * * * * * * * *

If asked why and how such a fire could have occurred, I can only answer that it was then and is still a mystery, wholly unaccountable and without provocation or warrant. We had been for some time walking our horses along the road in close proximity to this very brigade from which the fire came. The moon, which was not far from full, poured a flood of light upon the wide, open turnpike. Jackson and his escort were plainly visible from every point of view, and the General himself must have been recognized by any one who had ever seen him before. There was no reason for mistaking us for an enemy, and when turning to pass through our line to avoid the scattering random fire which was sending bullets around and about us, I did not for a minute dream that there was a possibility of the guns of our own men being directed upon us. An accident inexplicable, unlooked for, and impossible to foresee, deprived the army of its greatest general at a time when his services were indispensable. If Jackson had lived that night he would without doubt have marched his columns along the very road upon which I met Stuart, thus throwing his entire force in the rear of Hooker's army, his left resting upon the Rappahannock, cutting off the enemy's communications and forming around his flanks a net of steel from which he could never have extricated himself.

Broken, dispirited, panic-stricken, his right wing routed and doubled back upon his centre, tangled in a wilderness without room

to employ his immense force. His very numbers working to its disadvantage, hemmed in on every side, with Jackson's victorious corps in his rear and Lee in his front, strange as it may seem, Hooker's immense army of 100,000 men would have been forced to surrender, and the war would have ended with a clap of thunder. The whole North would have been laid open, and Lee's victorious army, augmented by thousands of enthusiastic volunteers. Washington and Baltimore would have been occupied and all of Maryland aroused.

This young and virile Confederacy, sprung all at once armed and equipped a very Cyclops from the brain of Minerva, would have taken its place high up among the family of nations.

That blast in the wilderness put an end to the almost assured result, and the hope of a great southern empire became only a dream.

Was it Providence, or fate? Who can tell?

GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

A Summary of Some of His Remarkable Achievements.

Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, contributes to the Sewanee *Review* for January, 1901, a very readable sketch of the military career of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, of whom General Sherman once wrote: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our civil war produced on either side."

Forrest's first engagement, at Sacramento, Ky., illustrated the tactics that he followed with such marked success throughout the war—dismounting about one-third of his men in front as skirmishers, and then attacking with the others in two divisions on flank and rear.

Passing over the surrender of Fort Donelson, to which Forrest refused to be a party, and which Bishop Gailor characterizes as "disgraceful," the next important action in which Forrest had a part was Shiloh, where he captured a battery, and on the retreat to Corinth he "saved the Confederate army from destruction by checking Sherman's advance."

Forrest's subsequent exploits are thus related by Bishop Gailor:

"Within three weeks, however, he was again ready for action, and made a raid into Middle Tennessee that astounded his enemies, and

so began the marvellous career of audacity and success that ended only with the civil war. With 1,500 men he swooped upon the fortifications at Murfreesboro, destroyed the railway station and the forts, took 1,200 prisoners, including two brigadier-generals—Crittenden and Duffield—destroyed $700,000 worth of stores, captured sixty wagons, 500 mules and horses, one battery of artillery, and escaped in safety with the loss of but sixteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The country swarmed with Federal troops, and Forrest's escape reads like a chapter in fiction. General Buell wrote: "Our guards are gathered up by Forrest as easily as he would herd cattle. Why don't you do something?"

"After checking Buell's advance upon Bragg, who had marched into Kentucky, Forrest was again relieved of his command (November, 1862), and was ordered back to Tennessee to raise and equip another, if he could.

"By December 1st a new brigade of 2,000 men had gathered around him at Columbia; but they had virtually no arms, ammunition or other equipment, and the only source of supply was the enemy's garrisons. Forrest accordingly ventured to cross the Tennessee river, though it was patrolled by gunboats, and marched with his small brigade into West Tennessee in the face of more than 12,000 Federal troops. He eluded pursuit, captured Colonel Ingersoll and his command, near Jackson, captured the garrison at Forked Deer creek, then captured Trenton and its garrison, and again Union City with its garrison, and destroyed immense quantities of stores. Being surrounded finally by three brigades, he attacked one after the other, and made his escape in safety, taking with him 500 recruits, full supplies of arms, ammunition, horses, and clothes for his men, together with five pieces of artillery, eleven cannon, thirty-eight wagons and teams, and 1,500 prisoners."

In his account of Forrest's raid into West Tennessee, in 1863, Bishop Gailor quotes the words of "a northern correspondent," who wrote:

"In the face of 10,000 Federal troops, Forrest, with less than 4,000, has marched right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, nine miles from Memphis, carried off 100 wagons, 200 cattle, 3,000 conscripts, destroyed several railroads and many towns."

In his successful attack on General William S. Smith, Forrest stated that he had 2,500 men engaged against 7,000.

Summarizing General Forrest's personal characteristics, Bishop Gailor says:

"He was a man of immense physical strength and size, and as resolute and audacious in personal encounters as in open battle. His temper was terrific when aroused, and his language was often violent and profane, but never vulgar or obscene. He detested uncleanness, as he despised wanton cruelty and oppression. In the midst of the battle, when his own life was in peril, he was known to rescue a woman and a child from danger and carry them to a place of safety. While he thrashed a scout with hickory switches for giving him second-hand information, he degraded one of his best officers for trifling with the affections of a woman. He was unlearned, but not illiterate. A pen, he said once, reminded him of a snake; and his spelling was consistently wrong, but his natural eloquence could move his troops to enthusiasm. He did not know the first principles of the drill, being astonished at the effect of a trumpet-call upon disciplined soldiers, and yet, in his general plan of battle he instinctively adopted mature tactics of Napoleon. He exercised an authority as a general that was absolutely intolerant of the slightest variation or disobedience, and yet he was the genial companion of his subordinates, and was foremost in exposing himself in every battle. He had twenty-nine horses killed under him, and with his own hand slew thirty men."

[From the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, March 11, 1901.]

STORMING THE STONE FENCE AT GETTYSBURG.

A Morganton Confederate Veteran Tells of the Charge.

I, Thomas Espy Causby, born in Burke county, N. C., June 24, 1831, make this statement of my recollections of the great battle of Gettysburg. Many of the little details I have forgotten, but of the facts herein stated I am absolutely positive. I enlisted as a private in Company D, Sixth North Carolina regiment, in the early part of the year 1861, and fought in the ranks through the war until I was

wounded in the battles around Petersburg, and was in a hospital at Richmond at the time of the surrender. I was in the first battle at Manassas, was at Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, the Seven Days' battles below Richmond, Gettysburg, and the fights around Petersburg.

Before the battle of Gettysburg our brigade, commanded by Colonel Isaac Avery, of Burke county, was camped at Little York, Pa., where we remained two nights and a day. We were ordered to march on Gettysburg, and on the first day we met the enemy in the outskirts of Gettysburg in a big field, and captured a great many of them. Our brigade, led by Colonel Avery, marched through the streets of Gettysburg, where we captured a few more prisoners. A few Yankees were killed in the streets of the town, and from one of these I took a new canteen, of which I had need. After we marched through the town, we advanced a few hundred yards and struck camp in a deep ravine, where we remained until late in the afternoon of the second day's battle.

About 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening we were ordered to advance and charge the breastworks on the big hill in front of us, where the enemy was entrenched. There was an awful roar of big guns and musketry, and we charged up the steep hill between a quarter and a half mile. The enemy's batteries kept up a terrific fire, but most of the shells and grape passed over our heads. Colonel Avery fell about half way between the ravine where we had camped and the stone fence on the hill, used as a breastwork by the enemy, and Colonel S. McD. Tate, the next in rank, took command of the brigade. Our brigade charged in good order until we were within a short distance of the stone fence, which did not extend all the way across the face of the hill. Here the brigade spread out across the face of the hill, part of the men making for the ends of the fence, as I recollect.

About seventy-five of our brigade, led by Colonel Tate and Captain Neill Ray, charged directly on the stone fence, which we crossed and then bayonetted the Yankee gunners, and drove them back after a hard fight. About twenty men attached to the Louisiana brigade crossed the fence about the same time we did. We turned some of the guns on the enemy and tried to fire them, but most of them had been spiked by the Yankees. By this time it was getting dark, and the enemy we had driven back had been heavily re-enforced, and after remaining beyond the fence some fifteen or

twenty minutes we withdrew and rejoined our brigade, and that night we started on the return march to Virginia.

Although I was in so many of the big battles of the war, I was never wounded until during the fighting around Petersburg, shortly before the surrender, and though now nearly seventy years of age, am still possessed of considerable strength and health, though my brave colonel and captain and, as far as I know, all of the men who crossed the old stone fence with me on the memorable charge have passed away.

THOMAS E. CAUSBY.

[From the New York *Independent*, September, 1901.]

CONFEDERATE STATES STATE DEPARTMENT.

A Description of It by Colonel L. Q. Washington.

DEEPLY INTERESTING PAPER.

Personal Reminiscences of Much Value—Recollections of President Davis, Bob Toombs, R. M. T. Hunter, and Judah P. Benjamin.

The public has had a deluge of histories in respect to the Civil War and the Southern Confederacy. The history of the antecedent period covering the anti-slavery agitation has also been written up, for the most part with bias and partisanship. The military events of the four-years' struggle have also been exhibited in official reports, documents, memoirs, and narratives of every kind and description. The material for this history exists in abundance; but, though passion is subsiding it would still be difficult to prepare a work satisfactory to both sides of this great controversy.

Very little comparatively has been written in respect to the work of the Confederate State Department. Some ambitious attempts have been recently made to supply this omission by persons whose means of obtaining accurate information were quite limited. Misrepresentations of Confederate diplomacy have come from different sources. They were made during the war in some anti-administration newspapers published in the South. Attacks were made which

could easily have been answered by the State Department making known its policy and telling what it had done or was doing, but this method of defence was not permissible. Since the struggle closed some persons have made criticisms based partly on public documents with a certain amount of added misrepresentation, relying on the prevalent sectional prejudice for their market. With some others of late the motives seem to have been to provide sensation and to make money and bold assertions, trusting to luck and the lapse of time to prevent exposure. This last line of business as time passes is apparently on the increase.

THE ARCHIVES.

The archives of the Confederate State Department were purchased by the United States Government in the year 1872 from Colonel John T. Pickett. They are in the main, but not absolutely, full and correct. I called Secretary Richardson's attention soon after the time of purchase to one very important forgery. It deserves to be noted that the officials at the head of the Confederate State Department and those prominent in its service who were best qualified to write concerning its operations have published little or nothing about it. Mr. Benjamin in response to Mr. Davis's inquiries, wrote something, but not much, about the Hampton Roads conference; Mr. Hunter, Mr. Stephens, and Judge Campbell, considerably more, but on that point chiefly. I regret now that I did not take up this general subject in 1872, but all my time was then engrossed by the work and cares of life.

In the absence of reliable exposition by competent persons, and, indeed, nearly all of them having passed away, we are favored with alleged "lost chapters" of Confederate history. The public is told that the secret things of that period are to be brought to light; how Prince Polignac was sent to Paris to swap off Louisiana for intervention by Louis Napoleon, and to supersede Slidell, while another writer tells us how Mr. Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, was dispatched with authority to supersede both Slidell and Mason. Perhaps this is the proper place to say that the secrets of the Confederate Government were well kept. I have heard a statement to the effect that the United States Government was regularly kept advised of the military strength and movements of the Confederacy by some faithless War Department official, but this story has no foundation in fact. It was hatched at a time when gossip was easy and imagi-

nation active. Another oft-printed story is that Miss Van Lew, a person of known Union sympathies, residing in Richmond, but having no official position or social entre, contrived to purvey highly important information for the Washington Government. She might have picked up some empty gossip and rumors in circulation, but nothing more. In fact, even the leading citizens of Richmond knew little or nothing of what was passing or contemplated by the government until events actually transpired. The newspapers of Richmond were hardly any better off. The sessions of the Confederate Congress on all matters of importance were with closed doors and have never been published. The printed reports of the public sessions were very meager—in fact, mere skeleton reports. The Federal spy occasionally entered the Southern lines, and, perhaps, visited Richmond, but he went away as wise as when he came. He could hardly have done any good work, or he would have reported to the War Department that Richmond had practically no garrison before May, 1863, and only a small one afterward. The blockade runners were allowed to pass between Richmond and Washington, but were a harmless set of gentlemen. I used to cross-examine them, but met only one that had any intelligence of interest, and that was on subjects not connected with the war. This person was a woman who knew how to use her eyes and ears, but not well enough to affect a campaign or change the face of history.

THE ORGANIZATION.

The successive heads of the Confederate State Department, Messrs. Toombs, Hunter, and Benjamin, and those gentlemen serving under it, such as Slidell, Mason, Mann, Yancey, Preston, Lamar, Thompson, Clay, and others, were then either advanced in years or middle-aged men, and now, over thirty-five years having elapsed, it is not strange that they have gone to their rest. I am the only survivor of those who were in the State Department at Richmond, and, I think, the only one living who was in its service at home or abroad. I had been spending a few weeks in Richmond, chiefly engaged in editorial work for the *Examiner*, when, about the 4th of November, 1861, by the invitation of Mr. Hunter, then Secretary of State, I became his chief clerk. On the 22d of February, 1862, the government under the "Permanent Constitution" of the Confederacy was inaugurated. This led to some changes in personnel. Mr. Hunter went into the Confederate Senate, representing

Virginia. The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, then Secretary of War, was transferred to be Secretary of State, Mr. William M. Browne, the Assistant Secretary of State, became one of the President's aids, and, as chief clerk, I performed the usual duties of the former position until the close of the struggle in April, 1865. In this way I became conversant with all that was being done or that had been done by the State Department, and I also learned confidently much of what was being done by the other departments. With the heads of these departments, as well as the President, I had cordial relations, and most of them I had known before for years. The important military news came to us, of course, and also many of the plans of military operations. I had so many friends in Congress that I was easily kept advised of what it was doing. On the other hand, no one on the outside knew the business of the State Department except the President, and he was not the kind of a man to gossip or to be questioned.

THE LOST CHAPTER.

With these opportunities for an inside view of all that passed at Richmond from October, 1861, to April, 1865, I have been able to appreciate at its true value the fiction in reference to the Confederate Government concocted from time to time. If there be a "lost chapter" of the history of the Confederate State Department, I believe that I am the only one capable of supplying it. The story that has been made public to the effect that Prince Polignac was sent by the Richmond government about the close of the civil war on a mission to the Emperor Napoleon, with authority to offer a transfer of Louisiana to France in exchange for his intervention in favor of the Confederacy is not a "lost chapter," for the good and sufficient reason that no such chapter was ever written, and, therefore, could not well be lost. Mr. Davis was always a great stickler for adhering to the Constitution, and he clearly had no constitutional authority to propose such a transfer. Moreover, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri were three of the States belonging to the Confederacy, though at the time largely occupied by the Federal troops, and their soldiers were performing their duties in the Confederate army with singular zeal, fortitude and heroism. The suggestion to turn over these soldiers, their homes, and liberties to any European government in order to save the other States from being overrun would not have been entertained for a moment by Mr. Davis or any one of his Cab-

inet. Prince Polignac was a gallant brigadier of the western army, and is a gentleman of high character and intelligence, but he was not at any time in the diplomatic service of the Confederate Government. The Confederacy possessed a singularly able representative at Paris in the person of Hon. John Slidell, of Louisiana, a former associate of Mr. Jefferson Davis in the United States Senate. He was trusted to the fullest extent by the President and by Mr. Benjamin; and, from the time he entered on his duties soon after the the affair of the Trent, no other person was ever chosen to make any representation, oral or written, to the Emperor or his Ministers of Foreign Affairs. To these officials he had easy access, and from them received the most respectful consideration. Slidell was a wise, sagacious, experienced man of affairs, and was probably better fitted to succeed at Paris of all places than any other man. Indeed, I doubt if he had an equal in the South for a diplomatic post, unless, possibly, Lamar or General Dick Taylor, of Louisiana. These two were men of very striking gifts, and had, I think, the special qualifications requisite for diplomatic service.

THE DENIAL.

When the account of this alleged Polignac mission was published in 1895, I gave it a brief contradiction in the press. At that time President Davis was dead, and, I believe, only two of his Cabinet still survived—namely, Judge John H. Reagan, of Texas, and the Hon. George Davis, of Wilmington, N. C. Judge Reagan, who, I am happy to say, still lives, who wrote me June 28, 1895, saying that "any measure of this importance would necessarily have been considered by the Cabinet of the Confederacy, and no such project was ever mentioned or hinted at in the Cabinet."

The denial of the Hon. George Davis, ex-Confederate Attorney-General in 1864, to whom I also wrote, is not less emphatic. I append his letter:

"WILMINGTON, N. C., June 29, 1895.

"*L. Q. Washington, Esq., Washington, D. C.:*

"Dear Sir,—After long years I am glad once more to hear from you. I have been confined for a long time with a lingering sickness from which I am not yet recovered, and so I am compelled to write to you by the hand of my daughter.

"I never heard a word of the Poglinac canard, and I don't believe a word of it. I know that your relations with your chief, Mr. Ben-

jamin, were such that you would have known of it if it had been true.

"My commission as Attorney-General bears the date of the 4th of January, 1864.

"With kind regards and much esteem, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE DAVIS."

MR. TOOMBS.

The Confederate State Department had in its service some of the most gifted sons of the South. It was organized in Montgomery, Ala., on February 21, 1861. The Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was the first Secretary of State. He was a man of large, powerful frame, with long, shaggy locks, and was thoroughly unconventional. He had been a distinguished member of the United States House of Representatives and was even more eminent in the Senate, where his logic, passion and oratorical gifts made him a power. Had he possessed the musical tones and trained voice of Jefferson Davis or Benjamin he would have come down to us with a great reputation for eloquence, but his delivery was marred by his vehemence, impetuosity, and consequent imperfect enunciation. He was no office man and did little work in his department. He was quoted as saying that "he carried the business of the State Department around in his hat." He may have reasoned that diplomacy must needs wait on some positive military success, and at that time there had been little actual conflict of arms. In addition to this, Mr. Toombs was looking forward to military service, and during the summer of 1861 he left the Department to become a brigadier-general. He achieved no special distinction in this role, and his fame must rest chiefly on what he said and did during his long and brilliant service in the Federal Congress. Alexander H. Stephens said of his speech of January 7, 1861, that it deserved a place by the side of that of Pericles on a like occasion.

R. M. T. HUNTER.

Mr. Toomb's successor in the Confederate State Department after July, 1861, the Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was a man of very different mold. Educated at the famous University of Virginia, and for the bar, he went, after a brief law practice, into the service of the State. He was always a careful student of history and of the science of politics in its most elevated sphere of action. Entering the House of Representatives and becoming its Speaker at

the early age of thirty years, he next became a member of the United States Senate, and there taking the acknowledged lead in all matters of revenue and appropriation, he soon impressed himself on all his contemporaries as one of the very ablest among them. On all revenue matters he led the Senate. He left that body in 1861 without a personal enemy and with the sincere respect and esteem of all its members of either party. His mind was thoughtful, sagacious, well balanced, and pre-eminently conservative. His elaborate instructions to Messrs. Slidell and Mason, who were commissioned to London and Paris in September, 1865, embody the general policy of the Confederate State Department which was pursued to the close. Like Mr. Toombs, he was careless as to personal appearanee, but he was far more studious, industrious, and methodical, and he possessed not only a higher scholarship, but a broader, more thoughtful grasp of public affairs coupled with a riper judgment and more conciliatory temper.

The Confederate Government moved from Montgomery to Richmond in the latter part of May, 1861. The President's offices and those of the State Department were located on the upper floor of the spacious granite building known as the Federal custom-house. The President had there his personal office and Cabinet room and also some other rooms for his six aids and his private secretary. The remainder of the rooms on this floor were assigned to the State Department and were ample for its purposes, the force being only a small one. On going from the army to Richmond in the early autumn of 1861, I found Mr. Hunter in the State Department. I saw also Messrs. Mallory, Reagan, and others. Mr. Davis I did not see for a few weeks. He was at this time confined to his home on Shockoe Hill by a protracted illness, but he possessed a great vitality and he recovered in a month or so. After that illness he was careful to take regular exercise. He used to take very long rides in the country, going out late in the evening and having only a single companion, perhaps one of his aids, or his sister-in-law, Miss Howell. The country about Richmond was at that time thickly wooded, imperfectly guarded, and he ran considerable risk, but on a point like that he would not have relished advice. His attention to his arduous office work was unremitting. He was grave, but courteous, a good business man, attentive to official routine and forms. He had been four years United States Secretary of war, and knew their value. He dined late and after his rides, but was always singularly abstemious and temperate. After dinner he was usually ready for quiet, social

converse with his family and friends and seemed to enjoy it greatly. But he never mixed up work and pleasure. There were no formal receptions or large companies at the President's. But nevertheless, this old house has its pleasant flavor of social traditions.

During the winter of 1861–'62 Mr. Hunter's Virginia friends insisted on his giving up the Cabinet place he held and going into the Confederate Senate, in order to represent Virginia. In a matter of that kind he felt that he ought to yield to their wishes and accordingly he was elected to that body, his term beginning February 22, 1862. Here he gave his attention chiefly to finance. He was the author of the principal financial measures of the Confederacy, the tax in kind, the interconvertible bond, and others. He was also president *pro tempore* of the chamber.

When Mr. Hunter vacated the State Department Mr. Benjamin was transferred from the War Department to fill the position. He, therefore, entered on his duties February 22, 1862, and remained with Mr. Davis so long as there was a semblance of his government. He was a man of wonderful and varied gifts, rare eloquence and accomplishments, a great lawyer, senator, and man of affairs. He could dispatch readily and speedily a very large amount of business. I have known him to compose a most important State paper of twenty pages or more at a single sitting in a clear, neat chirography, and with hardly a single word interlined or erased. His style was a model of ease and perspicuity. Mr. Davis set the highest value upon his services and his friendship. A Secretary of State is bound to consult his chief on every important matter lying within his province. Mr. Davis's room and Mr. Benjamin's were barely a hundred feet apart upon the same floor, and there was hardly a day in which Mr. Benjamin did not visit the President in his office, not so much on affairs of his own department as to learn the army news of which Mr. Davis was sure to be informed, if anybody was. With such relations, therefore, between these two gentlemen, and much more of which I do not propose to speak, it is a moral impossibility that Mr. Davis would dream of transacting diplomatic business outside of the regular channels. If Mr. Davis had not fully trusted his secretary he would have dropped him and appointed some one whom he could trust. Mr. Davis practically left the State Department to its secretaries. He has said that he left finance to Hunter and Memminger, and this was quite true.

The grand objective point of Confederate diplomacy for four years was to secure recognition as an independent government for the

Confederacy. This was the policy embodied in Mr. Hunter's letter of instructions to Mr. Slidell already mentioned, and it was the policy constantly kept in view by his successor in office, Mr. Benjamin. An offer to cede territory in exchange for intervention and help would have been fatal to the arguments on which the demand for recognition was based.

I must not conclude my personal notice of Mr. Benjamin without stating that such was his appetite and facility for work that the President devolved much upon him not strictly pertaining to his own department. The facility with which after the collapse of the Confederacy he attained the highest distinctions of the English bar and made a large fortune, was one of the marvels of a great career. When I met him in London in 1875 he hardly referred to the great struggle with which he had been so conspicuously identified. Nor can I recall that at any time in Richmond or elsewhere he ever indulged in retrospect.

I reserve for notice hereafter one of the so-called "lost chapters," having some basis of truth, but perverted by elaborate fiction out of all proportion.

Washington, D. C.

[From the Atlanta, Ga., *Journal*, November, 1901.]

WITH ARCHER'S BRIGADE.

Battle of Gaines's Mill and Mechanicsville Well Described.

I was a private of Company C, Fifth Alabama battalion, General Archer's brigade. On the evening of June 25, 1862, near sunset, our brigade received orders to cook rations and be ready to march at a moment's warning. On that order we boys began to hustle, for we believed that a big battle was upon us. We could see it in the air. Before we had time to start fires even, we received orders to "fall in!" "fall in!" You could hear the order in every direction. We were directed, also, to relieve ourselves of all baggage. Well did we know that this order meant a battle. Our knapsacks, blankets, etc., were all soon tumbled into baggage wagons, and we were quickly in line with our guns glittering in the light of the setting sun, ready to march, or do anything else.

Starting on the march, our battalion was ordered to "front face!" and the various company officers made known the cause of the stir and confusion. We were told that fighting would begin on to-morrow, and that we must be "brave boys" and stand firm, be true to our country, etc. That was a solemn time to me; I will never forget it. After this another thing was done that made me more solemn than ever, and it had the same effect upon the other boys. Our commander appeared in our front, with our battle-flag in his hand, and said: "Boys, this is our flag; we have no regular color-bearer; who will volunteer to carry it? Whoever will, let him step out."

The "god of day" was now setting behind the western horizon. All nature seemed to be draped in mourning. It was only a moment, though, before I stepped out and took it. The officer told me to stand still until he made another call. He then said: "I want five men to volunteer to go with this color-bearer as guard." It was not long before the required number volunteered. I repeat, it was one of the most solemn moments of my life. I knew that to stand under it in time of battle was hazardous, but I was proud that I had the courage to take the position, for it was a place of honor. The officer in charge ordered us to take our places in line, and soon we were on the march.

We marched all night slowly, occasionally halting. The entire army seemed to be on the move. Everything indicated a great battle. We continued our march until about noon next day, when we halted and laid down by the roadside. I dropped down by my flag, and was so worn out that I was soon sound asleep. Oh, I was sleeping so good! Suddenly I was awakened from my sweet rest by some of the boys "pounding" me in the side. "Get up! Get up! There is a big battle raging, and we are getting ready to go into it." I jumped up quickly, rubbed my eyes, and was soon in place. We moved off in the direction of heavy firing. Cannon were booming and small arms could be heard distinctly. It was now after 4 o'clock P. M., and in less than one hour we had crossed the Chickahominy and were into the thickest of the engagement at Mechanicsville. The battle raged furiously until about 9 o'clock at night. The casualties of my old battalion were very heavy. We fought under many disadvantages. The enemy had felled large trees in their front, and it was with great difficulty that we made our way through this entanglement of tree tops, saplings, vines, and every other conceivable obstruction, under a heavy fire. Many of

the boys were killed in trying to get through. I had to wrap my flag around the staff while crawling through this abattis.

My flag was riddled in this battle, having been pierced with ten bullet holes through its folds, while a splinter was torn out of the staff about six inches above my head, I came out, though, without a "scratch," and was ready for duty the next day. In this engagement some of the boys were shot down by my side—comrades that I dearly loved. Two of them, Murphy and Lambert, were killed.

When the firing ceased, our lines fell back a short distance, in a thick woods, and huddled around, talking over the various incidents of the battle. I soon went to sleep and knew nothing more until morning. I awoke much refreshed, and felt very thankful that I had escaped unhurt, while so many of my comrades were lying cold in death, and many others badly wounded. Early that morning the enemy shelled the woods we were in furiously, cutting the branches of the trees off over our heads. We could do nothing but stand and take it. They kept up this terrific cannonade about one hour. The piece of woodland was full of troops. To our surprise the cause of all this cannonading was to protect their retreat to the next line of fortifications at Gaines' Mill. About 9 o'clock we moved out after them, goving over a considerable portion of the battlefield. I well remember passing over that part of the field, near Meadow bridge, where it was said General Lee led a charge in person. I saw many of the soldiers near this famous bridge stuck in the bog up to their knees and dead.

PURSUED THEM TO GAINES' MILL.

We passed over the bridge and pursued the enemy on to Gaines' Mill. Here we found them strongly protected behind triple lines of heavy earthworks, with headlogs to protect them. It looked like foolishness to undertake to move them, but they had to be moved. Our brigade crossed the bridge that spans the bridge near Gaines' Mill, and we were soon in a deep-cut road. We followed this road about four hundred yards, when we halted and formed a line of battle and moved off in the direction of an old apple-orchard, which was on the top of a little knoll about two hundred yards in front. At the foot of this knoll our line halted and we were ordered to lie down. This order was obeyed quickly. The little knoll afforded very little protection, but we used it for all it was worth. We got down to our knitting, you bet. We buried ourselves in the ground for an hour

or so. Finally a courier galloped up to General Archer, delivered a message, and then galloped off. Then the General walked in front of us and gave the command, "Attention!" in a loud, commanding tone. At this command the whole line arose. The next command was: "Forward, march." We moved out in regular line of battle toward the enemy's impregnable lines of breastworks. Our general was in front regarding the charge. About the time we got to the top of the little knoll the command was given: "Right shoulder, shift arms, charge!"

An incessant fire was being poured into our lines. Young Jim Crow, of Company B, was here shot through the arm, right by my side. The regular rebel yell was then raised. Then across a level plain, through an old field, over deep gullies, for about six hundred yards we charged the enemy in his stronghold. We got to within about one hundred and fifty yards of their lines, when we delivered our first fire. At this time I kept moving on toward them, not thinking that our lines would retreat or fall back after getting that near, although the fire from the enemy's triple lines was furious, and the boys began to waver. Just then General Archer waved his sword over his head, and gave the command: "Follow me!" That command was ringing in my ears until I was shot. I moved on—my color-guard was near me—until within about fifteen or twenty paces of their front line, when I looked back to see if the boys were coming; just then I was shot through my right hip. I did not know how badly I was wounded; I only knew that I was shot down. I raised on my hands like a lizzard on a fence rail and took in the situation as best I could. I soon decided if I could get up I had better do so. It seemed like death either way, but I determined to make the effort to get away. I got up, but I found I could not walk, and if I made the trip at all I would have to drag my leg. I grasped my wounded leg with my right hand and started. Just then I saw four of the boys lying down, but I could not tell whether they were all dead or not. I made my way back, dragging my leg, under a galling fire, when a minie ball struck my left wrist, and tore it up and took off my thumb at the same time. I mended my gait a little toward a deep gully. Before I reached it I looked back to see if the "Yanks" were coming, and just at that moment a ball drew a little blood from under my chin. A few more hops and I tumbled down into the deep gully. I wanted to stay there, but the boys insisted that as I was badly wounded I had better try and get to the rear or I would be captured.

That scared me up. The thought of being captured and lying in a northern prison in my condition was horrible. I could not stand the thought of such a fate. So I did not remain in the deep gully but a minute or so. Sergeant George Williams, who was afterward killed at Gettysburg, assisted me out of the gully. I had now about six hundred yards to go before I could reach the deep-cut road near the mill. I knew if I could make it there that I would be pretty safe. My route was strewn with the dead and wounded. They lay so thick that it was with great difficulty, under the withering fire of grape and canister, that I made it back to the deep-cut road. Over this entire route I dragged my hapless leg. I took shelter behind a large oak tree that stood by the roadside, in sight of Gaines's Mill. I lay down and felt pretty safe, although the shells were bursting all around me. I lay here an hour or more, watching the great number of reinforcements that were passing by, going into the battle that was raging furiously. Another charge was being made. I could hear them yelling. The wounded were carried back to the mill along this road. I kept a steady watch for our litter-bearers. I was anxious to be removed further to the rear, and I was now in a helpless condition, and it seemed I was dying, dying of thirst.

I would have freely given the whole world for a drink of water. Finally four of our litter-bearers came along, making their way back to the field. I halted them. They had lost their litter in the charge, and were using as a makeshift a big United States blanket. They spread the blanket down and placed me on it. About this time Sergeant Mattison, of Company B, came along, wounded in the foot by a piece of shell. He gave them orders to carry me clear out of all danger. They did so. In the darkness of the night they missed their way, and I was carried to a North Carolina battle-field hospital, and on that account failed to receive the attention that I should have had.

I remained at this battle-field hospital from Friday evening, June 27, 1862, until about 4 o'clock Sunday evening, when I was placed in an ambulance, with a Dutchman, who had his leg cut off. He died that night. We arrived in Richmond about midnight. The hospitals in the city were all full. We were hauled around the city from hospital to hospital, and, failing to find any room, we were then carried out to Chimborazo, a suburban hospital. Here I found a resting place in ward No. 32. It was now about 2 o'clock A. M.

Monday. I was very hungry by this time, having eaten nothing since I was shot Friday.

I called a servant to my "bunk" and told him I wanted something to eat, that I was starving to death. He said: "I am sorry for you, but you will have to do without until regular breakfast." I then called for the ward-master. I made an earnest appeal to him, but without any success. He said: "It is positively against the rules, etc." I told him that it was hard, but I guessed I could stand it. Breakfast came about 7 o'clock. The servants waited on me nicely and brought me in plenty to eat. My wardmaster was a whole-souled and jolly kind of a fellow. I became very much attached to him. His name was Caldwell and he belonged to the First Georgia regulars. My earnest appeals for something to eat the night I was brought in caused him to become very much attached to me. Frequently the servants would fail to bring me enough to eat.

M. T. LEDBETTER.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, November 4, 1901.]

CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Buried in the Cemetery at Arlington.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE HEADBOARDS.

That Artificial Leg, Again Mr. Ballard Explains How it Came Into His Possession—Letter from a Lady on the Same Subject.

Accompanying this communication is appended a list of the Virginia Confederate soldiers buried in the cemetery at Arlington, Va. There are 264 Confederate dead there, of which thirty-three are Virginians.

The list is that of the actual inscriptions on the new headstones. These inscriptions have been obtained from the Confederate archives at Washington, and are as nearly accurate as possible. They are to stand for all time. This list has been prepared with great care, with the view that it will find its way into the public libraries throughout our Southland.

The new headstones are of the finest white marble, twenty inches high, ten inches wide, and four inches thick. On each one is inscribed the number of the grave, the name of the soldier occupant, his company, his regiment, his State, and the letters C. S. A. (signifying Confederate States army).

The reburial in the Arlington Cemetery of the formerly scattered and inadequately marked Confederate dead in the District of Columbia was accomplished by the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, of Washington, D. C., after about three years of hard work.

Having ascertained, upon investigation, the fact that their dead comrades were widely scattered and inadequately marked, the camp petitioned President McKinley, June 5, 1899, setting forth the deplorable conditions, and requesting remedial measures. The President said it was a matter in which he was deeply interested, and at once favorably endorsed our petition. The result was an act of Congress, approved June 6, 1900, appropriating 2,500 for the reburial and marking with appropriate headstones and suitable inscriptions.

Afterwards the government, with the approval of the committee of the camp, selected a separate plot in the new part of Arlington Cemetery, of an area of three and one-third acres, to which the remains of their comrades should be removed, and named it the "New Confederate Section."

The execution of the work was begun about May 15, 1901, and completed about October 1, 1901, except the setting out of trees to adorn the grounds, which will be done some time this autumn or early next spring.

The expenditures upon the work thus far have been as follows:

The amount appropriated by Congress, June 6, 1600	$2,500 00
The amount of requisition upon the annual appropriation	2,500 00
The amount of additional requisition, about	2,000 00
Total	$7,000 00

The committee of the camp has been present and witnessed every stage of the disinterment, reinterment, and erection of the new headstones, and all has been most satisfactorily done.

The future care of this "New Confederate Section," in which the Confederates have been reburied, will be included in the annual appropriation for Arlington Cemetery by the United States Congress.

The committee of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, which accomplished this patriotic work, is as follows:

Chairman Samuel E. Lewis, M. D., of the District of Columbia, commander of the camp.

Major E. Willoughby Anderson, of Virginia, first lieutenant commander.

Major Henry M. Marchant, of Texas, second lieutenant commander.

Captain William Broun, of Virginia, adjutant.

Captain John M. Hickey, of Tennessee.

Lieutenant N. C. Munroe, of Georgia.

Judge Silas Hare, of Texas.

Captain Julian G. Moore, of North Carolina.

From first to last of its work the committee of the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp has had the sympathy, encouragement, and aid of General Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C., and of General Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., and the zealous and able championship of Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, and of General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, the commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

Here is the list of inscriptions on the headstones of the graves of the Virginia Confederate dead, in the new Confederate section:

No. of Grave.

23. Unknown, 103d Virginia militia, C. S. A.

37. W. H. Worley, Danville artillery, Virginia, C. S. A.

38. Corporal Winston Meredith, Jones' battery, Virginia H. A., C. S. A.

39. A. J. Mustain, company H, 21st Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

40. Wm. Holder, company H, 24th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

77. Samuel Moorman, company K, 7th Va. cavalry, C. S. A.

78. Captain E. W. Capps, company C, 15th Virginia cavalry, C. S. A.

79. Sergeant Robert Wood, company F, 19th Virginia infantry,

80. W. Hodgkins, company A, 115th Virginia militia, C. S. A.

117. J. A. Murphy, company C, 17th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

118. ——— Loop, 19th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

119. Peter Moss, company B, 1st Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

120. A. T. Rea, company K, 19th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

145. T. H. Hudson, Page's battalion, Virginia artillery, C. S. A.

164. P. R. Scroggin, company B, 17th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

165. J. H. Chism, company H, 38th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

166. Noah Farmer, company C, 24th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

167. G. W. Hubbard, company D, 28th Va. infantry, C. S. A.

168. Jno. Kirk, company H, 14th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
193. H. W. Crone, Page's Battallion, Virginia artillery, C. S. A.
194. W. H. Cole, company E, 7th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
212. G. W. Loop, company D, 11th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
213. Captain J. F. Jordan, company B, 13th Virginia cavalry, C. S. A.
214. Jno. Goodener, company A, 24th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
215. W. G. King, company K, 28th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
216. Robert Bibb, company E, 4th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
241. H. E. Lawhorne, Page's battallion, Virginia artillery, C. S. A.
259. Alexander Corder, company I, 49th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
260. H. T. Elam, company A, 11th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
261. G. W. Rice, company C, 11th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
262. H. R. Fones, company C, 47th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
263. G. Joyce, company B, 6th Virginia infantry, C. S. A.
264. Sergeant B. F. Kirby, company C, 61st Virginia infantry, C. S. A.

[From the Atlanta *Journal*, July, 1901.]

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

How the Federal Advance in the West was Crushed.

SOME VERY GALLANT FIGHTING.

What Beauregard and Grant Said About It—The Losses Were Very Heavy—Figures Showing the Forces Engaged—Longstreet Not in Fight.

The author of the short sketch of the battle of Shiloh, which appeared in the *Journal* on last Saturday, was mistaken in some of his statements concerning that memorable conflict.

In the first place the Confederates did not capture the division of General Prentiss, "without the firing of a gun." Although the division was surprised, it made a gallant fight and did not surrender until late in the afternoon—about half-past 5 o'clock, says General Prentiss. General Beauregard, who took command of the Confed-

erates upon the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, says: "By 5 o'clock the whole Federal army except Prentiss's division with a part of W. H. L. Wallace's, had receded to the river bank, and the indomitable force which under Prentiss still contested the field was being environed on its left by brigades from the divisions of Breckinridge, Cheatham, and Withers, in that quarter. It remains to be said that Prentiss was equally encompassed on the other flank by a part of Ruggle's division together with some of General Polk's corps. Thus surrounded on all sides that officer whose division had been the first to come into collision with us that morning, stoutly keeping the field to the last, was now forced to surrender in person, just after 5 : 30 P. M., with some 2,200 officers and men."

GRANT CORROBORATES BEAUREGARD.

General Grant corroborates this statement of General Beauregard, and adds: "If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by the thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side."

At the close of the battle of April 6th, General Grant had been forced back to his last stand on the banks of the Tennessee. Not a single attack had he made upon the Confederates during the whole day. All his camps and a rich spoil of cannon, small arms and other war material was in the hands of the victorious southerners.

Just before dark General Lew Wallace's division of fresh troops came upon the field, followed by the whole army of the Ohio, under General Buell.

On the next morning this new army under General Buell and the remnant of Grant's defeated troops, all under Grant orders, attacked the Confederates, who had not been reinforced by a single man, and who, though fearfully outnumbered, held their ground until late in the afternoon. Then, in accordance with the orders of Beauregard, they made a show of resuming the offensive, which checked the Federal attack. Then, unmolested they retired from the field, carrying the caissons loaded down with captured muskets and rifles, and bearing off, besides, thirty pieces of captured artillery, twenty-six stands of colors taken from the enemy, and nearly 3,000 prisoners. Many of the soldiers had also exchanged their arms for the superior ones of the Federals, captured in the battle of the 6th.

HOW THEY RETIRED.

The retirement of the Confederate army was screened from the Federals so far as such a thing could be done by a covering force of less than 3,000 men and 15 pieces of artillery under General Breckinridge, posted on elevated ground and commanding a wide view. Brigadier-General Thomas Jordan, Beauregard's adjutant-general, who had selected the ground for this covering force says: "There I remained until after 4 o'clock, or until the entire Confederate force had retired. General Breckinridge's troops being the last, and without seeing a single Federal soldier within the wide range of my eyes." The Confederate retreat was discovered on some parts of the line but no vigorous effort was made to interfere with them. An advance by two regiments, accompanied by General Grant has been dignified into a charge led by that officer, although they advanced but a short distance, and encountered a few skirmishers only.

General Grant reported his loss in the two days' fight as 1,754 killed, 8,408 wounded and 95 missing, in all 10,699.

The aggregate of Union troops engaged for the two days was by their own lowest estimate 58,000 effectives.

The total Confederate force engaged was by the very highest estimate 40,335.

NOT A DEFEAT.

General Buell, whose timely arrival saved the army of General Grant, says that to the Confederates "Shiloh did not seem to be a defeat, but rather the disappointment of a hope almost realized."

They knew that they had attacked the victors of Ports Henry and Donelson, stormed and spoiled their camp and brought them to the verge of ruin. Very few of the Confederate soldiers, who fought at Shiloh, could in that day be found, who did not claim even the second day as more of a success to themselves than to the enemy, for the reason that they had fought a fresh army assisted by the remnant of Grant's defeated troops, and when they found the odds too great, had marched off the field undisturbed by even the semblance of a pursuit, carrying with them much of the spoil of the captured camp.

General Buell says that when he arrived upon the field on the evening of the 6th, there were of Grant's army "not more than 5,000 men in ranks and available for battle—the rest were either

killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in hopeless confusion for miles along the banks of the river."

FRANTIC WITH FRIGHT.

General Nelson, leading the advance troops of the rescuing force, describes them as "cowering under the river banks—frantic with fright and utterly demoralized." And yet, under the influence of a large army of fresh troops, Grant had brought back into line for the second days' battle, these same demoralized men, and they fought with a heroism that atoned for their conduct on the first day. General Grant says that no better soldiers ever marched to battle than some of the men who on the first day at Shiloh fled panic-stricken from the field.

The day after the battle of Shiloh, when the Confederates had retired to their own defensive lines at Corinth, General Grant telegraphed to Halleck: "It would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements." Let it be remembered that Buell's army was still with him when he sent that dispatch.

Although the Confederate attempt to crush Grant's army and then recover all that had been lost by the fall of Fort Donelson, had failed, Shiloh put such a check upon the Federal advance in the West, that after a half-hearted form and movement on their part to Corinth and occupation of that place, the Confederates, now under Bragg, made a bold march northward, which carried their lines for a while even to the Ohio river, and checked the Federal tide of the invasion for a year.

Allow me to add this much: General Longstreet was not at the battle of Shiloh, but was in Virginia at that very time, assisting General Joseph E. Johnston in checking the advance of General McClellan.

PROF. JOSEPH T. DERRY.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 1, 1901.]

THE LAND OF DIXIE.

Extract from a Reunion Speech Delivered by Governor Taylor.

Governor Taylor has a style peculiar to himself. This is a fair specimen. The "orator" has this acknowledgment. His sentiment all must heartily commend.—ED.

I love to live in the land of Dixie, under the soft southern skies, where summer pours out her flood of sunshine and showers, and the generous earth smiles with plenty. I love to live on southern soil, where the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace, and the wheat fields wave back their banners of gold from the hills and valleys which were once drenched with the blood of heroes. I love to live where the mocking birds flutter and sing in the shadowy coves, and bright waters ripple in eternal melody, by the graves where our heroes are buried. I love to breathe the southern air, that comes filtered through jungles of roses, whispering the story of southern deeds of bravery. I love to drink from southern springs and southern babbling brooks, which once cooled the lips of Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Gordon, and the worn and weary columns of brave men who wore the gray. I love to live among southern men and women, where every heart is as warm as the southern sunshine and every home is a temple of love and liberty.

I love to listen to the sweet old southern melodies, which touch the soul and melt the heart and awaken to life ten thousand precious memories of the happy long ago, when the old-time darkies used to laugh and sing, and when the old-time black "mammy" soothed the children to slumber with her lullabies. But, oh, the music that thrills me most is the melody that died away on the lips of many a Confederate soldier as he sank into the sleep that knows no waking,

"I'm glad I am in Dixie."

A BRILLIANT CIVILIZATION.

I doubt if the world will ever see another civilization as brilliant as that which perished in the South a third of a century ago. Its white-

columned mansions under cool spreading groves, its orange trees waving their sprays of snowy blossoms, and its cotton fields stretching away to the horizon, alive with toiling slaves, who sang as they toiled from early morn until the close of day; its pomp and pride and revelry; its splendid manhood and the dazzling beauty of its women, placed it in history as the high-tide of earthly glory. But the hurricane of civil war shattered it and swept it away. Billions of wealth dissolved, and vanished in smoke and flame. The South lost all save honor. But the Confederate soldier, the purest and proudest type of the Anglo-Saxon race, stood erect amid its charred and blackened ruins. The earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him, his sword was broken, his country was crushed. But without a throne he was no less a ruler; his palace had perished, he was no less a king.

Slavery was dead, but magnificent in the gloom of defeat, he was still a master. Has he not mastered adversity? Has he not built the ruined South?

Look yonder at those flashing domes and glittering spires; look at the works of art and all the fabrics and pictured tapestries of beauty. Look what southern brains and southern hands have wrought. See the victories of peace we have won, all represented within the white columns of our great industrial exposition, and you will receive an inspiration of the Old South, and you will catch glimpses of her future glory.

I trust in God that the struggles of the future will be the struggles of peace and not of war. The hand of secession will never be lifted again.

DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC.

The danger to the republic now lies in the mailed hand of centralized power, and the South will yet be the bulwark of American liberty. If you ask me why, I answer, it is the only section left which is purely American; I answer that anarchy cannot live on southern soil; I answer that the South has started on a new line of march, and while we love the past for its precious memories, our faces are turned toward the morning. Time has furled the battle-flags and smelted the hostile guns. Time has torn down the forts and levelled the trenches and rifle-pits on the bloody field of glory, where courage and high-born chivalry on prancing chargers once rode to the front with shimmering epaulets and bright swords gleaming; where thousands of charging bayonets, at uniform angles, reflected thousands of

suns; where the shrill fife screamed, and the kettle drum timed the heavy tramp, tramp, of the shining battalions, as the infantry deployed into battle line and disappeared in the seething waves of smoke and flame; where double-shotted batteries unlimbered on the bristling edge and hurled fiery vomit into the faces of the reeling columns; where 10,000 drawn sabres flashed and 10,000 cavalry hovered for a moment on the flank and then rushed to the dreadful revely.

The curtain dropped long ago upon these mournful scenes of carnage, and time has beautified and comforted and healed, until there is nothing left of war but graves and garlands, and monuments, and veterans, and precious memories. Blow, bugler, blow; but thy shrillest notes can never again call the matchless armies of Grant and Lee to the carnival of death!

Let the silver trumpets sound the jubilee of peace. Let the veterans shout who wore the blue. Let him kiss the silken folds of the gorgeous ensign of the republic, and fling it to the breeze and sing the national hymn. Let the veterans bow who wore the gray, and with uncovered head salute the national flag. It is the flag of the inseparable Union. Let them clasp hands with the brave men who wore the blue, and rejoice with them, for time has adorned the ruined South and robed her fields in rich harvests, and gilded her skies with brighter stars of hope. But who will scorn or frown to see the veterans of the South's shattered armies, scattered now like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age and covered with scars, sometimes put on the old worn and faded gray and unfurl for a little while that other banner, the riddled and blood-stained Stars and Bars, to look upon it and weep over it? For it is hallowed with recollections, tender as the soldier's last farewell!

They followed it amid the earthquake throes of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston died; they followed it amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell; they saw it flutter in the gloom of the Wilderness where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other and clinched and fell and rolled together in the bloody mire. They rallied around it at Gettysburg, where it waved above the bayonets, mixed and crossed on those dread heights of destiny; they saw its faded color flaunt defiance for the last time at Appomattox, and then go down forever in a flood of tears. Then who will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to light,

sanctified and glorified as it is by the blood and tears of the past, and wave it again in the air, and sing once more their old war songs?

"When these heads are white with glory,
When the shadows from the west,
Lengthen as you tell your story,
In the vet'ran's ward to rest,
May no ingrate's word of sneering,
Reach one heart of all the brave,
But may honor, praise, and cheering,
Guard old valor to the grave."

WAR OFFICERS

Of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteer Infantry,

With Some Notice of the "Advisory Council" of Governor John Letcher in 1861.

I am indebted to my friend Captain Louis Zimmer, of the Ordnance Department, C. S. A., now of New York city, but a former comrade in F company, volunteers of Richmond, for the following memo. Some efficient and providential service by Captain Zimmer, in securing from New York at personal hazard, percussion caps, which were essential for use in the first battle of Manassas, is given under the caption "A Secret Service Episode," *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 14–18. Zimmer was entrusted by the "Advisory Council" of War, which in 1861 was composed of Governor John Letcher, Lieutenant-Governor Robert L. Montague (father of our present Executive), Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, State Senator Thomas S. Haymond (later of West Virginia), Colonel (later Major-General) Francis H. Smith, Superintendent Virginia Military Institute, Captain Robert B. Pegram, C. S. Navy, and perhaps others. The private secretary of Governor Letcher, Colonel S. Bassett French, acted as Secretary of the Board. Of the proceedings of this "Board" of War, so able in its constitutional personnel, and which would be so informatory as to early appointments, only those of the early months of 1861 are preserved

in our State Library—a lamentable loss. Further, of the "Executive Journal," which might assist in the want of the "proceedings" referred to, there is preserved in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth only the record to the month of December, 1860, inclusive, and then—a hiatus—taken away by the Federal authorities in April, 1865, to the incumbency of Governor Francis H. Peirpont (or Pierpoint, as he then subscribed himself), commencing in 1864.

The list of the dates of the commissions of the officers of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers will be held of interest by our community. Nearly all of them received deserved promotion for gallantry in the field.

EDITOR.

MEMORANDUM ROSTER FIRST REGIMENT, VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

P. T. Moore, colonel, commissioned May 2, 1861.
Wm. Munford, major, commissioned May 3, 1861.
Samuel P. Mitchell, adjutant, commissioned July 27, 1860.
J. S. D. Cullen, surgeon, commissioned May 3, 1861.
T. F. Maury, adjutant, commissioned May 17, 1861.
F. Miller, captain company K, commissioned May 30, 1859.
John Dooley, captain company C, commissioned January 11, 1860.
Wm. H. Gordon, captain company G, commissioned May 25, 1860.
James K. Lee, captain company B, commissioned April 16, 1861.
Joseph G. Griswold, captain company D, commissioned April 12, 1861.
Thomas J. Boggs, captain company H, commissioned May 3, 1861.
W. O. Taylor, captain company I, commissioned May 18, 1861.
David King, first lieutenant, commissioned January 11, 1860.
F. W. E. Lohmann, first lieutenant, commissioned February 4, 1861.
Wm. H. Palmer, first lieutenant, commissioned April 18, 1861.
John Greanor, first lieutenant, commissioned April 24, 1861.
S. J. Tucker, first lieutenant, commissioned May 14, 1861.
John T. Rogers, first lieutenant, commissioned May 16, 1861.
Wm. English, second lieutenant, commissioned April 12, 1860.
J. W. Archer, second lieutenant, commissioned April 16, 1861.
——— Tyree, second lieutenant, commissioned May 18, 1861.
F. H. Langley, second lieutenant, commisssioned May 4, 1861.
F. H. Hagemeyer, second lieutenant, commissioned February 14, 1861.
Henry Harvey, second lieutenant, commissioned April 18, 1861.

H. H. Miles, second lieutenant, commissioned April 23, 1861.

W. M. Harrison, second lieutenant, commissioned April 18, 1861.

Henry Linkenbauer, second lieutenant, commissioned April 25, 1861.

J. T. Vaughan, second lieutenant, commissioned April 24, 1861.

George Hatley Norton, second lieutenant, commissioned May 13, 1861.

——— Tabb, second lieutenant, commissioned May 18, 1861.

M. Seayers, second lieutenant, commissioned April 19, 1861.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 15, 1899.]

THE LIGHT DRAGOONS.

Recollections of a Celebrated Military Command.

BIG MEN'S NAMES ON THE ROLLS.

Judge Crump, Colonel Dodamead, Colonel Evans, Doctor Gibson, Dick Haskins, John M. Gregory, Joe Mayo, Colonel Tompkins Members.

I knew Mr. S. S. Sublett, now dead, and I have been privileged, in the friendship, of the estimable contributor, Charles Montriou Wallace. His excellent son will, it may be hoped, for many years yet, honorably sustain the name, but if the father survive me, I shall not complain. As is relentless fate, a large majority of these worthies are also dead. Most of them have long gone to their reward.—Ed.

The following list has been given me for publication in the *Dispatch* by Mr. Samuel S. Sublett, of Sublett's, Powhatan county. He will be remembered by our elderly citizens as the courteous and hospitable proprietor of the Columbian tavern in the good old days of unreconstructed Virginia.

Mr. Sublett tells me he was of the famous Richmond Light Dragoons for eight years, during which time he never missed but one roll-call. He has appended to the list of names a pencil-sketch of the company's flag, which he had the honor to bear on parade-days as flag-sergeant. Its colors are red, white, and blue, displayed in separate bands or bars, with a sprinkling of stars—the old thirteen.

"I think," says my venerable friend and correspondent, "you knew all these men as well as I, for they were of our best citizens. I know not if any of the old troopers survive, excepting Samuel S. Cottrell, Robert B. Snead, John O. Lay, Bob and Bunny Crouch, and myself. Time tells a mighty tale!"

The old trooper refers in loving terms to the officers who commanded respectively the Henrico and Chesterfield dragoons. "There was," he says, "a mutual understanding between them and the captain of our company to dine every recurring Fourth of July, 22d of February, and 19th of October, at such places as each commander in turn might designate by a card of invitation. Our dining-days found us sometimes at Buchanan's Spring or Fairfield, or Bloody Run, or Ritchie's Spring, or the Farmer's Hotel, in Manchester. Oh! these were bully times."

They were, indeed. Do not the poets feign the old times to be always the best, the new to be always the worst? Scan the list above given, and say if it be possible now to make another like it.

The first commander of the reorganized troop, 1840–41, was John M. Gregory, who became subsequently one of Virginia's most popular governors. Both his predecessors and successors in command of this famous company were gentlemen of note in the military annals of Richmond. What must have been the pride of these brave old captains, who saw in their ranks none but equals, what their confidence who knew if an emergency arose every man would answer the call of the bugle!

This pathetic story of Dick Gaines, the black bugler of the troop, is told by Mr. Sublett: "Do you remember," he says, "our noted horn-blower? After the Southampton war he went crazy on music. He used to walk the streets of Richmond blowing a fife, as if his whole soul was in it. I have known him to stop in front of the old Columbian tavern and blow continuously for an hour or more. This would be a little before the packet was booked to leave its landing, at the head of the basin. If any of our guests happened to be going that way Dick would accompany them, with grave military steps, and continue his march as far up as the old armory, all the while blowing till the boat turned the bend at the Tredegar and was lost to sight."

The Richmond Light Dragoons was in existence before and subsequent to the war of 1812. When the startling news came to Richmond, Tuesday, the 23d day of August, 1831, that the negroes of Southampton had risen, and were putting to death its white inhabi-

tants without regard to age, sex, or condition, the troop, under command of Captain Randolph, marched on the instant, with full ranks, to the infected district. The Artillery Battery, Captain Richardson commanding, followed at slower gait. The Public Guard, stationed at the old armory, were deemed to be sufficient for the protection of the city. No other volunteer company than the two mentioned appears to have been in existence at the time. A cavalry company was hastily formed to take the place of the departing one. The city was said to be in its usual state of undisturbed composure. Patrollers doubtless assisted the night watch on their beats, but no mention is made of their service by the newspapers of that period.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the march of the Richmond troops southward, save this ludicrous incident, which was told me many years ago by one of Captain Randolph's men:

Dick Gaines, the aforesaid black bugler, having gone beyond the troop as they were passing through a thick wood, fell unawares upon an ambush of patrollers, who, seeing a horseman, booted and spurred, and mistaking him for General Nat. Turner, or other black rebel, fixed their triggers to shoot him. Dick, surprised as much much as they, wheeled about face, and ducking his head below the neck of his horse, to escape a volley, dashed wildly back to the troop, who, suspecting the cause of his discomfiture, greeted him with laughter, loud, long, and uproarious. When Captain Randolph, by forced marches, arrived at Jerusalem, the rising had been quelled, the rebels killed, captured, or dispersed. Their general was in hiding, but not long, for a hunter's dog, it is said, discovered the cave in which he lay.

General Eppes was in command at Jerusalem, the centre of the disturbed district—his regiment of volunteers supported by a company of United States regulars from Fort Monroe.

The suburbs of Jerusalem swarmed with militia from the Tidewater counties of Virginia and North Carolina; patrollers watched every by-road, or were in force on every suspected plantation. The rising was not as general as the leaders expected it to be. The most of the negroes remained loyal to their masters. But had it been more formidable, the white militia of the county alone would have been able to suppress it.

C. M. WALLACE.

ROLL OF DRAGOONS.

Allen, William.
Apperson, James L.; dead.

August, Thomas P., colonel; dead.
Austin, John D.
Austin, Isaac O., corporal.
Baker, David, Jr.; died recently, aged 80.
Blankenship, Radford.
Beveridge, John W.; dead.
Braxton, E. M.
Brown, John, lieutenant.
Binford, N. B.
Cabell, Dr. J. Grattan, lieutenant; dead.
Chevallie, John, of Chevallie's and Gallego Mills.
Chevallie, Pierre, of Chevallie's and Gallego Mills.
Cocke, Edward F.
Cottrell, Samuel S., corporal; dead.
Crenshaw, Lewis D.; dead.
Crenshaw, Leroy A.
Crump, W. W., lieutenant; Judge, dead.
Crenshaw, William G.
Crouch, Bunny.
Crouch, Robert N.
Darracott, James.
Darracott, William.
Dupuy, James B.; dead.
Downey, Mark; dead.
Dodamead, Thomas, sergeant; dead.
Duval, Robert R., lieutenant; dead.
Dupuy, Colonel Martin, corporal; dead.
Enders, John; dead.
Eustace, Dr. William S.; dead.
Evans, Thomas J.; dead.
Featherston, E. M.
Ferguson, James B.
Gibson, Charles Bell, surgeon.
George, William O., lieutenant.
Goulden, James, sergeant.
Goulden William.
Grant, James H., lieutenant.
Grubbs, P. W., lieutenant.
Gregory, John M., captain.
Gwynn, Walter, captain; major-general Virginia troops.
Graves, Bat.

Graves, William.
Haskins, Richard O., lieutenant; known as colonel.
Hastings, Samuel, corporal.
Hatcher, Benjamin, corporal.
Higgins, John O., corporal.
Haines, William.
Hancock, Frank.
Hill, Charles B.
Hodges, Alvis.
Hodges, Alpheus.
Hubard William J.; sculptor.
Hurt, William S.
Harrison, William M., lieutenant.
Haxall, Bolling W.
Hobson, John D.
Jarvis, Augustus, sergeant.
Johnson, Dr. Carter, surgeon.
Johnson, Thomas Tinsley, corporal.
Johnston, Peyton, corporal.
Kelley, M.
Lawson, Peter.
Lay, John O.
Luck, C. B.
Lumpkin, William L.
Lumpkin, Robert.
Mayo, Joseph, captain; known as the Mayor.
May, James.
McCance, Thomas W.
Macmurdo, John R.
Mills, Dr. Charles S.
Macmurdo, C. W., Sop. lieutenant.
Marx, Dr. F., lieutenant.
Miles, G. Z., corporal.
Parker, Jabez.
Peyton, Thomas Jefferson.
Rice, Titus C.
Roberts, Robert R.
Roddy, Dr. F. W.
Robinson, Poiteaux, lieutenant.
Roper, Benjamin W., sergeant.
Robertson, Wyndham, captain.

Sheppard, Nathaniel.
Skipwith, Dr. Robert.
Smith, Frank J.
Sheppard, John M., captain.
Seabrook, Mr.
Sizer, John T.
Snead, Robert B.
Spencer, Dr.
Sublett, Samuel S., flag sergeant.
Schwagerli, Charles, bugler.
Taylor, Thomas P.
Taylor, Dr. R. R.
Taylor, George.
Tinsley, J. S. B.
Tompkins, William H.
Tompkins, C. Q., captain.
Trent, Dr. William Reynolds.
Tucker, Benjamin.
Tinsley, William N.
White, Peter K.
Whitfield, John F.
Willis, William.
Worth, John J., captain.
Womble, John E.
Wood, William S.
Wren, John F.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, July 16, 1899.]

SINKING OF THE JAMESTOWN.

Mr. Robert Wright Tells How it Was Done at Drewry's Bluff.

In the newspaper accounts of the death of the late Major A. H. Drewry references have been made to the fight at Drewry's Bluff and the sinking of the *Jamestown*.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Richmond, performed a most important part on that occasion. He was a great admirer of Major Drewry,

and in speaking of what took place in the memorable fight at the Bluff, said to a *Times* reporter :

"His death recalled to my mind one of the trying times and one of the important deeds that our navy did. I doubt but few are living to-day that took part in fortifying and defending Drewry's Bluff and obstructing the river at that point, to save Richmond, at the time the iron-clad *Galena*, *Monitor* and some gunboats attacked Drewry's Bluff.

"After the fight off Newport News and Hampton Roads, and Norfolk was evacuated, and the *Merrimac* was blown up by the orders of Commodore Tatnall, the James river fleet, as it was called, was ordered to Drewry's Bluff.

"The officers and crew of the Confederate fleet, which was composed of the *Yorktown* (or *Patrick Henry*), *Jamestown*, *Beaufort*, *Raleigh*, *Teaser* and *Merrimac* deserve great credit. They mounted the heavy guns in position on Drewry's Bluff and stood behind them, and it was no easy work in getting the heavy ordnance up the steep hill from the river. They had to work day and night to be ready to meet the enemy.

"At the time the Federal fleet attacked Drewry's Bluff the Confederates had but few heavy guns mounted, compared to what were in position three months later, but the river was so strongly blockaded that it was almost impossible for the fleet to pass by, if they silenced the guns on the bluff. The obstructions consisted of rows of piles and stone, filled in between, and extending out from each side of the river to the channel, leaving an opening for the Confederate gunboats to pass through.

"The day before the battle, Captain Barney, of the *Jamestown* received orders from the Navy Department to sink the ship in the open of the obstructions. The *Jamestown* was put in the passage way of piles, and all hands received orders to leave the ship and go on the Bluff, except myself, who was assistant engineer, and midshipman D. M. Lee, a brother of Fitz Lee.

"Mr. E. Manning, chief engineer, gave me orders to sink the ship, which I did by taking out the plug of the sea-cock. Midshipman D. M. Lee and myself remained on board until the ship went down. The *Jamestown* was sunk lengthwise in the channel and her bow standing up the river. Canal boats, laden with stone, the steamboat *Curtis Peck* and the steamboat *Northampton* were sunk outside of the piles, thus making a very strong blockade."

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